Collier's

NOVEMBER 22, 1947

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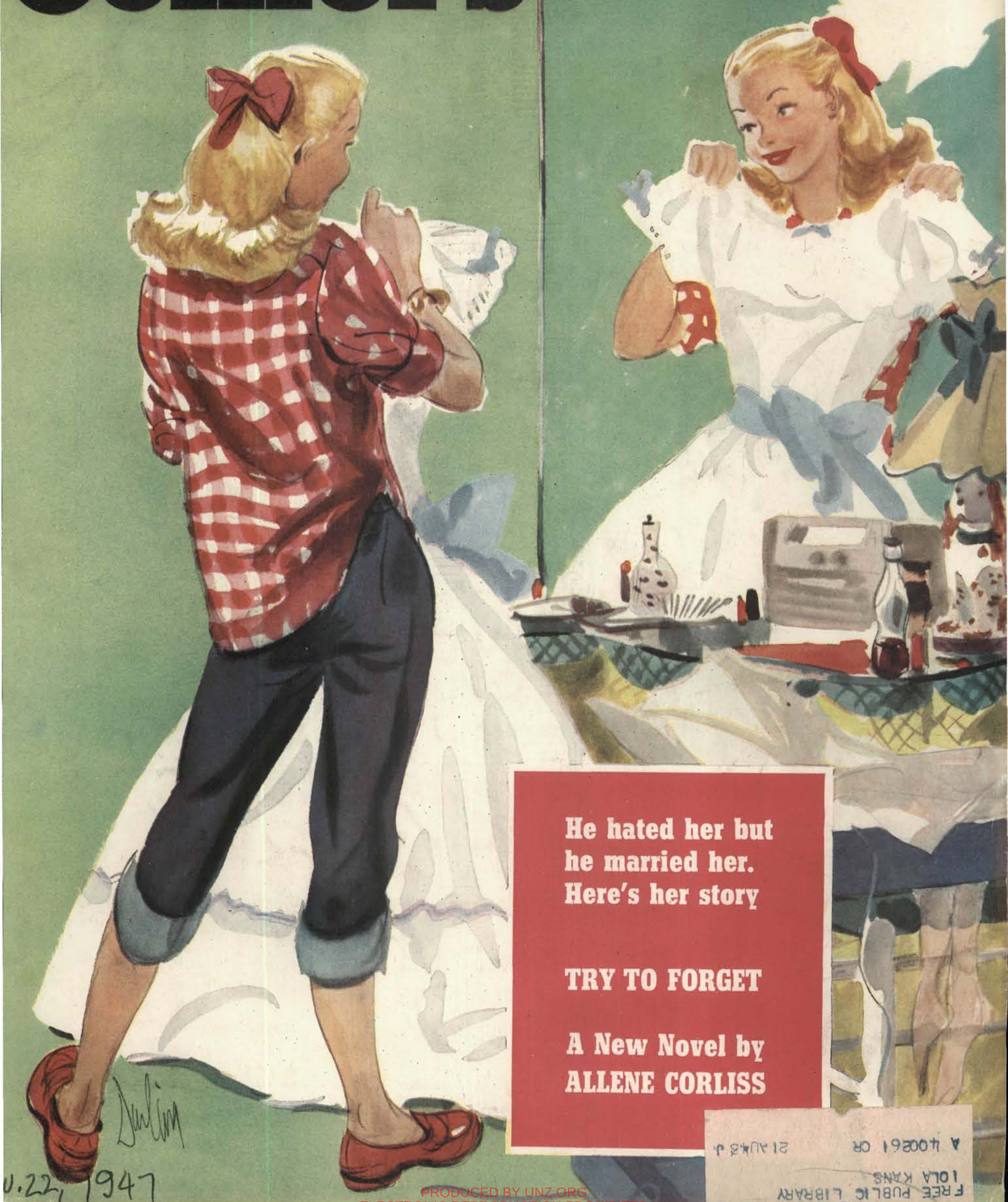

He hated her but he married her. Here's her story

TRY TO FORGET

A New Novel by
ALLENE CORLISS

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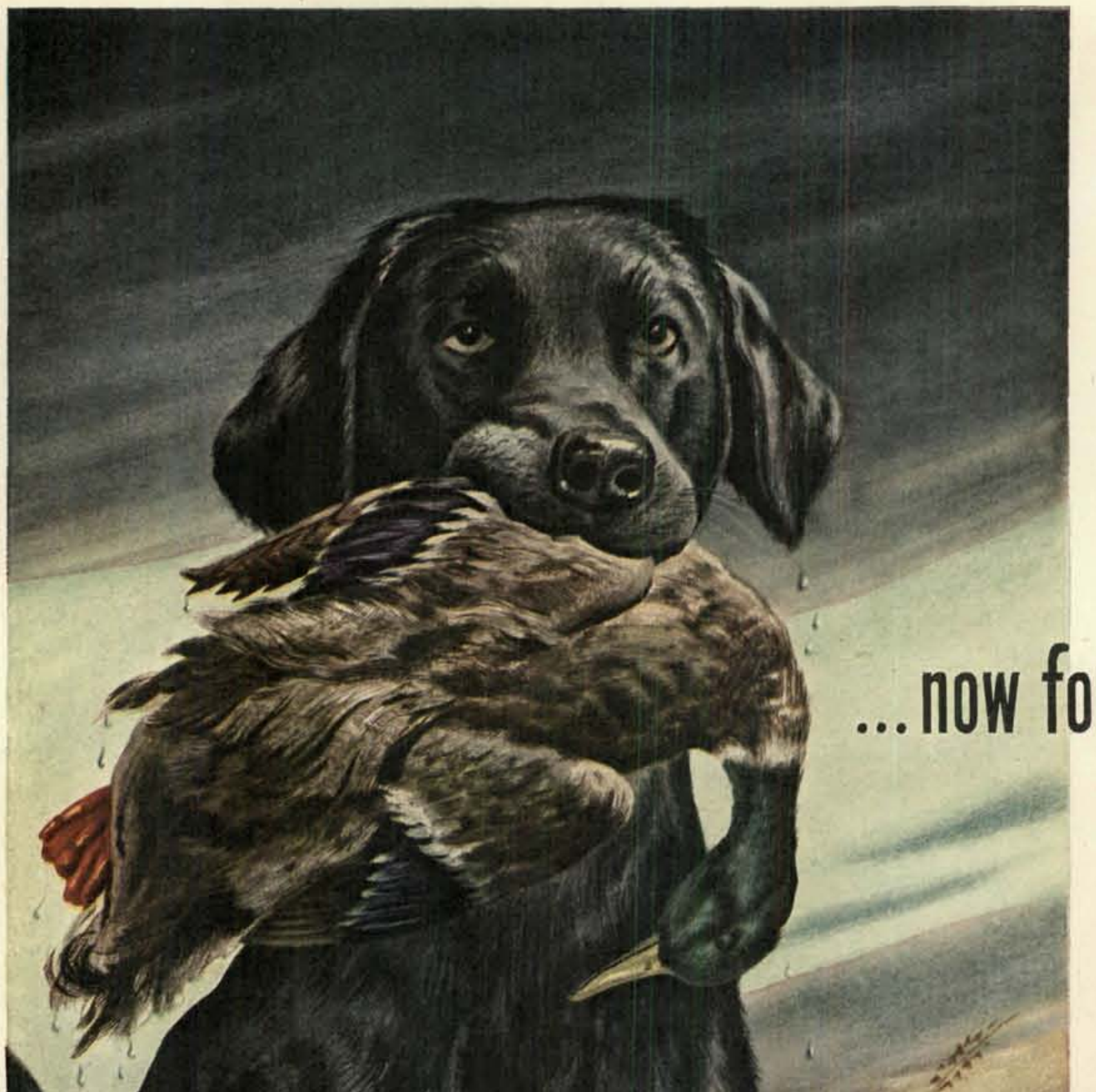


To sight the old gun
On a high flyin' one
Is a thrill for sportsmen true.

And to make the fun greater
In that drink that comes later
Only Old Thompson will do.

H. E. Kelley

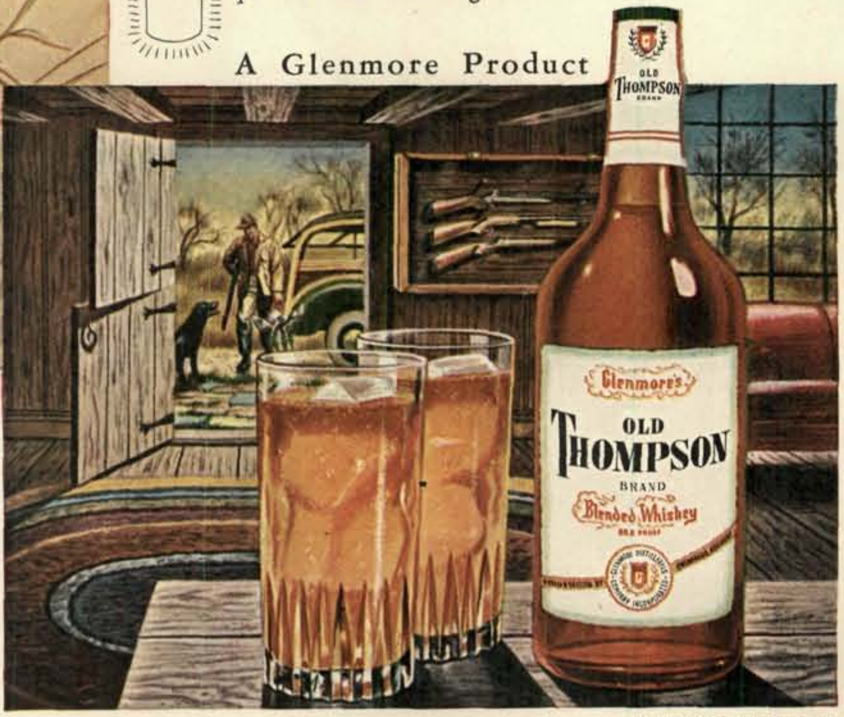
... now for another perfect retrieve

A perfect day calls for a drink that's perfect. Recipe: Take one tired but happy hunter and add a tall glass, ice cubes, a little water and a jigger of Old Thompson. Then a sip and a smile as your happy hunter savors the matchless flavor of Old Kentucky, put there by Glenmore.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof. The Straight Whiskies in this product are five years or more old. 32½% Straight Whiskies — 67½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Ky.

Watch for the return of the famous Old Thompson pre-war bottle. It's coming soon!

A Glenmore Product



OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

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BLENDED *then* WED · IN · THE · WOOD IN OLD KENTUCKY

TODAY'S ELGINS, LOVELIER THAN EVER, GIVE YOU

The most important watchmaking development in over 200 years!

LOOK FOR THIS SYMBOL ON THE DIAL

MADE IN AMERICA BY AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN

Lord and Lady Elgins are priced from $65.00 to $5000. Elgin De Luxe from $47.50 to $100.00. Other Elgins as low as $29.75. All prices include Federal Tax.

THE DURAPOWER MAINSPRING * **eliminates 99% of watch repairs due to steel mainspring failures! It *completely* overcomes the commonest cause of their breaking—rust. *It will not rust!* And it will retain its "springiness" indefinitely for greater accuracy through the years! See, at your jeweler's, the beautiful, new star-timed Elgin Watches. They all have these miracle mainsprings . . . *at no extra cost.* They all have rust-proof Elginite Alloy Hairsprings, too; are factory adjusted to temperatures and positions and timed to the stars.**

Only an ELGIN *has the DuraPower Mainspring* MADE OF "ELGILOY" METAL

Now to Elgin's star-timed accuracy the DuraPower Mainspring adds a permanency of timekeeping performance never before possible in any watch. Elgin observatory time is the official time of United Air Lines.

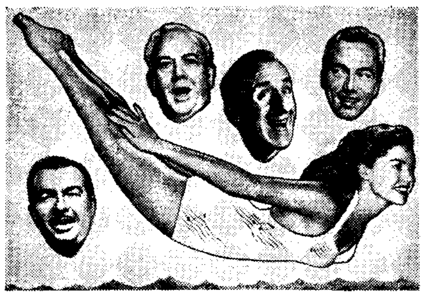
Hear Elgin's **"2 HOURS OF STARS"** *on Thanksgiving Day. Coast to coast.*

*Patent pending

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"THIS TIME FOR KEEPS"
ESTHER WILLIAMS
LAURITZ MELCHIOR • JIMMY DURANTE • JOHNNIE JOHNSTON
XAVIER CUGAT and his orchestra
DAME MAY WHITTY • SHARON McMANUS
PHOTOGRAPHED IN TECHNICOLOR
Screen Play by GLADYS LEHMAN • Story by ERWIN GELSEY and LORRAINE FIELDING
Directed by.......RICHARD THORPE
Produced by.........JOE PASTERNAK



Our desk calendar said: "THIS TIME FOR KEEPS"—tonite, 8:30. Now we had been slaving away *all* day. We were, to put it mildly, beat. The world was too much with us. But at 8:30 p.m. we were in a darkened screening room . . .

Then, wham! "This Time For Keeps" had started—M-G-M was reeling out one of its fabulous musical romances. Our pulse quickened. Our heart pounded. Our foot tapped. How we loved it!

Just look at the inventory of this wonderful picture: first of all there's Esther Williams draping that lithe, lovely figure in ten different bathing suits. . . we counted 'em. Esther performs six water ballets aided and abetted by the universe's prettiest aqua-queens. Then, there's handsome Johnnie Johnston who sings five exciting love songs (pssst! that's how he gets Esther).

More inventory: lovable Jimmy Durante, up to his nose in Technicolor, playing the piano even under water (we're not kidding!). And, there's the magnificent Lauritz Melchior, in moments of melody that made us applaud madly.

Oho, and that's not all! There are the terrific rhumba rhythms of Xavier Cugat and his orchestra; little Sharon McManus who danced so adorably with Gene Kelly in "Anchors Aweigh". There's a fast-rising romantic actor, Dick Simmons, and brilliant actress Dame May Whitty.

It's all beautifully filmed in Technicolor. Breathtaking winter and summer scenes photographed on enchanting Mackinac Island. What a background for romance!

For "This Time For Keeps", movie audiences throughout the land will send forth volleys of acclaim to veteran showmen Joe Pasternak, producer of such successes as "Anchors Aweigh", and Richard Thorpe who directed hits like "Bathing Beauty".

For a great time, a delightful time, a tuneful, Technicolorful time, by all means see "This Time For Keeps".

COLLIER'S
November 22, 1947

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HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
LARABIE CUNNINGHAM *Fiction*

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●

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COVER By *GILBERT DARLING*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

LOWERING THE UPPER CLASSES

DEAR EDITOR: Your article dealing with the ancient great houses of England and the rapidly becoming extinct British upper classes (The Baronial Blues, Oct. 11th) was very interesting. I wonder how many of us realize that this trend has also made itself felt in America? The ambitious and efficient American makes his million, but after taxes during his life and the inheritance tax are paid, how much is left to carry on a dynasty?

It would seem then that in spite of our best efforts, we are being forced back to the fundamental tribal codes. All for one and one for all. What name would you give the coming economy? Service to the whole people is displacing self-aggrandizement as a prime motive. We are being driven toward community interest. The family, the tribe, the state, and the world.

C. R. CARY, Oakland, Cal.

We hope.

YOU'RE TALKING THROUGH OUR HAT, AL!

DEAR FRIEND DAVENPORT: Shoes in my size are hard to find—no, my feet aren't large! They're small, and W-I-D-E! and I have to accept whatever I can find in my size. Now, I find after reading Henry L. Jackson's Both Ends Neat (Oct. 4th) that I have often worn country shoes in town! On a recent trip with nothing but country shoes along, I did not leave my hotel room for three days, even for meals!

Mr. Jackson also states that a different hat should be worn every day. It scares me to think what my hat bill is going to be at the end of a year.

AL O. WENDELBURG, Miles City, Mont.

IT SEEMS THERE WAS ONE IRISHMAN—

SIR: I thank you for the fascinating letter (The Week's Mail, Sept. 27th) from Timothy E. Hayes, of Long Beach, Cal., concerning the good-will visit of my ancestors to Newburyport in A.D. 778.

In this connection may I ask you to print the name of the King of All Ireland, the shining light of freedom of the Emerald Isle and her peoples throughout the world, as Brian Boru or Brian Boroimhe, and not Brian Borhme, as Mr. Hayes has written it?

This rather difficult spelling becomes easy when you hyphenate it as BORO-IM-HE ("Boro, I am he") but Boru is good enough.

I, as a columnist, receive letters from all over the world. It comes occasionally as "BORIL," and once in a while as "BORN." But the most insulting, if not intentional,

(Continued on page 72)

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8

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We're adding new circuits every day and service is improving.

Nine out of ten out-of-town calls go through while you hold the line. We can handle more calls, by more people, more of the time.

That's real progress but we're not boasting yet. Too many folks are still waiting for telephones. Some calls are still delayed.

We can tell you, however, that we're on our way to that happy day when everyone will get all the telephone service he wants . . . with speed, accuracy and of course with courtesy.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

With hair like this,
you'll hear this:

"hello, handsome"

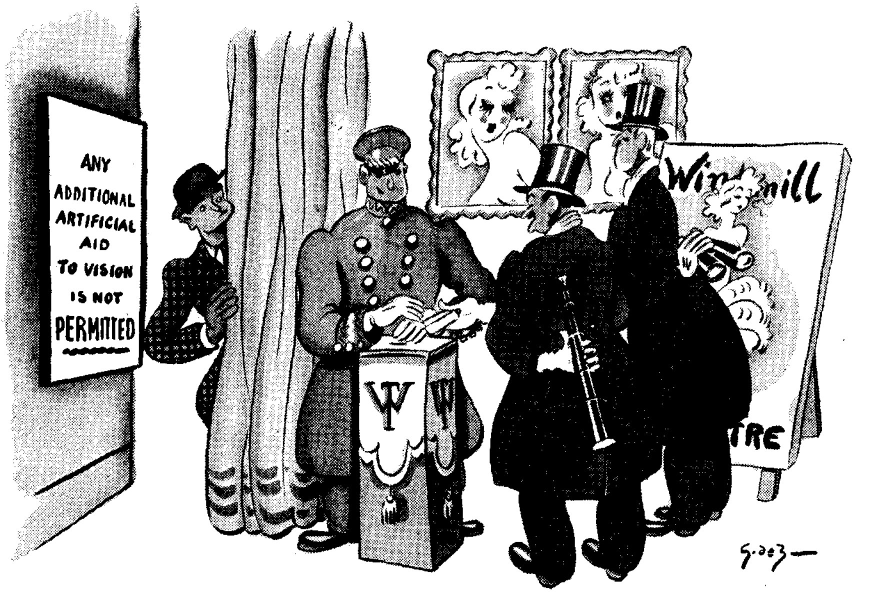
Chaps with handsome hair make a hit with many a miss. Because girls take to well-groomed hair like bees to honey. If you could use a little honey, try...

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

VITALIS
BRISTOL-MYERS CO

Product of Bristol-Myers

50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. Feel that clean, freshening *tingle!* That's the alcohol in Vitalis stimulating your scalp. Different from the all-oil dressings, hey? And the alcohol evaporates in a flash! Leaves a fine protective film of pure vegetable oils over your hair and scalp. This prevents dryness, routs loose dandruff, helps retard excessive falling hair. **10 seconds** to comb. How is *that* for handsome hair? Natural lustre with no greasy look—Vitalis contains no mineral oil. At any drug counter or barber shop...ask for Vitalis today.


ANY ADDITIONAL ARTIFICIAL AID TO VISION IS NOT PERMITTED
Windmill
TRE

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

For several years, the Windmill Theater in London has presented musical shows called Revudevilles which have become famous for the near nudity of their beautiful and shapely girls. Today, these shows are so torrid that the management has installed in the lobby a large sign reading, "Any additional artificial aid to vision is not PERMITTED."

A game rapidly growing in popularity in England is korfbal, a kind of combination football and basketball played outdoors on a large field with goal baskets at each end. A team consists of six men and six women; and the game's first rule forbids tackling a player of the opposite sex.

Some prisons throughout the world have metronomes operating in the corridors outside the solitary confinement cells so that the convicts in them will be prevented, by the constant ticking, from communicating with one another by means of tapped-out messages.

At times, the antarctic regions become enveloped in a peculiar milky-white fog that has caused explorers to lose their sense of distance and perspective in such a way that a small matchbox, lying only a few feet from them in the snow, looked like a barn a mile away.

In Hansard, the report of the proceedings in the British Parliament, an ordinary M.P. is referred to as Honorable Member, one who is in or has been in the armed forces as Honorable and Gallant Member, and one who is also a lawyer as Honorable, Gallant and Learned Member.

Now available to blind persons without charge is a new sewing needle that they can thread, by the sense of touch alone, in less time than a sighted individual can thread a regular needle.

The hog is one animal that does not "make a hog of itself" or overeat when having access to large quantities of food.

The greatest depth ever reached by a deep-sea diver equipped with only an oxygen mask was the 393.6 feet to which Maurice Fargues dived recently in the Mediterranean off Sète, France. This depth (pressure 175 pounds to the square inch) broke the previous world's record of 295.2 feet (pressure 131 pounds to the square inch) which was made there last June. The feat, however, was too strenuous for Fargues, and he died within a few hours after returning to the surface.

Shortly after Congress had adopted the Declaration of Independence in 1776 and a formal copy had been prepared for signatures, its author, Thomas Jefferson, took his original corrected manuscript with him when he returned to Monticello. Forgotten by Jefferson as well as the public, this priceless document reposed in one of his files there for 47 years, until its whereabouts was brought to light by a dispute over its authorship.

Plans for the new New York Aquarium call for equipment that will keep conditioned 100 kinds of water, because captive fish cannot live in water to which they are not accustomed. Besides 40 main pumping systems that will circulate the water through filters and aerators, there will be 60 supplementary systems that will keep the different waters at the proper temperatures and supplied with the necessary chemicals.—*By Frances Stamatis, New York City.*

No stage play in American history ever achieved the popularity of Ten Nights in a Barroom, which had its *première* in Boston in 1854. Although some 50 years have passed since its heyday when hundreds of companies were performing it, this melodrama is still being presented in this country. Four movies of it were made between 1909 and 1931 and a revival was staged on Broadway as late as 1932.

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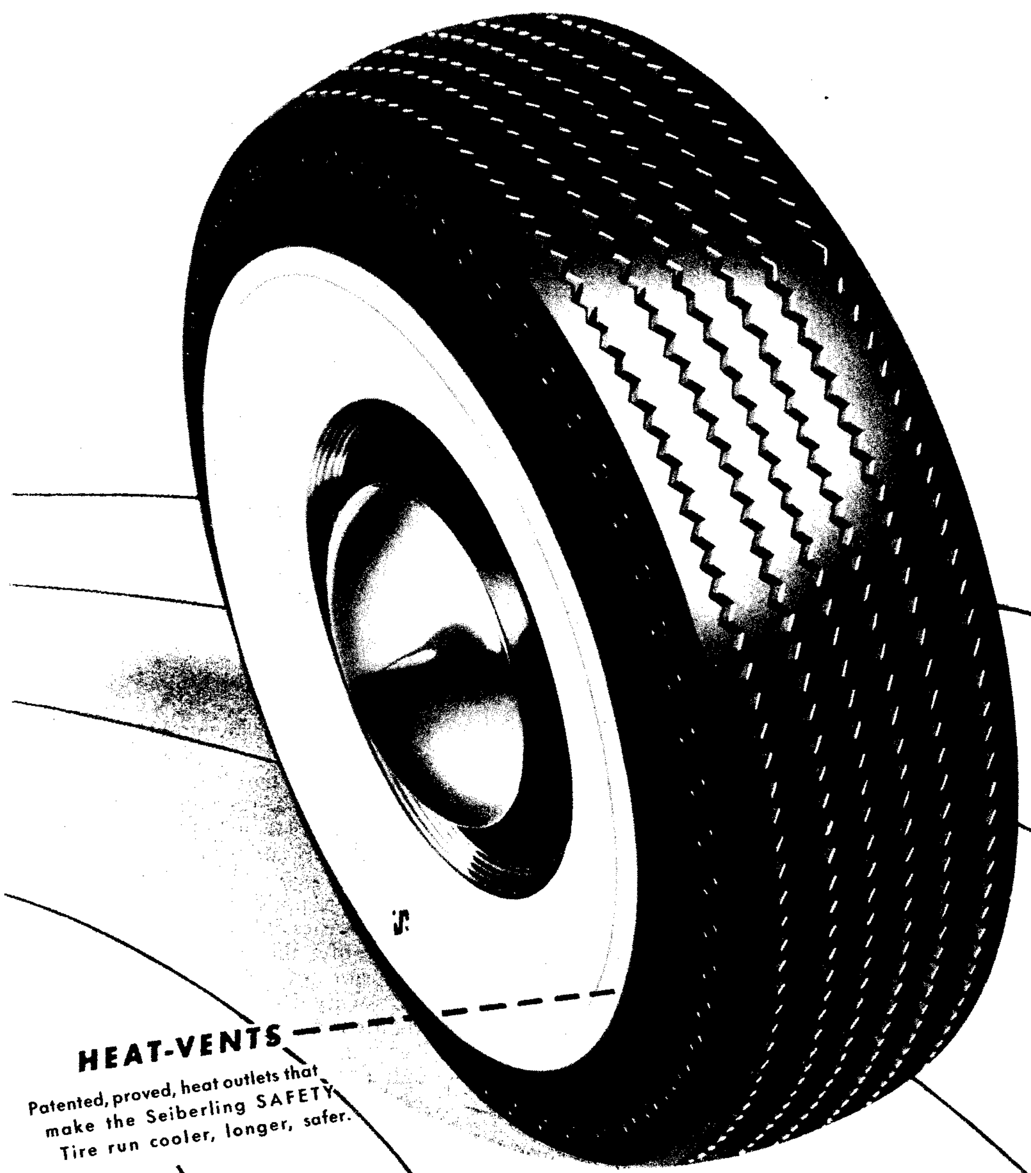

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The **SAFETY** of exclusive Seiberling Heat-Vents

The **SAFETY** of extra strong Rayon Saf-flex Cord

The **SAFETY** of skid resisting Saw Tooth Tread

SEE THE **NEW SAFETY TIRE** BY

SEIBERLING

A NAME YOU CAN TRUST IN RUBBER

See it at your independent Merchant displaying this sign of quality

SEIBERLING TIRES

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER CO.
AKRON, O., U. S. A. • TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

THE SENSATIONAL NEW
Delco AUTO RADIO
NO PUSH-BUTTONS! -NO DIAL FUMBLING!
with exclusive
ELECTRO-TUNER Control

In this one set is everything that is finest in auto radio, *plus* the amazing "ELECTRO-TUNER"—a new development which makes obsolete even the very latest type of push-button tuning!

This new electro-mechanical masterpiece—exclusive to Delco Radio—is operated at the touch of a finger tip . . . each time you touch it, a new station is "trapped" and tuned in for you. Another touch brings you the next station in line—*automatically!*

No Pre-Set Push-Buttons

This sort of tuning is a safety measure. There is no dangerous fumbling with dials or push-buttons . . . no taking your eyes off the road—*even for a second!* You do nothing but drive—and flip a finger!

Transfer from Car to Car

Here's another feature of the new Delco: it is easily installed on any make of car or truck. And it is easily transferable when you get a new car.

Act Now!

This is your opportunity to get a truly remarkable auto radio—one in which there is no pre-setting of stations and no push-button tuning—in fact, *no tuning at all,* because the tuning is done for you, *automatically.* Ask for a demonstration at the nearest United Motors Service station.

THIS DOES IT!

This is the magic "trigger tube" which sets up a separate sensitivity field and tunes in the stations for you, one by one!

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
GENERAL MOTORS BUILDING • DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

THE WEEK'S WORK

Ruth Gruber in Jerusalem, leaving for Cyprus with fresh films

RUTH GRUBER (Sidetrack to Palestine, p. 22) has recently returned from the DP camps of Europe and Palestine, where she accompanied UNSCOP (United Nations Special Committee on Palestine). She was the only correspondent attached to UNSCOP permitted by the British to enter Cyprus. "Although I've been close to the Jewish problem for some years," she says, "I was completely unprepared for what I found on Cyprus, which has been curtained off from the world. Hence my article."

On Cyprus, the British gave her freedom to roam around one camp, Xylotimbu. "In the other camp, Caraolos," she says, "they gave me a lovable Bertie Wooster character, a British officer, who, sober or not, escorted me daily through the camp grounds, permitting me to take pictures of everything."

Miss Gruber also covered the "Exodus 1947" in Haifa, when the fateful ship was crushed by the British Navy outside Palestine's territorial waters. She then flew to Port-de-Bouc in southern France to cover the hunger strike and departure to Hamburg.

Born in Brooklyn, Miss Gruber, after getting degrees from NYU, Mount Holyoke, Harvard and Wisconsin, took a Ph.D., *summa cum laude* at twenty from the University of Cologne, has newspapered and free-lanced the world over. A rugged trip into the Soviet Arctic resulted in a most unroutine travel book, I Went to the Soviet Arctic. Interior Secretary Ickes appointed her Field Representative in Alaska in April, '41, where she remained during the war. After the war Ickes sent her to Italy to shepherd to Oswego the thousand refugees whom President Roosevelt invited to America. It was then her activities as Palestine specialist began. She is now working on a novel.

BECAUSE he has English, Irish, French, Scotch, Spanish and Austrian blood strains, William T. Rives (Rogues' Rodeo, p. 14) insists he is a native Texan. He pronounces his name Reeves, is thirty-five, is married to a "nice critter" who first attracted him because her eyes disappeared when she laughed. One son, Bill, will always be called "Little Bill," even when he's ninety. Guess why.

Rives says he's been a newspaperman or reasonable facsimile thereof since 1933, ever since he put away his college diploma (where, he doesn't know), except for four years when he prepared communiqués, speeches and news releases for General Carl Spaatz abroad.

After terminal leave he went to work for the Dallas Morning News on January 1, 1946, as a roving reporter. "Some of my colleagues insist it's 'raving,'" he says. "I've covered everything from politics to golden wedding anniversaries. Toughest assignments in my life: the New London school explosion of 1937 and the recent Texas City disaster. There have been hundreds of pleasant ones, such as the Texas prison rodeo. Why am I not doing the Great American Novel? Acute inertia."

THE new serial: "To stop horsing around," Allene Corliss, its author, divulges, "I was born in Vermont, have always lived there and fully intend to die there. I'm married, have three children, a brand-new son-in-law, and have been writing for the magazines since 1930.

"In case anyone is interested (and why they should be I can't imagine), I dislike bananas, hot weather, legal holidays, shopping for enough food for the week end, and people who drop in for ten minutes and stay two hours. However, I like breakfast in bed, the entire month of October, Kern songs, gray Persian lamb coats, editors who buy my stories (and some who don't), agents who try to keep my pretty nose to the grindstone, and a lot of other harassed people who, like myself, write for a living when they could do far less exhausting but far less rewarding things."

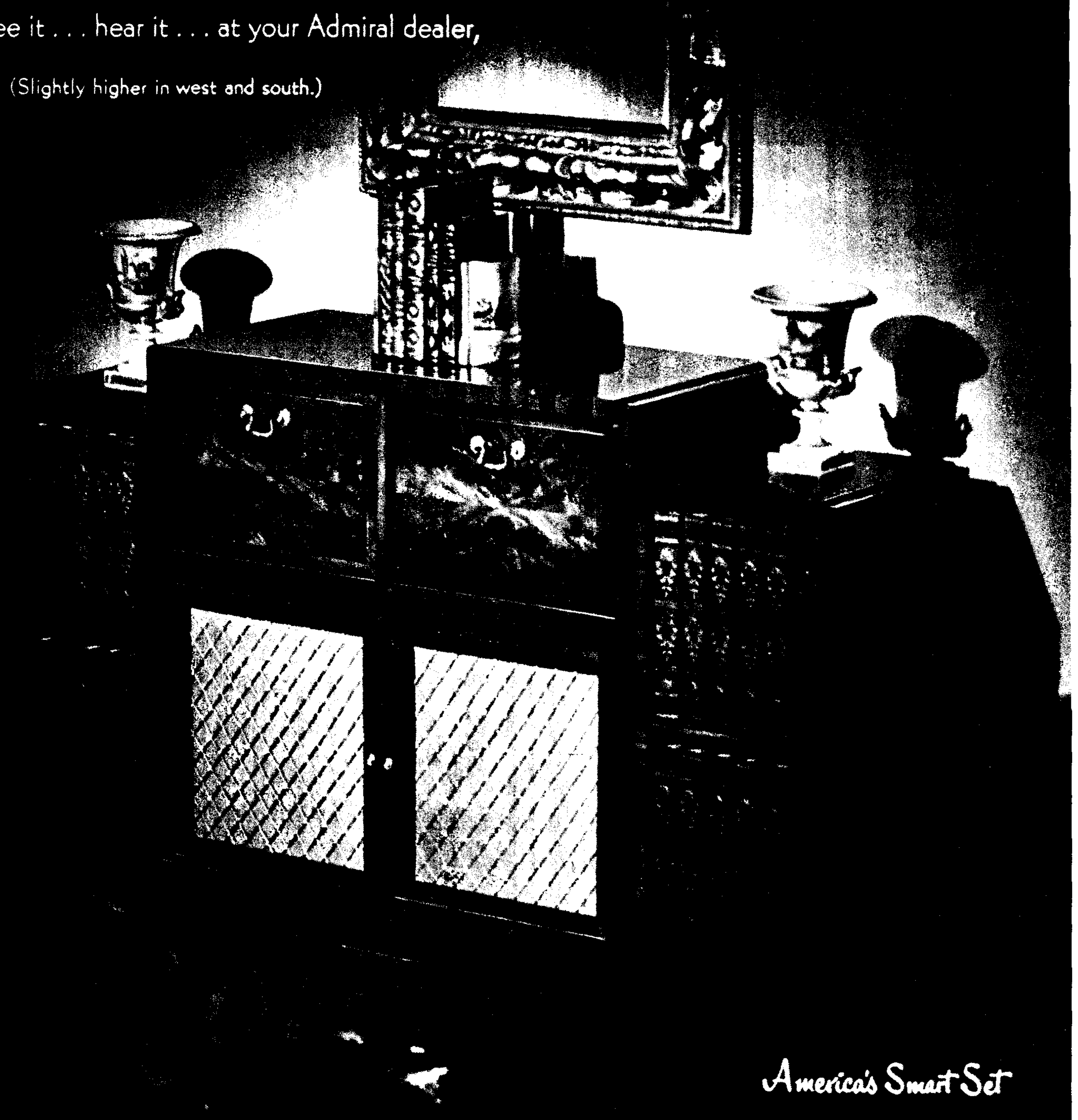
As for the birth pangs attending the creation of Try to Forget, p. 11, Miss Corliss has been interrupted out of writing anything for months. Grimly she set herself a come-hell-or-high-water-I'll-write-something deadline, sat down on the given day and began hacking away at a story idea that had been floating around in her mind for years. "A young man named Ridge Holbrook, whom I was to know very well during the next few months, emerged from nowhere, rang a doorbell and suddenly something that had been an idea stopped being an idea and became a story. If this sounds crazy," she concludes, "well, everything about writing is slightly cockeyed and mad, at least the way I do it, it is. . . ."

This week's cover: Party Dress. Gilbert Darling, expert wielder of the human-interest pen, delightfully depicts two sides of the teen-ager. . . .

TED SHANE

The greatest improvement IN RECORD PLAYING *since the invention of the phonograph*

It's new! It's beautiful! It has everything! New pull-out phonograph makes record loading easy. New high speed changer plays up to 12 records automatically. New static-free F-M radio with slide-tuning dial. Choice of walnut, mahogany or blond period cabinet with compartment for 44 records in albums. See it . . . hear it . . . at your Admiral dealer, today. Walnut only $\$299^{95}$ (Slightly higher in west and south.)



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Kee [illegible]
dre [illegible]

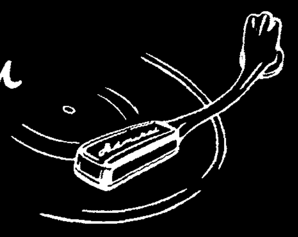
Gr [illegible]

America's Smart Set

Admiral

FM-AM RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

with Miracle Tone Arm



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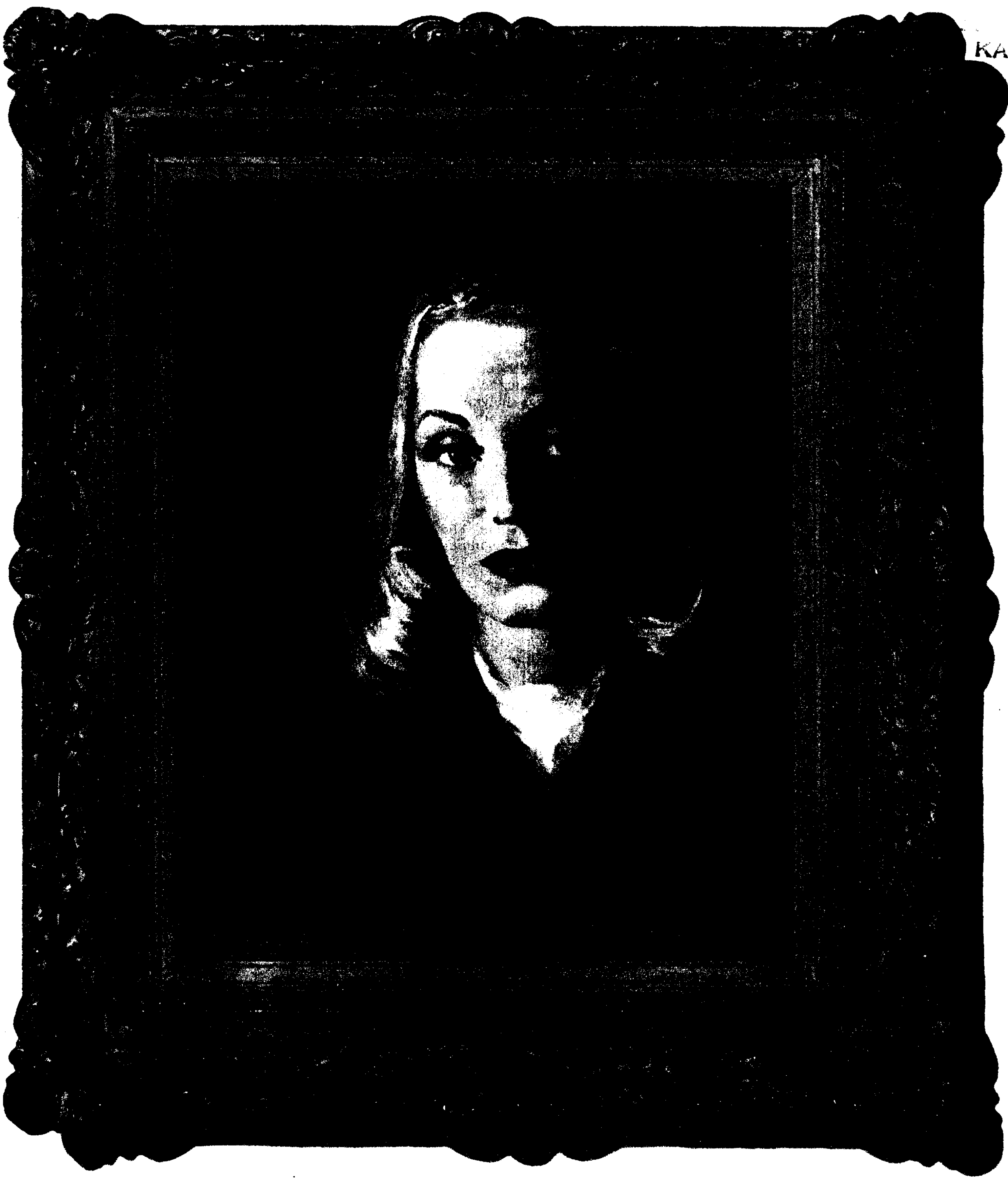


Dave had only wanted this one girl, this small, clear-eyed girl with the innocent brown hair

TRY TO FORGET

BY ALLENE CORLISS

●

Dorcas Branch rejected the man who loved her, but she atoned for it—by marrying a man who hated her. Here is the first installment of a powerful novel

Collier's for November 22, 1947

SHE was expecting him, so he had no sooner pressed the electric buzzer than she had the door open. For a moment they stood without speaking, staring at each other silently, each waiting for the other to take the initiative. In the end she spoke first.

"How do you do?" she said. "Won't you come in, please?" There was no apparent embarrassment or self-consciousness in her voice but neither was there any warmth or friendliness. He was here; she accepted the fact, but it gave her no pleasure.

Well, it didn't give him any either. It had probably been foolish to come here. He had nothing to say to her—nor she to him. Why, then, *had* he come? Why, with his train leaving in less than three hours, had he felt this sudden, inexplicable compulsion to see her, to talk to her in her own apartment—this apartment where Dave must have come—not once, in anger and bitterness, as he, Ridge, was coming today—but again and again, eagerly.

She continued to hold the door open, if not graciously at least courteously, and he walked past her into the room. Cream-colored walls and a blue rug. A soft-cushioned sofa covered in flowered linen, a faded chartreuse velvet wing chair. Built-in bookcases, a handful of copper-red chrysanthemums in a shallow white bowl. Nothing cheap or makeshift about any of this. Nothing, for that matter, cheap or makeshift about the girl.

She had closed the door and was leaning against it, her eyes fastened on him quietly, her face carefully polite, deliberately expressionless. Nothing about her properly fitted his preconceived idea of her He had had no idea that she would be so young and untouched-looking. He had not been prepared for the clear, unsullied gray of her eyes. Nor had he known that her hair, cut neither long nor short but an unfashionable, almost awkward length, would be such an innocent shade of brown.

He continued to stare at her, feeling not only confused but oddly betrayed, as if she had no right to look like this. She moved away from the door, crossed to the sofa and sat down on it, drawing her slim legs up beneath her in a completely natural sort of way. So she must have sat countless times, her eyes fastened on Dave, while he pleaded with her, argued with her, his voice young and urgent and beseeching or thick and angry and belligerent, depending on whether or not he had been drinking—pleading with her and getting nowhere and growing less and less able to face it.

Dave, who was brilliant, lovable, better-looking than any man had any right to be, who could have had any girl he wanted just for the asking—and had only wanted this girl, this small, clear-eyed girl with her damnably innocent brown hair and her face that looked, even now, as if it could be both ardent and gay.

He sat down opposite her in the velvet wing chair and she leaned forward, her hands clasped together lightly in her lap, and frowned at him.

"Why," she asked, her gaze fastened on him steadily, "have you come here? What do you want?"

For some reason her words and her cool young composure aroused all the bitterness, all the deep-lying resentment he had felt toward her for months; this bitterness, this resentment spilled over into his voice.

"I came because I wanted to see what sort of person you really were. But mostly I came because I wanted to ask you something." His voice was hard, clipped, unemotional: "Why did you lead my brother on, involve him in a stupid, senseless love affair and then refuse point-blank to marry him?"

SHE stopped looking at him and looked down at her hands. She'd never be able to make him understand. Never, never, never. She'd known that when he telephoned. He'd made up his mind about her long ago and nothing she could say or do would change it now. She recalled Ben Graves telling her about the accident, trying to convey to her tactfully, compassionately, that she wasn't to go to Vermont, that Dave's brother, Ridge, wanted no part of her—that she and any grief, any loss she might be feeling, were of no concern to him whatsoever, and were therefore to be kept quite private and separate.

She took a deep breath, forcing herself to speak quietly.

"But it wasn't a stupid, senseless love affair," she said. "At least," she qualified honestly, "it wasn't at first. And I had a very good reason for not marrying him—I wasn't enough in love with him."

He stared at her, his face suddenly twisted with bitterness and contempt.

"In other words," he said bitterly, "you liked him well enough to indulge in a little off-the-record love-making but not enough to risk an honest, permanent relationship."

She caught her breath sharply.

"You have no right to say a thing like that! You're deliberately making it sound cheap and casual—"

"Well, wasn't it?"

"No," she said, "it wasn't. Dave wasn't a cheap or casual person."

"You mean," he said, "he wasn't until he met you. I'm sorry," he said, "I shouldn't have said that—I'm afraid this thing has hit me pretty hard."

She stared at him with wide, pain-drenched eyes. "You really hate me, don't you?" she said slowly.

His mouth tightened grimly.

"Yes, I expect I do. You see Dave and I were—well, I loved the guy."

The pain was spreading now through her whole body. It was a hard, ugly knot in her throat, a tight relentless band around her heart. "I know," she said. "He loved you, too. He used to talk about you. He thought you were pretty wonderful."

"How he felt about me doesn't matter. It was how he felt about you that was important. He wanted to marry you He wanted you not for just a little while but in a way you should have been proud to be wanted—but you preferred to settle for a more casual relationship. . . ."

But it hadn't been like that! It hadn't been at *all* like that. What could she say to make him believe this? How could she explain to this dark, hard-bitten young man that after months of wandering, lost and forsaken, in that dark valley of despair into which Denny St. George's death had plunged her, Dave Holbrook had come into her life, taken her by the hand and led her up and out onto a high and sunlit plateau where it was possible for her to laugh again and *feel* and care what happened to her? How could she explain to him that after months of being dead, Dave had made her come alive again—and that for this she had been grateful to him, so grateful that when he had suggested that they go away together for a week end, it had not seemed too high a price to pay for all he had done for her? How could she explain that in the beginning, unconventional as the whole thing had undoubtedly been, it had seemed to both her and Dave, right and honest?

How could she explain any of this? She couldn't, of course. Not to him. Not to anyone. Nevertheless, and painful and futile as it would undoubtedly be, she had to try.

"But it wasn't like that," she said. "At least it wasn't like that in the beginning. In the beginning it was—"

He interrupted her with a sort of savage impatience.

"I'm not interested in the beginning," he told her coldly, "it's only what it—what *you* did to him, eventually, that interests me."

"But that wasn't my fault. I had no idea he would fall so desperately in love with me. If he hadn't, if he had just gone on loving me the way I loved him, I might even have married him. It is quite possible that I would have married him. But you can't marry a person who feels like that about you unless you feel the same way about him. You simply can't do it—it would be too horrible for both of you."

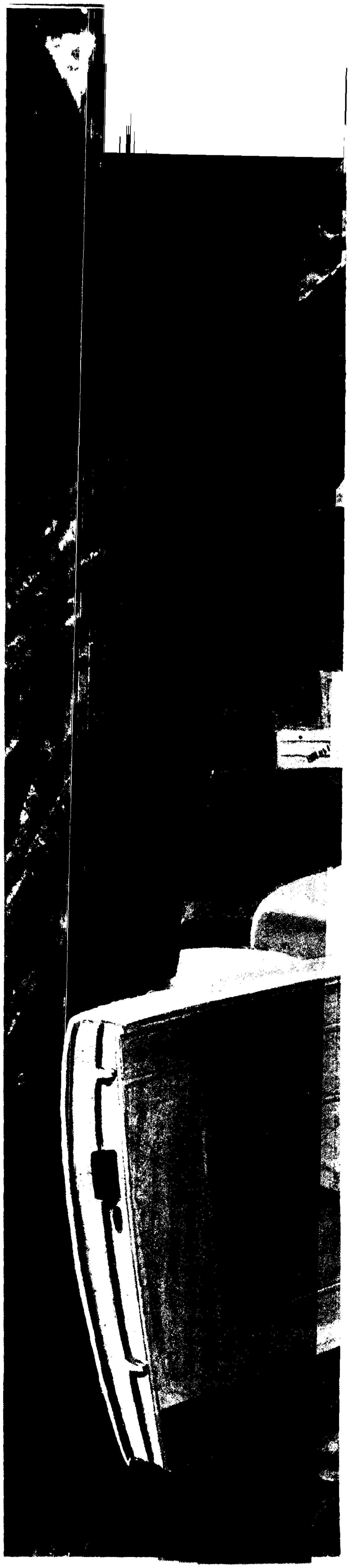
But neither his voice nor the hard, unbending way he was looking at her showed anything but his intense implacable dislike for her. He was saying, "And you don't think things were horrible for Dave the way they were? So horrible that the only way he could face the whole lousy situation was by drinking himself blind night after night?"

"I know," she said slowly, her face still twisted bleakly, "but think how much worse it would have been if I had given in and married him. It wasn't my *not marrying* him that was driving Dave crazy, Ridge, it was my not being able to love him the way he wanted to be loved. And all the marriage services in the world wouldn't have changed that."

She had called him Ridge quite naturally. As if she had known him for years, as if they were friends instead of the bitterest, most instinctive of enemies. She had charm, all right. Plenty of it. And it was obvious she wanted to win him over. Make him see her side of it. Well, she was wasting her breath. She didn't have a side. She had drifted without the slightest compunction into a light, kiss and run love affair, and it had boomeranged in her face—and now she was trying to slide out from under, refusing to accept any responsibility for what had happened.

SUDDENLY he remembered Dave's first letter, which he'd received months ago in Germany. Dave had met a new girl. She was enchanting. Her name was Dorcas Branch. Ben Graves had introduced them. She read manuscripts for him. They'd gone dancing a couple of times and to several concerts at Carnegie. Nothing here to indicate that she was anything more than just another girl.

But later, writing about her, a different note had crept into Dave's letters and on that first week end Ridge and Dave had spent together at the farm after Ridge returned from Europe, it was obvious that something was definitely wrong. For one thing, Dave was drinking too much; and when Ridge had said, "What's wrong, Dave?" Dave had said, "It's that girl I wrote you about while you were still in England, Ridge. Dorcas *(Continued on page 38)*

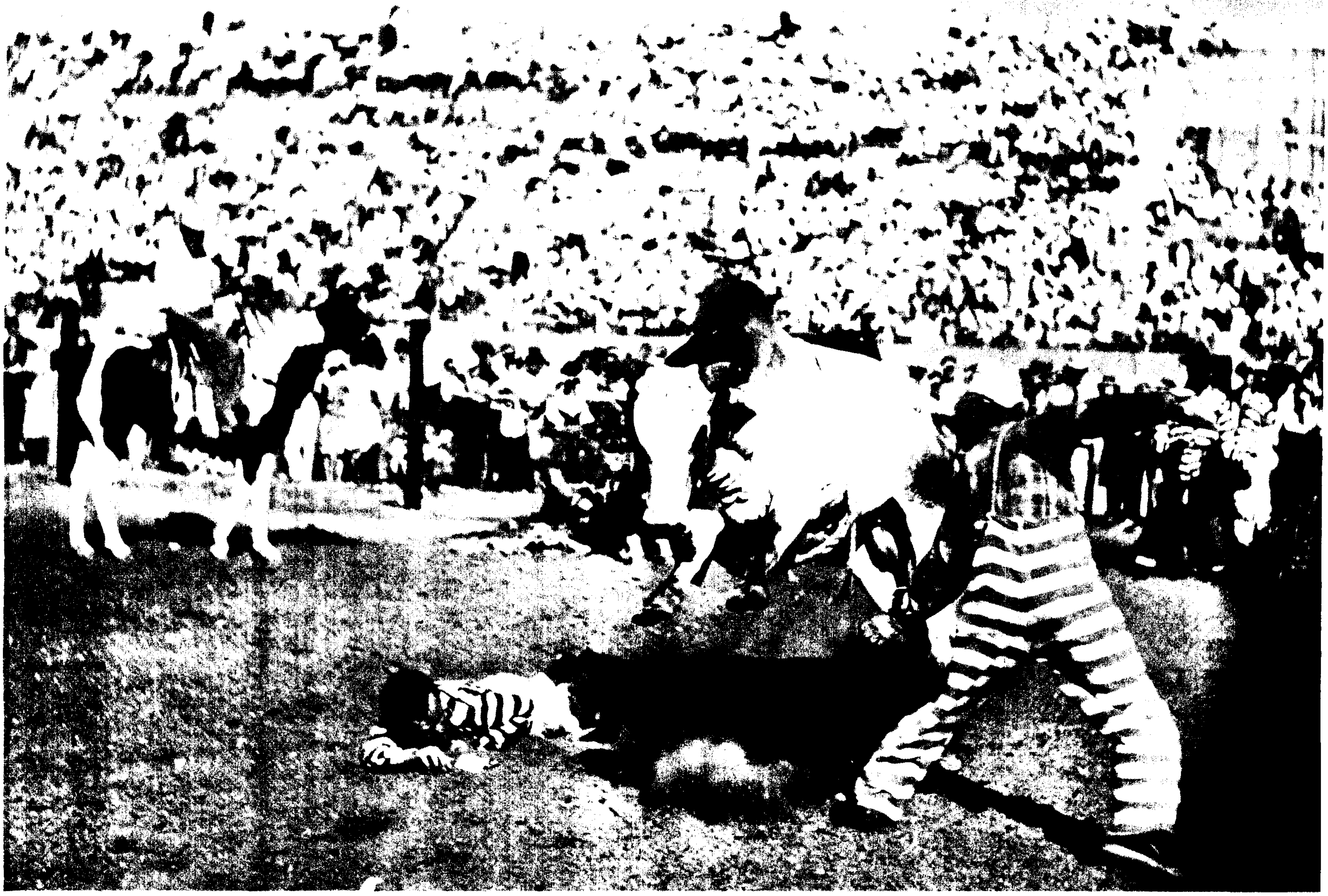


Lida saw Ridge's truck drawn up close to the loading platform, but Ridge was nowhere in sight

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

ROGUES' RODEO

BY WILLIAM T. RIVES



A convict rider is rescued by the clown of the show in one of the most dramatic moments of the annual October spectacle. John Seay, serving 15 years for robbery, is being trampled while Maurice (Lightning) Anthony, a clown, doing 50 for robbery, rushes out to distract the bull with a red cloak. Seay got off with leg bruises

On the sand of the Texas State Prison stadium at Huntsville, men convicted of murder, rape and theft stake their shut-in lives against the thrills of the toughest cowpunching show

IN THE colossal corral known as Texas, where the top of sport is to ride the hurricane deck of a fractious bronco, there is only one rodeo provocative enough to hold attention from the Panhandle to the Mexican Gulf.

That is the wild, hazardous affair staged each Sunday and a couple of weekdays in October by the inmates of the Texas state prison, known to its 6,500 unwilling guests as "The Walled-Off Hotel."

All other reproductions of the storied cattle-country roundups are regarded as shallow similitudes designed for the weakhearted and the gullible.

On the sandy floor of the high-walled, guarded prison stadium at Huntsville, convicted murderers, forgers, bank robbers, thieves and confidence men risk their lives in events from which the standard rodeo performer would recoil in horror.

So dangerous is the program that participation in it is considered to be as reckless as slapping the face of a Texas Ranger. Survival without injury is reckoned a miracle. Many of the contestants have had no closer communion with life on the range than that provided by Roy Rogers on the silver screen. To them, a bull is a police officer to be avoided constantly, and a horse is a gadget that preceded the motorcar.

That is why the home-grown Texan, notorious for his low boiling point, reaches the peak of indignation when he is exposed through the public press to lengthy dissertations on the "World Championship Rodeo" in Madison Square Garden.

To any Texan who has thrown his leg over a nervous cow pony, all this is obnoxious, nauseous and degrading. He sniffs disgustedly and gallops to Huntsville, where for a buck he can see tough men compete for a tough man's title—the Underworld Championship.

The idea of a rodeo for convicts, which seemed somewhat absurd at the time, was born back in 1930, when penitentiary officials turned a few head of stock into the baseball diamond and allowed some of the rogues to try their talents at bronc-riding, bull-riding and roping.

The following year the public was invited, and in the seventeen years since, this rodeo has grown into one of the Southwest's premier sports attractions. Approximately 100,000 persons see it annually, and other thousands are turned away for lack of room.

Five hundred convicts participate, 150 as contestants and the rest as pea-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

nut and soda-pop vendors, ticket sellers, ushers, stock boys, chute boys and roustabouts. An additional 3,000 criminals are rounded up from thirteen prison farms, where they operate "one-eyed aggies" (garden hoes), and are transported in trucks to the stadium. There they are seated in a great, wired enclosure immediately above the stock chutes.

Guards with high-powered rifles and machine guns sit in turrets on the roof, their eyes constantly roving over the convicts and visitors. Outside are fast horses and bloodhounds attended by Texas Rangers and more prison guards.

Most of the convicts are too busy watching the spine-chilling show to attempt escape, although occasionally they gaze contemplatively at the "free worlders" they see sitting elsewhere in the stands.

Timid Spectators Get Scared

The visitors, on the other hand get a thrill out of their close proximity to the jailbirds. Sometimes they wice uncomfortably under the attentions they receive from ham-actor inmates, who delight in frightening women y scowling or leering in the manner of James Mason at his worst. They dulge in a unified, raucous booing f each uniformed police officer who e ters the stands.

Down in the sandy pit the afte noon's perilous events are unreele with enough explosive drama to kee the spectators jumping for two an a half hours and leave every larynx casualty.

Each outlaw who enters the tournament lists must sign a formal release of any claim against the state in case he is trampled by a vicious, hump-backed Brahman bull, is gored by a steer, dragged by a horse, or otherwise rendered *hors de combat.*

Every one of those who are to compete with the animals must get a once-over as to his physique. Any case of light muscles calls for a rigorous physical examination. To survive, a man must be quick and strong.

The wildest stock obtainable from the prison farms and ranches fills the chutes. The animals are tagged with the names of infamous criminals, deathless heroes and famed outlaw horses. Some of the meanest critters are Clyde Barrow, Dillinger, Sam Houston and Hell's Angel.

The caliber of the show is evident as the opening event unfolds. The curtain raiser is billed as "The Mad Scramble." Any man who competes in it cannot have his life insured. Ten wild Brahman cows spring from their chutes simultaneously and seek to dislodge the ten convicts trying to stay glued to their bare backs.

The animals plunge, twist their narrow, bony hips violently and in a matter of seconds have their prisoners sprawled all over the arena. Then, with ten savage bovines free to attack them en masse, each fallen knave faces the immediate possibility of being thoroughly gored unless rescue is quickly at hand.

The wild-horse race comes close to tying this. When the steeds are turned loose the convicts are sent out in three-man teams to round up each of them. The horses are violently uncooperative, doing their best to evade capture by every kicking, biting and dodging trick they have at their command.

Braving the slashing hoofs and teeth, two men of each team try to hold a rearing charger while the third saddles him and rides him, if he can, to the far end of the enclosure.

There are other rough episodes, such as the wild-cow milking contest, and a few slow events sandwiched in to let the customers catch their breath. During some of these, men and women convicts beguile the spectators with music and singing which lacks the professional touch but is so enthusiastic, loud and infectious that it wins more encores than Frank Sinatra was getting in 1944.

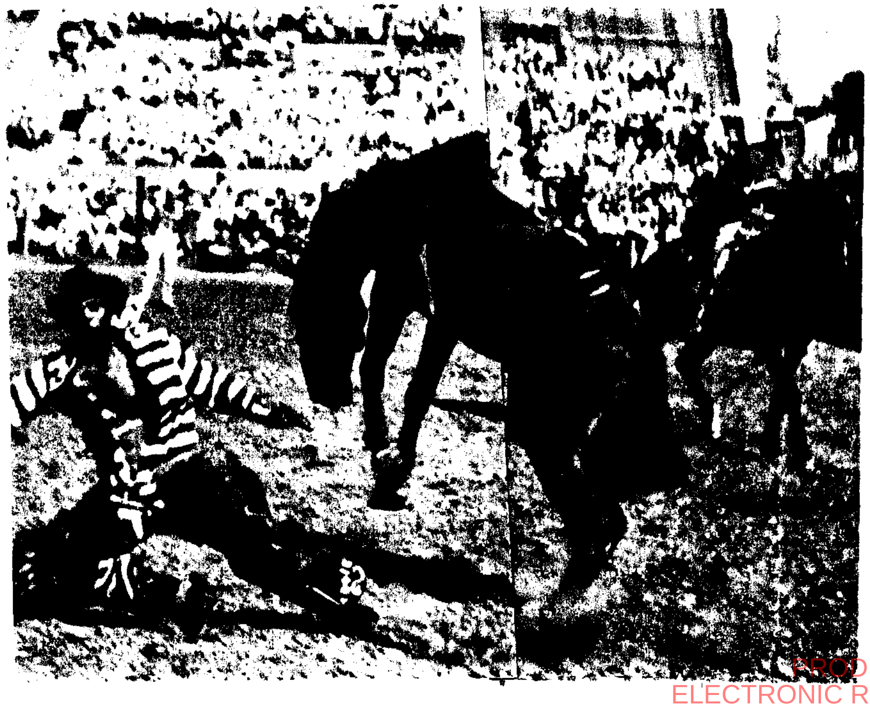
"The Goree Girls," from the Goree prison farm for women, yodel the sort of lugubrious hillbilly selections usually associated with home, Mother and unrequited love. "The Cotton Pickers' Glee Club," a group of twenty-two Negroes, sings sweet spirituals, and an octet called "The Rhythmic Stringsters" assaults the latest swing music.

The entire show is conducted in a friendly, informal atmosphere. The announcer does his part, introducing

Ira Doss, regular death-house guard, watches cons in the pen waiting to ride. The man in the center, with arms over knees, is Lacy Wingfield, doing life for robbery

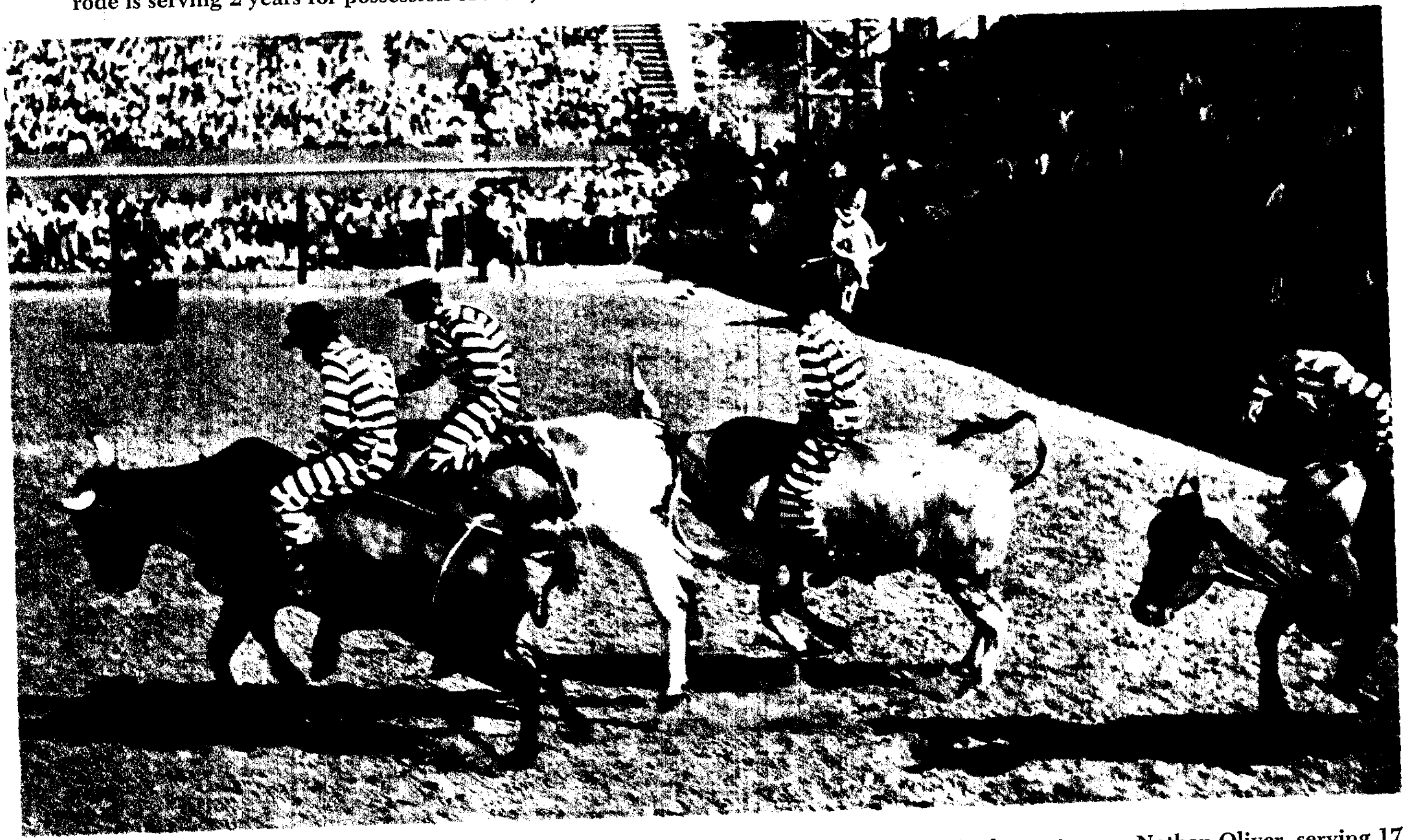
The Goree prison farm all-girl band entertaining between acts. Left to right are Lurline Nelson, serving 5 years for robbery; Jewel Fairchild, 9 for robbery; Blanch Finckley, 2 for robbery; Bonnie Louks, 35 for robbery; Winnie Garner, 50 for murder, and Ruth Wilder, 2 for robbery. The farm matron is at the far right

Oscar Shelton, serving 10 years for ra cracks the ground in a split when the bronc, Wimpy, tosses him. One of th vilian judges, Pen Wheelis, rides up



In the Brahman bull contest, Freddie Turley, serving 10 years for burglary and theft, gets the old heave-ho from a four-legged whirling dervish. Fred got over the fence

George Almonrode is just dismounting from a wild bull with as much grace as he can muster under the circumstances. Almonrode is serving 2 years for possession of marijuana. In the background is Bert Stonehocker, former convict and rodeo funnyman



In the curtain-raising Mad Scramble three rogues ride for their lives. Left to right, in the center, are Nathan Oliver, serving 17 years for burglary; Ernest Sheppard, life for burglary, and J. D. McNeal, 20 for murder. Oliver and Sheppard were winners

First-place riders in the wild-horse race included Cleveland Davis, holding horse, upper left, serving 101 years for rape, and Johnnie Bell Holland behind him, in for 12 for burglary. Second place went to the men who are fighting the seated horse

participants with appropriate comment.

All this precarious and entertaining activity is the diversion that each convict looks forward to the year round. Since the rules provide that only inmates in good standing with the warden may attend, the rodeo is a powerful stimulant to good behavior.

Nothing short of a pardon is more important than at least a seat at the rodeo. The more careless characters, who may have nothing more than life sentences to lose, will court disaster for kicks, which they sometimes get. If they get it in the head, it could be fatal, like the guy on a steer a few years back who tried too hard. When he started to fall he just hung on with his legs until his head was bouncing off the animal's hoofs.

There is no positive evidence that the lure of the show has increased the state's crime rate, but it is in the record that a lot of miscreants have sought to get into prison in time to see the show, fighting the slow turning of the wheels of justice.

The Judge Was Too Obliging

7. W. Barbee, charged with robbery and forgery in Houston, was arraigned before Judge Langston G. King. The judge explained a man's right to a trial by jury.

'No, Judge," said Barbee. "Let's g it over with. I want to get to intsville in time for the rodeo."

Judge King pondered briefly and en responded considerately:

"I'm going to make it possible for ou to see several of these rodeos. even years."

Convict craftsmen, who on their wn time and at their own expense nake souvenirs like slippers and cowoy belts, are allowed to sell these uring the show. About $6,000 worth re thus disposed of each year and ach participating convict is credited t the prison commissary for the mount he makes.

Occasionally permission is obtained to solicit contributions from he audience for a convict kitty. But his is a hazardous deal, because some of the spectators have no more scruples than the prisoners. Once a long-term convict carelessly turned to look at an event after he had handed his piggy bank to someone and when he turned back it was gone. No one would own up. The prisoner finally shouted, "There's nothing lower than a damned petty thief!" and walked away in disgust.

Despite extreme precautions a few convicts have managed escapes during the rodeo. In one case two of them, who had civilian clothes under their striped uniforms, cut the wires beneath their seats and dropped to the ground under the grandstand.

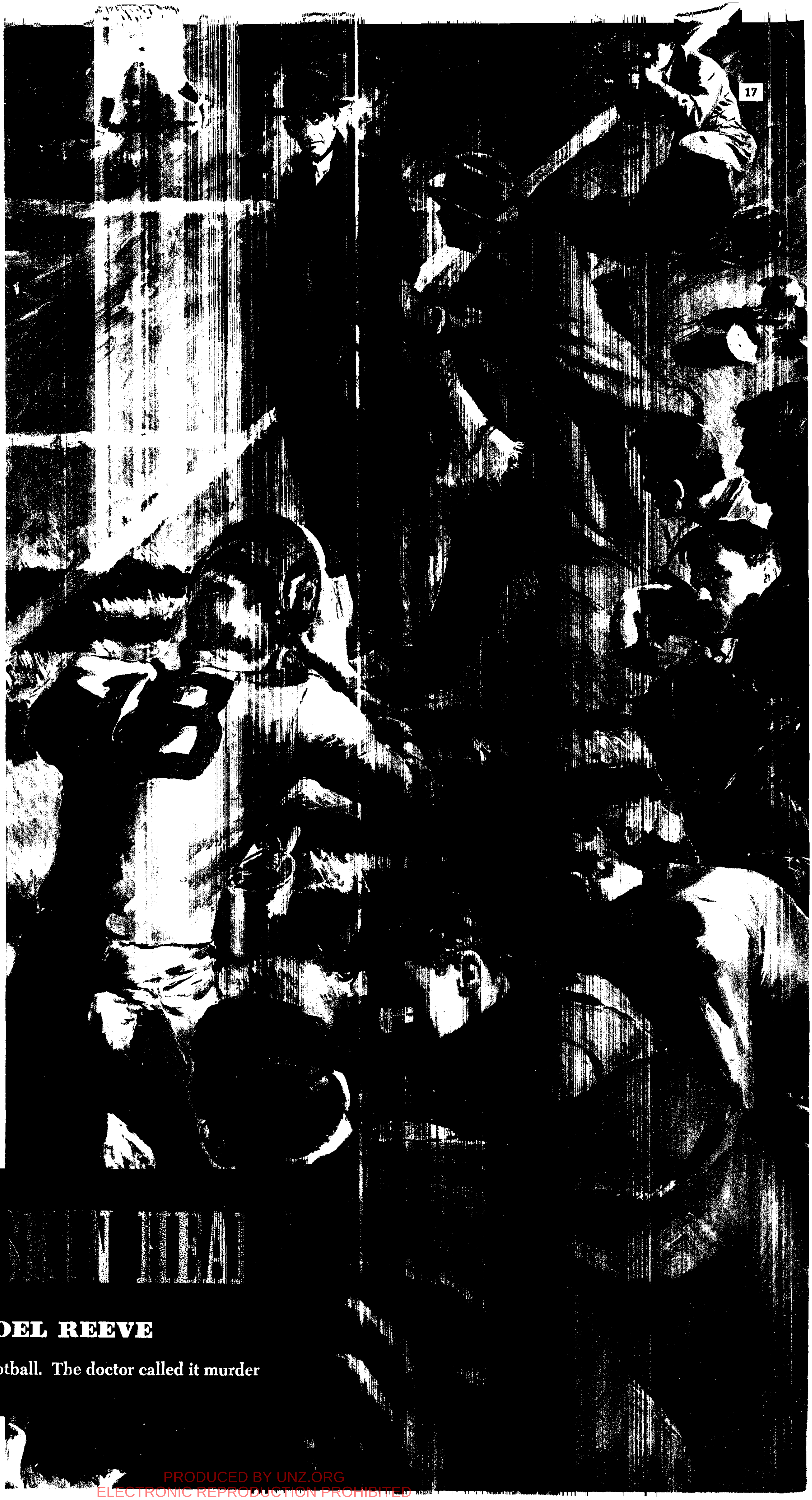
A guard saw them trying to climb a fence. Ceremoniously he collared them and shoved them out the main entrance.

"Get going," he commanded. "We don't like gate crashers around here."

General proceeds from the spectacle go into the prison's welfare fund, which finances a program for recreation, morale, counseling and trade training of the inmates.

The rodeo is probably one of the few exceptions to the crime-does-not-pay rule. A professional performer would snort at the $25 top prize money, but the philosophical convicts contend it will buy a lot of rolling tobacco.

THE END



Degraw called "Garth" and Willy got to his feet. The doctor was up like a whippet, running toward the coach

BY JOEL REEVE

The coach said it was football. The doctor called it murder

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE

WILLY GARTH sat on the bench, his left leg stuck straight out in front of him, both hands caressing the knee. The sheepskin jacket felt good around his neck, where he was sweating a little. He watched the Vale team come down against Kings.

Degraw stood, as always, immobile, his sharp features pointed at the action. The long ulster fell almost to his ankles. His hat was adjusted to a precise angle, the snapbrim shading his eyes. Vale was coming through the Kings tackles. It was the last quarter and Kings led by two touchdowns, but there was that tackle weakness, and the Blue of Vale was launching one of its famed last-minute sorties.

Degraw said without turning his head, "Hinkel."

Willy Garth saw the sour expression on the captain's face as he went forward to stand beside the coach. Degraw never took his eyes from the field. He spoke sharply to Hinkel. There had been a time, only last year, when the captain at Kings was entitled to respect from the coach, but Degraw had respect for no one. He had been an All-American himself and he was without respect for any football player.

Hinkel went in; Sharp came out. Degraw did not look at Sharp. He did not censure him for letting the Vales through. That would come next week. To Degraw, Sharp did not exist except as a pawn in a game he was playing against the Vales.

Sharp sat down, pulling the sheepskin over his head. He mumbled, "They got a good play there. Good thing you scored twice, Willy . . . Your knee hurt?"

"Not much," said Willy.

"They got a swell play. They split us and Berry wheels through."

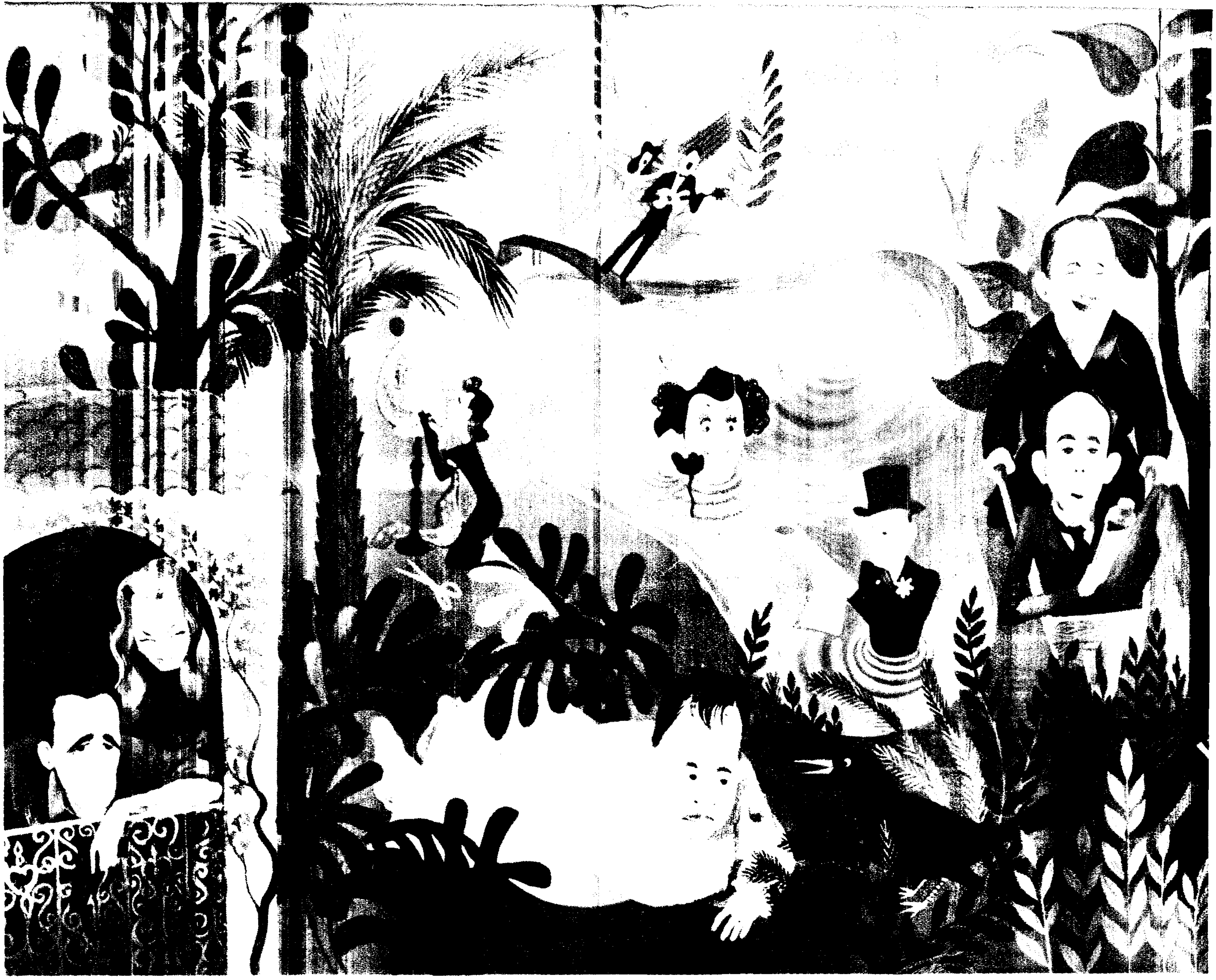
Willy said, "Wait'll Bolton starts going through next week. Wait'll that Eastern line starts tearing us up."

"You always talk about that Bolton." Sharp sighed, then said abruptly, "Degraw is such a jerk. It's no fun any more, playin' on this club."

"He's all football. Cut him open, and his heart would turn out to be made of pigskin," said Willy.

Degraw was watching Hinkel. The Vales kept coming, gaining fewer yards per try, but still gaining. Kings was an Ivy League team. It was the

(Continued on page 83)



Patron saint of the Garden was Robert Benchley (left foreground, about to sock the g
clude (left to right) Bogart and Bacall, Designer Muriel King, Fannie Brice, Lucius B

GARDEN OF ALLAH I LOVE YOU

BY AMY PORTER

Noisy, friendly and uninhibited, this Hollywood hotel has been home to some of the most famous characters who ever listened to the song of the grackle bird

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL

HERE is the way this hotel in Hollywood operates. There are a number of bungalows, or villas, clustered around a swimming pool. The first thing you notice about these villas is that the walls are thin. If you don't notice this right away, you wish you had. The first time Playwright Arthur Kober stayed in one of these villas he was awakened in the middle of the night by a sleepy voice saying, "Would you get me a drink of water, dear?" He got up, stumbled to the bathroom and came back with a glass of water before he realized he was sleeping alone.

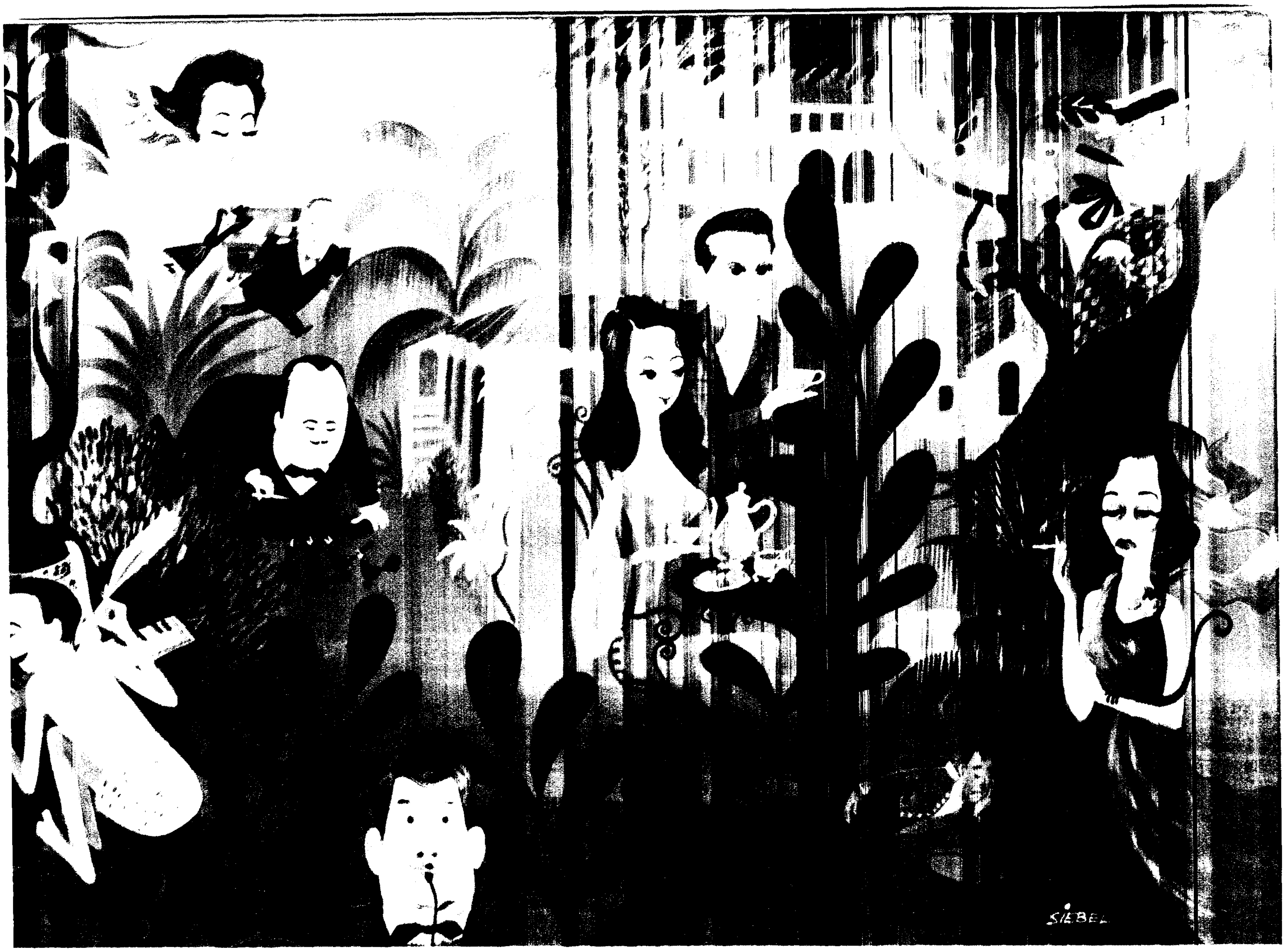
The way to have a private telephone conversation in this hotel is to have an extension cord put on the phone long enough so you can take the instrument into the bathroom and shut the door. This works, however, only in the single-story villas. In the two-story villas the people upstairs would hear. A newcomer, wishing to get beyond earshot of the crowd in her own living room, dragged her phone out to the front porch. This was a mistake. You could tell by what she was saying that she had not meant to speak for the information of the people living in the villas to the right, the left and across the way.

The name of this hotel is the Garden of Allah, and you feel silly at first telling people that's where you live, in the Garden of Allah. You want to say, "It's not like what you think." And, of course, it isn't; it isn't like what anybody would think.

Take it from any angle, the Garden of Allah is different. Start with the swimming pool, which is of an odd shape. Work on back through the trees and shrubs, which are curiously designed, having been imported from the South Seas. Push through to the 20 or 30 villas, which are mostly occupied by people connected with movies or the radio, all more or less well known. Hear the strange noises. . . .

Harmonicas, typewriters, telephones, dogs, children, composers and a particularly strident bird known as the grackle, all contribute to the symphony of sound which ebbs and flows back and forth across the swimming pool day and night, night and day—a phrase that came to Song Writer Cole Porter, an intermittent Garden resident, while lying awake in his villa muttering to himself "day and night, night and day . . ."

One need not be lonesome at the Garden of Allah. All one needs to do is to join in the game known as "listening." To play this game, primarily an evening pastime, the participants go out to the edge of the swimming pool and say, "Hark." By harking, one can quickly determine



). With Charles Butterworth (in wheelbarrow) he brought a load of laughs to the hotel, built by Nazimova (center, top) as her home. Others prominently displayed in-
e Porter, Paul Whiteman, Joe E. Lewis, Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier, Ben the Bellboy (below, resting), W. C. Fields (in tree) and Tallulah Bankhead

the source of the most noise. Say one concludes that Villa 13 is the winner. It is but the work of a moment to go knock at the door of Villa 13 and say, "May I come in?" Unless, of course, the door is already open, eliminating the need for knocking.

There have been those at the Garden who contended that a person was entitled to his or her privacy although living in the Garden of Allah, and who to the question "May I come in?" were inclined to answer, "No," but these people soon were good-humoredly jostled out of their antisocial attitude or out of their villas, for which there is always a waiting list anyway.

The Garden of Allah has long been accustomed to famous names. Since the childhood of the movies it has witnessed a procession of fame, beginning with Alla Nazimova, the first actress to be billed as a movie star. Madame Nazimova built the Garden in the early twenties as her country home, choosing a spot rather far out on the pleasant rural road called Sunset Boulevard. Within a few years the Boulevard had evolved into The Strip, the main artery of Hollywood's business and night-club activities, and in 1926, Nazimova sagaciously converted her home into a hotel. She lived on there in one of the villas, still doing a distinguished job in the movies (Escape, In Our Time) until her death in 1945.

Almost everybody of movie importance has stayed at the Garden at one time or another; its guest book is the Hollywood equivalent of that of Buckingham Palace. Name any outstanding star, writer, director, orchestra leader, singer of the past 20 years and you almost certainly will be naming a resident or habitué.

Tallulah Bankhead, Paul Whiteman, Ernest Hemingway, Woody Herman, Hugh Walpole, Louis Calhern, Dorothy Parker, Roland Young, Red Skelton, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Lucius Beebe, Greta Garbo, Lili Damita, Errol Flynn, Dudley Nichols, Marc Connelly, Thomas Wolfe, Ruth Chatterton, Fanny Brice, Orson Welles, Joe E. Lewis, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Joel Sayre, Donald Ogden Stewart, Artie Shaw, Arthur Sheekman and Gloria Stuart, Marlene Dietrich, Louis Bromfield . . . a mere sampling of the lengthy list of Who's Who guests.

Intermittent residents include Walter O'Keefe, playwright; Jay Flippen, radio comedian; Movie Director Paul Stewart and his singing wife, Peggy LaCentra; Actress Natalie Schafer; Fiction Writer Johnny McClain; Columnist Thornton Delehanty; Movie Writer Edith Sommers; Organist Ethel Smith, Radio Writer Bob Solderberg. The Humphrey Bogarts and the Woody Hermans, who recently left their Garden villas for houses of their own, are around frequently, and so are Louis Calhern and Milo Anderson, head designer for Warners'. From the Garden you can see Anderson's house perched high up on the hill that rises from the opposite side of The Strip.

The Garden's Patron Saint

But to anybody who knows the Garden at all, the late Robert Benchley is its patron saint. Benchley, the man who wrote the funny pieces and starred in the funny movies, and who they say is still more alive than most people who are alive, lived in Villa No. 20, known as the Bear Trap. Lucius Beebe, columnist and long-time Garden resident, says, "He presided over the most tumultuous premises I ever saw . . . strolling minstrels, 24-hour bar service, everybody welcome, and if the master wasn't in, somebody else was there acting as major-domo, Charlie Butterworth or Johnny McClain or somebody."

On one promising evening, Butterworth went to the window of Benchley's living room, peered out across the pool, and uttered his classic line, "H'mmm, looks like it's going to get drunk out tonight."

There's a classic line for Benchley, too. He is supposed to have come home one rainy night and said, "I've got to get out of these wet clothes and into a dry Martini." He always disclaimed this line, but everybody felt he was just being modest. It had to be his; it sounded so much like him.

Benchley hated the sun. He would not sit beside the pool in the repulsive daylight. He did rent a sun lamp, however, and put it in his bathroom, and reclined beneath its rays in splendid privacy, wearing goggles.

Benchley hated traffic, and feared it. He would not attempt to cross Sunset Boulevard to reach the Players' Club almost directly opposite. Instead, he would call for his car and his chauffeur to see him safely across Hell's Corner. On one occasion, when he found himself stranded at the Players' without his car, he called a cab, and then, ashamed to let the driver know he was afraid to cross the street, he evaded the issue. "Take me to the Mocambo," he said. "Got to meet a fella there," and so down The Strip some blocks to the Mocambo, where he had the driver wait while he went in and bought a drink he didn't want and came back to report, "Missed the fella," and to ask, at last, to be taken home.

(*Continued on page* 102)

A BIG DAY FOR MULVEY

BY WILLIAM HOLDER

I HEARD Mom knocking on the door and I looked at my wrist watch on the night table. Mom said, "Joey Mulvey, you'd better get up or you'll be late for school."

"Okay, Mom. I'll be out in a minute." I stretched and took time to consider things. When Mom said "school" early in the morning like this, she meant the Police Academy. I'm in my last couple of weeks there: in my last year of law school at night. Sometimes it's a little confusing.

I got up and stuck my head out the window. One of those fall days that are left over from summer. Blue sky and plenty of hot sun. I shucked my pajamas, put on a bathrobe and went into the bathroom. I brushed my teeth. I reached in through the shower curtains, turned on the water the way I like it, stepped into the shower with a song in my mouth. My feet went up in the air and I landed out on the floor, all tied up in the ripped shower curtains. I took a look, then opened the door and said, "Mom, please tell me—what are roller skates doing in the bathtub?"

"Roller skates?" Mom said. "Oh, they must be Larry's. He must be practicing for a race, or something."

Practicing in the bathtub? I said, "Okay, Mom."

I SHOWERED, then shaved and got dressed. Khakis I'd worn in the Army. Black tie and shoes. I slicked up and went into the kitchen, and Mom had breakfast ready. Bacon and eggs. Hot rolls and wonderful coffee.

Mom said, "How's Molly, Joey?"

"Molly is fine. Saw her last night after school." Molly Burke, Mom is talking about. She has blue eyes and black hair and comes up almost to my chest. A pint-sized chunk of dynamite. Until a month ago, she couldn't make up her mind between me and Willie Brady. I finally got her to hold still long enough so I could jam a ring on her finger, and now we're engaged.

I shook my head when I thought of that Willie Brady. Molly certainly would have made a mistake if she had teamed up with him.

I finished the last of the bacon, the roll, the coffee. Delicious.

"Pip, pip, Mrs. M. Nice to have seen you," I said. I took the stairs in bunches. I'd just about make it.

During the last few weeks of the course at the academy they send you out with a regular patrolman, so you'll get the feel of the thing. For five days I'd been working with Jimmy Miller, at Forty-fourth and Fifth. I was due there again today.

The traffic was fine, heavy as the streets could stand. I had a wonderful time, but Miller was growling. He'd been on this post for four years. He was losing his enthusiasm.

The day was lovely, nice and warm. About three o'clock I started to put a bit of polish on the gesture department. Molly works at Forty-third and Madison, which is only two blocks away, and she gets off at four o'clock. Sometimes a little earlier. She comes over to my corner to get the bus uptown, and I always like her to see Mulvey at his best.

At about a quarter after three, the sergeant comes along in his car. The usual afternoon check. Willie Brady is his driver. Almost a year on the force, and he might just as well be wheeling a hack. They stop alongside, and the sergeant says, "Everything okay, Miller?"

Brady looks at me and doesn't say anything. He's very burned up about Molly, and I can't say that I blame him. He was doing all right until I came along. I guess maybe the ring sewed up the deal. Or maybe it didn't. It shouldn't be hard for a smart girl like Molly to see the difference between a Mulvey and Willie Brady.

Miller says everything is fine, and the sergeant says, "All right, Brady. Let's get going," and they move along. When they're well gone, Miller says to me, "Kid, my feet are killing me. You think you can handle this alone while I get a cup of coffee?"

I tell him, sure, I can handle it alone. After all, what help is Miller to me? On the force twelve years, and he can't even whistle real loud through his teeth.

The traffic is heavy, but I handle it nice and easy. Nothing is complicated after my family.

About ten minutes of four, there's a change of lights, giving a red to north and south, a green to the east-bound stuff. Everything stops when I give them that palm-up business, and the cross-town cars come piling through. And just then it happens.

The traffic was doing all right—it was the cop who was in a jam

A colossal convertible, coming north on the outside lane, tries to catch the light. Brakes scream, pedestrians leap for their lives, cabbies get eloquent. I yell, "Pull over!" I get the snarl straightened out, go over with the ticket book in my hand.

There's a girl alone in the open car, and she's beautiful. Golden hair that reaches to her shoulders, a face you do a double-take on. One of the nicest grins I've ever seen. Beautiful legs. The car is almost as gorgeous and is wearing a Westchester license plate.

The girl says, "Such a handsome policeman!" and the grin widens.

"I was runner-up for Mr. Traffic Cop of 1947. Didn't you see the light? As red as your fingernails. Leave us take a gander at your registration and driver's license."

She looks in the glove compartment, then in her handbag. She gives me that wonderful grin again. "That's strange. I must have forgotten them."

"What's your name?"

"Mary Ryan. What's yours?"

I say, "Look. All this is very hilarious. You almost kill six thousand people, then you act like a bad radio comedian. I just work here. Let's stop being so very gay."

She has a lovely nose, and it was even prettier when she wrinkles it up the way she does now. "Will you listen to a story?"

"It had better be a dandy."

She has a nice voice, low and even. I can tell she was on the level. "I've just come from Children's Hospital. I've had a couple of sick kids out for a day in the country. Tonight, up at the club, we're having a big affair, raising money for the hospital—a big raffle—everything. I'm on the committee and I'm late getting home. You're right. I was trying to beat the light."

My kid brother Larry had been in Children's, a few years ago. They'd worked a miracle on him. I say, "How do I know you didn't spin this one up?"

She says, "Well . . ." and looks around, puzzled. I glance into the back seat, and as far as I am concerned, she can leave right now. A couple of candy wrappers on the floor. Three or four little sticks. Lollipop sticks.

She looks at me and I nod, then she snaps her fingers. "More proof." She digs into her handbag and comes up with a book of tickets, like outfits use when they're running a raffle. "Today's date on the raffle tickets," she says.

The grin breaks out again and she says, "You wouldn't like to buy a ticket, would you?"

I think of my kid brother Larry. "I would certainly like to buy a ticket."

She gets out a pen. "Your name?"

"Joseph Michael Mulvey."

She writes it down, tears the ticket from the stub, folds it nicely and hands it to me. "Two dollars, Mr. M."

"Two bucks! What are you people raffling off, a barrel of rubies?" But I dig down and hand it to her. After all, what was it but money?

I put the ticket in my pocket and she says, "If you want to check on the story, my number is in the Westchester phone book. Rye 9-0785."

"It's okay. You look like an honest woman."

She surprises me, then. She reaches up and grabs me by the ears. She says, "Mulvey, you're wonderful." And she kisses me.

I stood there with a silly grin on my puss while she waved a hand and put that big job into gear and took it away. I looked up, and there was Molly, on the sidewalk watching me.

Her eyes looked nice. Hurricane on the North Atlantic. The last inch of fuse burning to the powder keg. Boulder Dam breaking.

She was as pretty as a picture when she was this mad, but how could I tell her? Do you pat the lion on the nose when he's got your head in his mouth?

She managed, "Joe Mulvey. I—! You—!" She couldn't find the words. Then she looked down at her left hand. She wrestled the ring off her finger and heaved it at me. If I hadn't ducked it would have taken my eye out. It went all the way across Fifth.

I said, "Sugar, wait a minute! I can explain! I . . . !" But she was gone. She whipped into the traffic and was doing about forty miles an hour. A nice mild girl with an even temper.

THEN I thought of the ring. I went across Fifth through the traffic and almost lost a leg. I had to get down on my hands and knees in the gutter, but I found it. I went back to the intersection, but I'd lost my stuff. A cabby made a right turn into Fifth on a red light and I let him get away with it. My heart wasn't in my work.

That Molly. She jumped to conclusions faster than a man could wink. She was gorgeous and I loved her, but I could do with just about half an ounce less temper.

I went home. Larry was standing in the long hall. He's twelve. I didn't say anything. I didn't want to interrupt him at a moment like this. He had a baseball glove on his hand, and from his pose I knew what was going on.

He was really in the Polo Grounds, pitching against Brooklyn. The Giants are ahead, 2-1. It is the first part of the ninth, and the bases are loaded with two out. Dixie Walker is at the plate and the count is three and two. Larry takes the sign from Cooper, who is catching. He nods, goes into his full windup, and the runners are all moving. Larry heaves the high hard one in there. Walker swings and misses. The ball game is over.

Larry turned to me and says, "Hello, copper."

"That was a nice pitch."

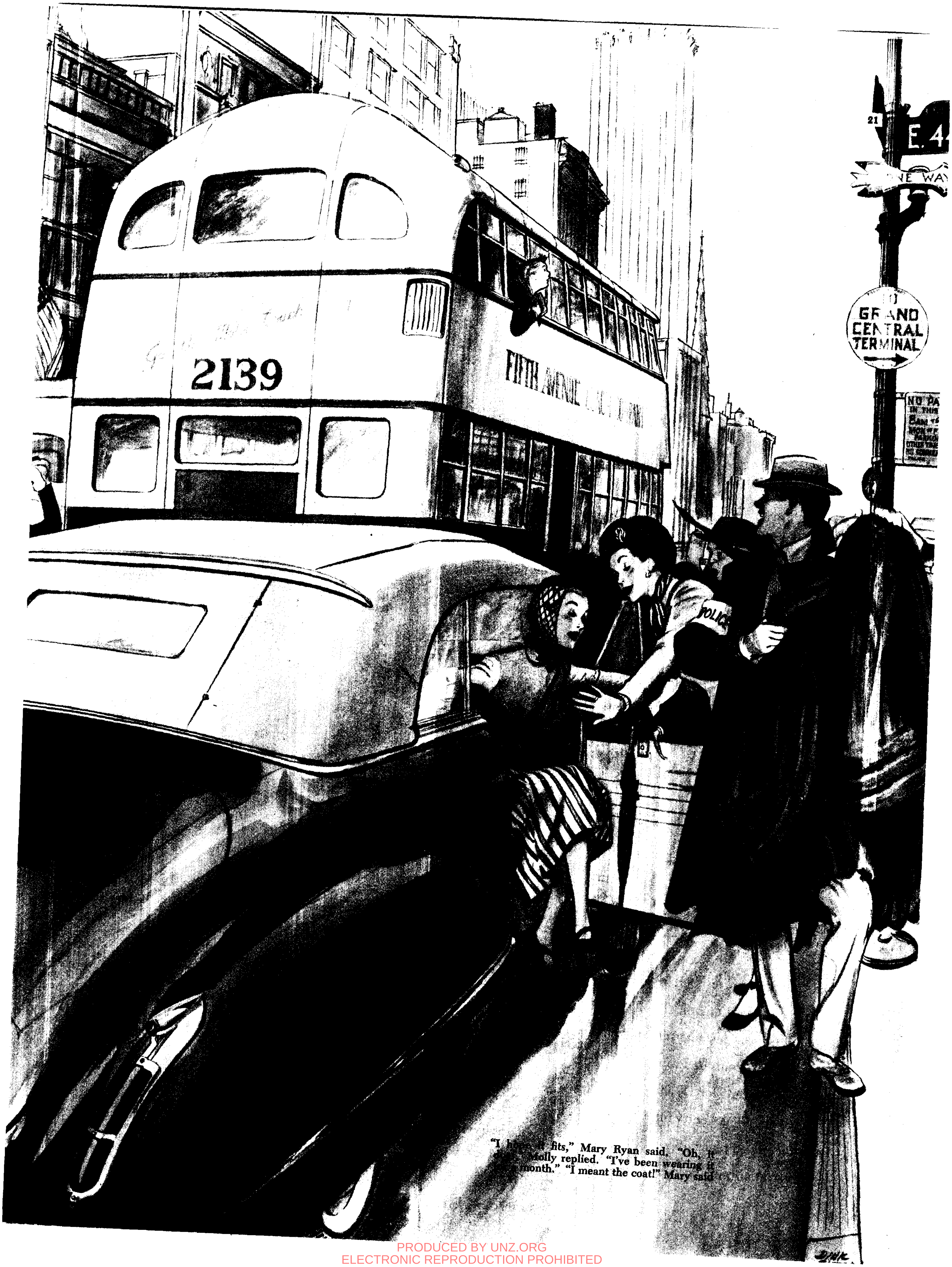
"In the clutches they can't touch me."

In the dining room, Mom said, "Where's Molly? I thought she was coming home with you."

"Miss Burke had a change of mind. The last I saw of her, she was running along Fifth Avenue, knocking people down. That girl would have made a great halfback."

(Continued on page 30)

ILLUSTRATED BY DINK SIEGEL


2139
FIFTH AVENUE
21
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ONE WAY
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GRAND
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TERMINAL
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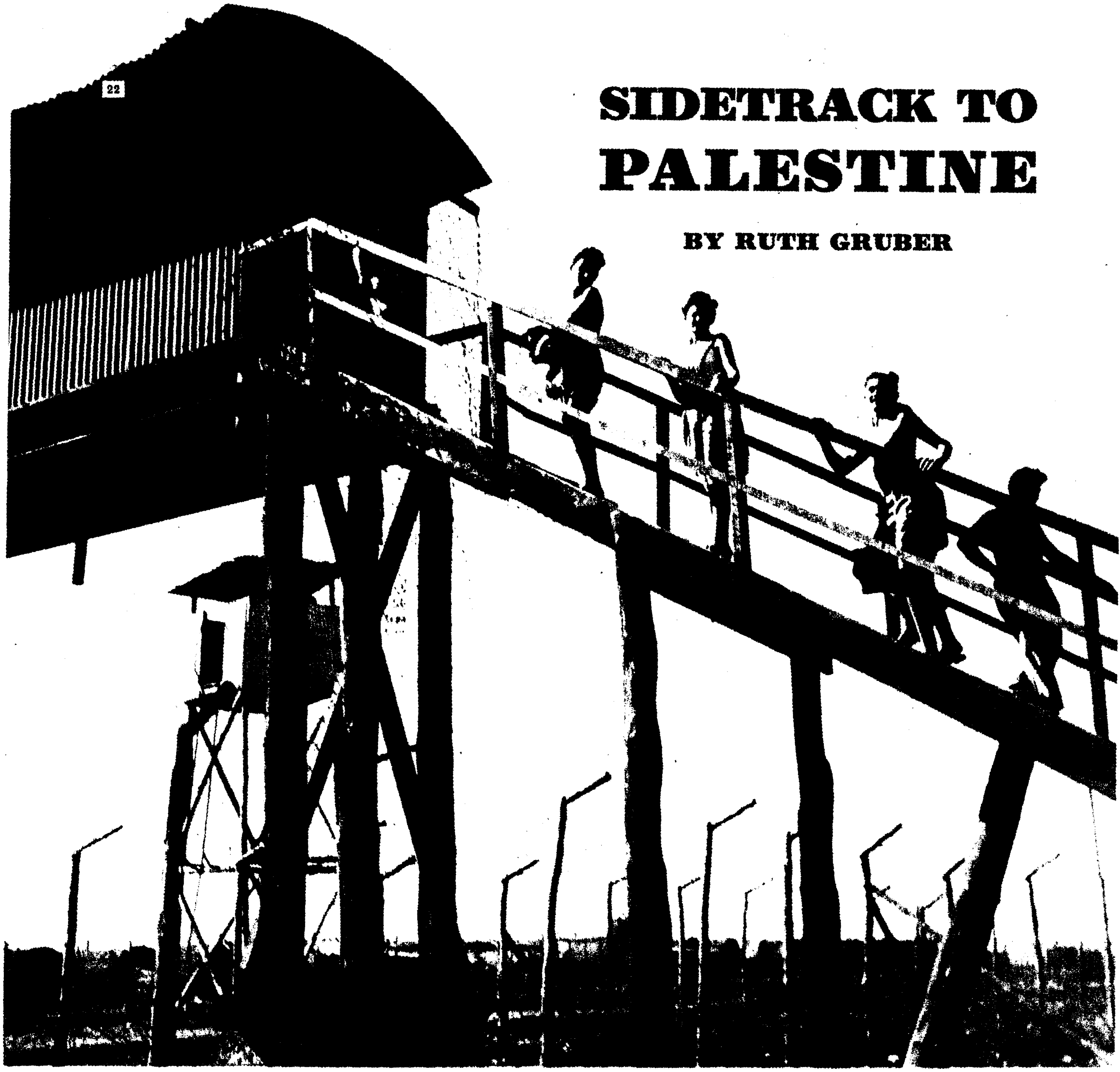
IN THIS
POLICE

"I hope it fits," Mary Ryan said. "Oh, it does," Molly replied. "I've been wearing it [illegible] month." "I meant the coat!" Mary said

SIDETRACK TO PALESTINE

BY RUTH GRUBER



This overpass leads from one part of the detention camp to another, across barbed-wire barricades. Jewish refugees call it, ironically, the Warsaw ghetto bridge

An American correspondent reports on conditions on the island of Cyprus, just an overnight journey from the Promised Land. But for 17,000 Jews seeking illegal entry into Palestine, it is a place of endless frustration and hardship

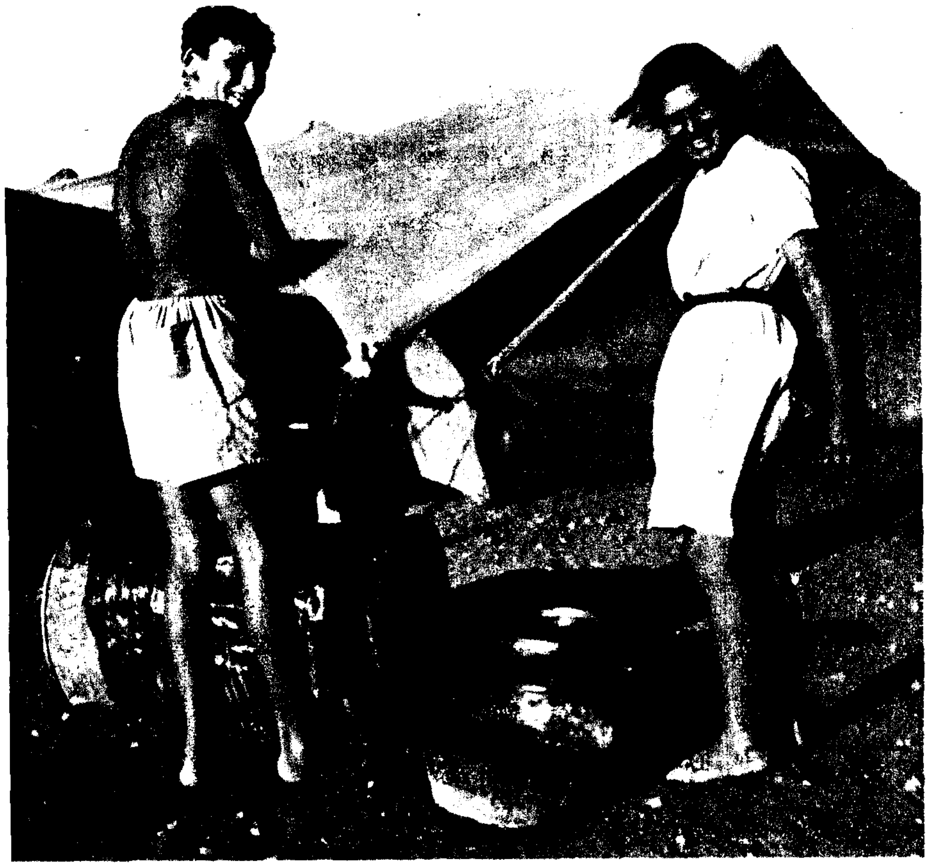
ONE small boy stood alone in the midday heat, clutching the gate with his hands, his eyes fixed on the road outside the barbed-wire boundary of the camp. Behind him, down the long rows of silent camp streets, the population had retreated into the thin shadows of tents and Nissen huts, trying to escape the burning assault of the sun. Presently the boy's ears caught the sound of a motor. He waited until the squat water truck materialized out of the dust.

Then he flew down the camp street shouting, *"Wasser! Wasser!"* Other small boys sprang out of the stillness and took up the cry. *"Voda!" "L'eau!" "Agua!" "Veez!"* A man ran out of a tent carrying a five-gallon tin. A woman followed him with an evaporated-milk can. Everyone dropped the nothing he was doing, grabbed anything that would hold water and swarmed around the truck. The newcomers carried only cups. They hesitated on the fringe of the crowd. They would soon learn to scrounge or steal bigger tins like the one the man had and fight their way to the head of the queue without ceremony.

People pushed and shoved and clawed in a festering commotion to get to the spigots. A red-faced girl jostled a bearded old man and upset his basin. The old man watched the hot ground drink up his ration. A man slapped an urchin's wrists, and the boy threw half a cupful of water extravagantly in his face. A youth shinnied up onto the tank and pounded it madly, as if he expected a spring to spurt from under his hand. The tank emptied quickly and the people moved carefully away with their treasure. The driver, a blond young corporal who had been standing silently by with his arms folded, climbed back into his cab and drove away, with the tank spilling silver droplets onto the burning gravel road.

Back in a hut, an old woman sipped a little water from a cup. Under a tent fly a young man named Moshe—

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



With little to smile about, this couple are happy over their good luck in the daily scramble for water. Rations must do for drinking, laundry and bathing

This tot, an inhabitant of Cyprus for eight months, was born on the "illegal" journey out of Europe. Birth rate in the camps is more than two babies a day

he who had carried the five-gallon tin—began to shave, wetting his razor in a saucer. His wife, Toba, stretched a brassière and a faded pair of shorts on a board. She sprinkled water on them with a teaspoon and attacked them with a chunk of yellow soap. She worked slowly because of the heat and because she was heavily pregnant. With infinite pains she sprinkled the garments again with the spoon and after more scrubbing she hung them up to dry.

Moshe wiped his razor and put it away. The old woman lay down on a palm mat and fanned herself listlessly with a dirty handkerchief, pausing now and then to mop the sweat off her face. A humid, humming silence moved through the alleys and streets again as the Caraolos camp gave up to the heat and slipped back into the long coma of waiting.

This was the crown colony of Cyprus, in the eastern Mediterranean. Here Jews, captured trying to run the British blockade to Palestine, have been shunted into two huge detention camps, Caraolos, on the edge of the tiny harbor of Famagusta, and Xylotimbu, 30 miles away. This was "Love's Island," so named by the Greeks because Aphrodite was born of foam off its shores. Here Richard the Lionhearted was married and Othello wooed Desdemona. Here today nearly 17,000 Jews—triple the population of Yuma, Arizona—live in confinement, without plumbing or electricity, with insufficient water, blistering in the summer sun, shivering in winter's miserable wetness.

Fifteen months ago when Caraolos was opened, the Cypriots had angrily protested the invasion of foreigners. The Jews had rebelled when German prisoners of war were used to help construct the camp. Terrorism in Palestine had been intensified. By September, 1946, although many of the 4,000 Jews in Caraolos had been crowded 12 to a single tent, the British planned expansion with Nissen huts before the rainy season turned the place into a quagmire. "And perhaps," a British officer had said, "if the illegal Jewish immigrants realized that they are going to wind up here, they may not be so anxious to crowd aboard their stinking hellships and try to get to Palestine."

Instead the traffic steadily increased. The caïque Palmach came from Italy and Greece with 630 souls. The Knesseth Israel followed, unbelievably, with 3,900. In the spring of 1947 the Theodor Herzl brought 2,640 more. The weirdest collection of all was a shipload of 380 Spanish-speaking Jews from Algeria and Morocco. In 12 months some 25,000 Jews on 23 vessels were captured and diverted to Cyprus. Caraolos was bursting. Xylotimbu was opened before the barest necessities could be provided. Finally the British permitted 750 Jews from Cyprus each month—half the total legal monthly immigration quota they still allowed—to transfer to Palestine.

So Cyprus became another way station, a kind of suburb, for the strange modern exodus of the children of Israel out of the wilderness of postwar Europe to the so long-promised land. "A deliberately planned migration," the harassed British cried, "conceived and carried out by the Zionists in violation of all immigration restrictions and with utter disregard for the Arab problem." Whatever the high politics, the little people like Moshe and Toba had become convinced there was no place else to go.

Moshe and Toba were part of the miracle of survival, two of the few who had come back from the gas chambers and lime furnaces where six million of their brothers had perished. Even if Toba had been able to scrape the tattooed numbers from her arm, she couldn't expel from her memory how the Germans had forced her to distribute towels to the Jews at Auschwitz as they entered the "showers," before the gas was turned on.

Moshe had escaped to the woods during the Warsaw ghetto uprising and fought with the partisans until liberation. They found each other afterward but the memories and the fresh, ugly little pogroms in Poland drove them out through the DP camps in Germany where nobody talked of anything but Palestine. They traveled the underground to a secret port in southern France and boarded a leaky fishing boat, which was caught by a destroyer 9 days later off Tel Aviv.

Brief Glimpse of Palestine Hills

Moshe and Toba first saw the flat, brown, treeless expanse of Caraolos from the back of an army truck. For a tantalizing moment they had glimpsed the shining hills of Palestine as Tommies dragged them weeping from their filthy vessel in Haifa harbor to the caged hold of a transport for the overnight journey to Cyprus. Another hurried transfer to barges and then into the trucks. As their lorry rumbled through the narrow streets of Famagusta and over the rutted road to the camp, the couple and their comrades clung to one another's shoulders, swaying with the bumps and singing Hatikvah, the Hebrew hymn of hope. Moshe had knotted a handkerchief over Toba's cropped head to protect her from the sun.

Two soldiers with Sten guns guarded the Caraolos camp gate. As the immigrants passed through, the sharp shadows of the double barbed-wire fences, 12 feet high, fell across their faces. They jeered and whistled and made V signs at the sentries standing with machine guns in the wooden lookout boxes which rose on stilts above the camp.

Inside, other Jews crowded around the newcomers, searching their faces for brother, father or friend. "You will pick up your baggage after it has been searched," an officer was saying. Sometimes the Jews had hidden dynamite sticks in their knapsacks, in blankets and cakes of soap; the British were taking no chances.

Moshe and Toba were directed to

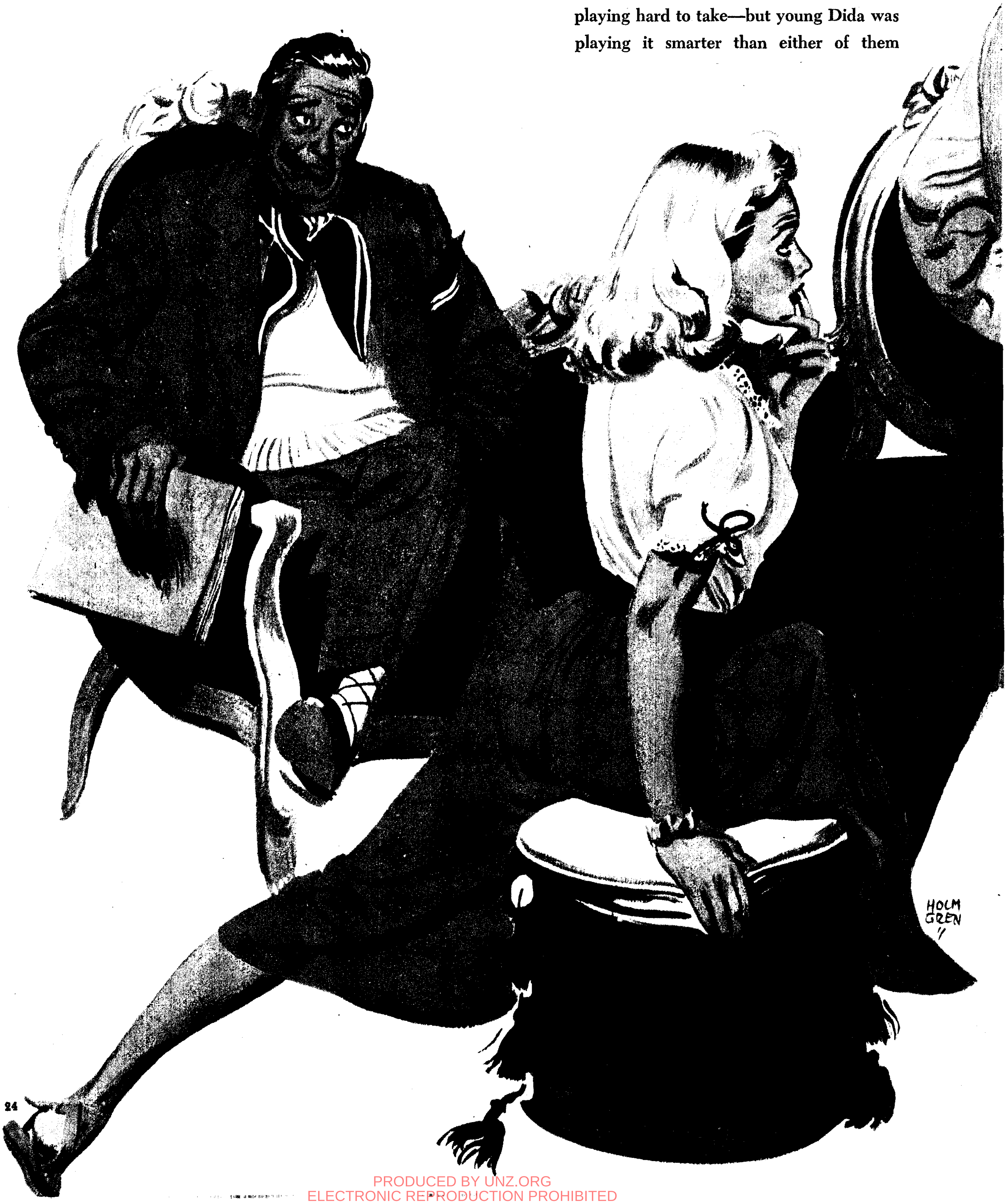
(Continued on page 62)

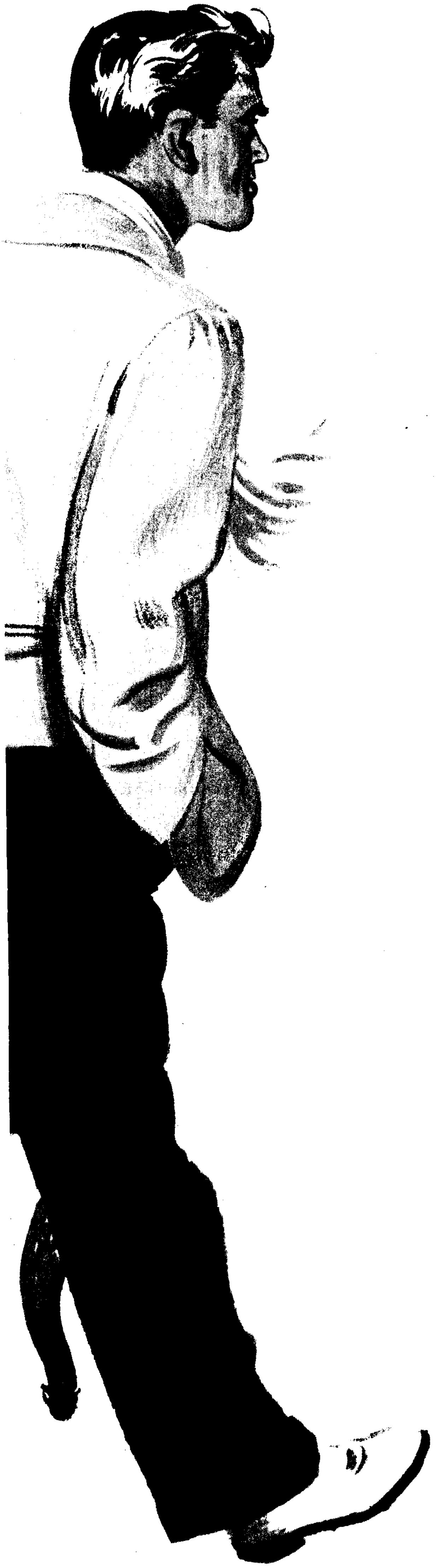
Long days of waiting are empty for most, but some practice handicrafts with crude tools and materials. These young people display tablecloths, plaques, etc.

FIRST CHOICE

BY RAMONA STEWART AND ALLEN MARPLE

George was playing hard to get. Papa was playing hard to take—but young Dida was playing it smarter than either of them





I don't think we'll take up the option," Papa said. "That," George said, "is just dandy. Good night!" Before Dida could get up, he left

DIDA!"

The bay of Papa's voice broke in on Dida's lovely dream about George. George had finally kissed her across a table in the Brown Derby—in front of everyone—and now he was going to say something. There was a look in his eye, and Dida slid her dark blond head farther under her pillow. She had to get back to her dream; she had to find out what George was going to say.

"Where's Dida?"

Papa's shouts were coming from the living room now, with Mama's shrill staccato for counterpoint. Then Papa's unmarried sister joined in with her rich contralto, and Dida knew it was no use. Papa had a Thing. It seemed that every time she got a good clean shot at George, even in sleep, Papa came up with a Thing.

Papa was a motion-picture producer. At the studio Papa told writers how to write, directors how to direct, actors how to act, and it got to be a habit. Around home Papa told Mama how to run the house, the cook how to cook, the maid how to clean silver. He told his sister how to get a husband and Dida how not to. Nobody argued, Papa was a genius.

Still, it was a strain, always having to tell people, and it gave him these Things.

Dida wondered what it was this time. Lately he'd been giving a play to rare tropical fevers. But it might be an old stand-by like ulcers or commissary poisoning.

Dida rolled out from the pillow and looked at her wrist watch. It was noon. For a second she wondered what Papa was doing home from the studio, and then she remembered it was Saturday.

She got into her blue flannel bathrobe and tapped the rug gently with her bare feet until they found her slippers. Her eyes caught her reflection in the closet-door mirror and she sat down abruptly on her bed. She might as well admit it—she was twenty-two—pretty soon George would begin to see she was getting on.

"Dida!"

She wound her bathrobe cord about her, went through the hallway, crossed the red-and-silver rumpus room and walked down the steps to the Swedish modern living room.

"Hello, Papa," she said. "I overslept."

His other womenfolk had vanished and Papa was alone, his comfortable bulk spread out on the sofa. He looked like a motion-picture producer; he looked like a huge pink beach ball made of very expensive rubber. He was smoking a cigar and reading the newspaper.

"I have a thing in my throat," he said. "A wart or something. I'm worried. Come and look at it."

He opened his mouth seductively and waited.

Dida crossed slowly to the sofa and peered into the chasm. When she finished her inspection, she patted his jowls for him to close his mouth.

"It's perfectly normal."

He put out his wrist and she took his pulse. As she counted it, her eyes strayed to the comic strip on the back of his newspaper. Somehow Li'l Abner always reminded her of George.

"Well?" Papa demanded.

"Normal."

"That's what you always say. You never tell me the truth."

She continued to read the comic strip until he crushed the paper down so that she couldn't see it. She eyed him thoughtfully.

"Nice baby," she said. "Let me have the paper."

"Get me a glass of water. I'm very sick with this throat thing and I'm thirsty." He picked up his cigar and stuck it in his mouth. "What's the picture on the corner tonight?"

"I don't know. I'm going out."

He shifted his cigar. "Who with?"

Without thinking, Dida said, "George," and instantly she was sorry, because Papa didn't know about her and George.

George was a writer, and he was working on the script for one of Papa's pictures. Papa liked George; he said George was a genius, too. But he was just a $1,000-a-week genius, whereas Papa got $3,500, so Papa was telling him. Anyone Papa told belonged to Papa. George was Papa's writer, just as Dida was Papa's daughter, and he expected them to keep it in mind.

Now he snorted. "George." He considered whether either of them was being untrue to him, and decided it was impossible. "All right. We'll take him with us."

Dida frowned. "Go with Mother."

"She's playing bingo over in Brentwood. And anyway, what's this about going out with George alone? Didn't he ask me, too?"

"It's a night ball game. He only had two tickets. And I'm prettier."

He paused. "You don't either of you care if I'm lonely."

"I don't."

He raised the paper with simple dignity and began to read. After a bit, he put it down again. His round face radiated benevolence. Dida set herself and waited.

"I should think you'd want to get to bed early tonight," he said. "So you'll look less like a pig tomorrow."

He paused, and curiosity made her take the bait. "Why?"

"Peter's coming home."

"Peter!" Dida sat down on the inch of sofa Papa was not covering. "You're making it up."

Papa put his hand inside his sport jacket and drew out a folded copy of the Hollywood Reporter.

It was there—three lines near the end of the gossip column.

"Peter Jackson, the young man who made such a stir with a small part in the Broadway hit, Blind Fury, has had a couple of nibbles from Hollywood. He comes into town on the Chief, Sunday. Good luck, Peter."

Dida looked at Papa innocently. Before Peter had gone to try his luck in New York she'd used him as a stalking-horse to keep Papa from getting curious about her and George. It was nice of Peter to come back. If there was anything in dreams, he might come in handy.

"M'm," she said. "I thought he was coming Union Pacific."

Papa smirked wisely. "Get me a glass of water," he said, "and find out about the picture."

She got up and unwound the cord of her bathrobe. Papa's sister had put up with this until he married Mama. Then Mama had taken it for years, until she discovered bingo. Now it was *her* turn.

THE Great God Papa, she thought. He had snapping turtle in him, once he got hold of you he never let loose. Her only hope was to get George to pry Papa's jaws apart with a marriage license.

"Anyway," Papa said hopefully, "you're too bright to be serious about an actor."

"Lots of women marry actors." Dida made it sound defiant.

"Older women."

"I'm an old woman. For Hollywood."

"A mere child," Papa said. "My head aches."

Dida let it lie. "Can I have the car?"

"No."

"Why not?"

Papa went back to his paper. "I don't approve of women driving."

She saw he was going to have a huffy afternoon.

She got off the bus at the corner of La Cienega and walked down the hill to George's apartment house. He had one of the group of bungalows, white stucco, built on terraces and covered with purple bougainvillaea blossoms. Sometimes George was out front watering the nasturtium patch in front of his living room. Today he wasn't.

Dida climbed the flag steps to the third terrace and rang the bell under the sign Hacienda 7. After a long wait she heard footsteps inside and George flung open the door. He stood there, blinking sleepily at the sunlight. His red hair stood every which way on top of his head and he needed a shave.

"Oh," he said. "It's you."

She walked past him into the green-and-yellow living room and began pulling up the Venetian blinds. George leaned against the wall under a water color and fished in the pocket of his dressing robe for a cigarette.

"Quit fussing with the blinds," he said.

"It's dark in here."

"I like it that way. And what would Papa say, you crashing into a man's apartment?"

She shot him a glance. "You're getting fat."

He was stocky but he was vain about his figure. He pulled in his stomach. "Go on home," he said.

Dida gave him a sunny smile. She went into the kitchenette and began taking eggs from the icebox.

He came to breakfast carrying a fat shooting script. He was shaved and wearing his white tennis pants and a clean white sweat shirt. He was tentatively good-humored and

(Continued on page 89)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

WILL THE NEGRO ELECT OUR NEXT PRESIDENT?

BY WALTER WHITE

●

The Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People gives a vivid preview of what may happen in the 1948 election

IN 17 states of the Union, with 295 electoral votes, there are now enough Negro voters to swing any reasonably close election. Thanks to the migrations incidental to two World Wars, it is quite possible that the Negro vote, which has become increasingly independent, will be a deciding factor in the choice of our next President and of a considerable part of the next Congress. It almost certainly would be if the Negro should throw his whole strength to any one candidate or party.

These facts, very disturbing to old-line politicians, have given rise to a whole series of questions which are perplexing the masterminds of both major parties; for the next year you'll see them scrambling frantically to learn the answers. How will the Negro vote? Is the magic name of Roosevelt still strong enough to keep the Negro within the Democratic fold? Or, angered and discouraged by the consistently anti-Negro attitude of Democratic senators and representatives from the South, will he resume his former allegiances to the party of Abraham Lincoln? What individuals or organizations have sufficient influence to "deliver" the Negro vote?

I think I can answer the last of these questions, and the answer is simple and blunt. No person and no organization can deliver the Negro vote; it is an imponderable and independent vote, and the Negro increasingly demands results in return for his support.

The political development of the Negro so far in this country has given him an interest in basic issues and specific legislation which affect him both as a Negro and as an American citizen; he cares little or nothing about the handing out of appointments and plums to "deserving" Negro politicians who simply carry out the orders of a machine boss.

Except to a slight extent in Chicago, there has been no intensive organization of the Negro voters on a purely racial basis, either local or nation-wide. Perhaps in time there will be, but most of us devoutly hope that it will never be necessary to form a racial bloc of Negro voters. It would be far better, both for the Negro and for the country as a whole, for racial and other groups to function as American citizens. Whether the Negro does so or not is not a choice he will make. It will be made for him by the political parties and the public.

The 17 states in which the Negro voter holds the potential balance of power are Illinois, New York, West Virginia, Ohio, New Jersey, Maryland, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Connecticut, Delaware, Kansas, Michigan, California, Kentucky, Oklahoma and Massachusetts.

Nine of these states—New York, California, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, New Jersey and Missouri—have a total electoral vote of 223, and the party which carries them will put its candidate in the White House in 1948. Only 266 votes are needed to elect a President. It is important to note that these nine states are precisely the ones with the largest concentrations of Negro voters outside of the South.

Voting Strength Important

Now, just how strong is the Negro vote in these areas? And whom is the Negro likely to support? What have the wartime migrations done to the Negro populations and voting strength in some of the large cities of New York, Illinois, Michigan and other pivotal states? In 1945, New York City had a Negro population of 547,000, an increase of 19 per cent since 1940. Recent estimates for metropolitan New York run as high as 650,000. Chicago has better than 425,000, an increase of about 50 per cent. Los Angeles has 133,000, twice as many as at the beginning of the war, and San Francisco has 32,000, an increase of 558 per cent. The Negro population of metropolitan Detroit has tripled in the last three or four years. It is now 345,000 of which approximately 210,000 are eligible to vote.

In smaller cities like Boston, Springfield, Massachusetts; Bridgeport and New Haven, Connecticut, there have likewise been substantial increases in the Negro populations, and also in the principal cities of states not included among the 17. In Portland, Oregon, for instance, there are five times as many Negroes now as there were in 1941. Even with this increase the Negro population of Portland is only about 11,000, but about half of these are voters, and every politician knows that 5,000 votes are not to be sneezed at. In Connecticut and Massachusetts, for instance, the margin between the voting strength of the two big parties is normally very small; a few thousand Negro votes could, and may, swing the election either way.

It is not difficult to see what the Negro voters could do to the coming elections if issues of sufficient racial interest should cause a large percentage of them to cast their ballots as a unit, to vote as Negroes instead of as citizens. If they had done so at the last two elections, they could have upset many of the smashing victories won by candidates of both parties.

In 1946, Thomas E. Dewey was elected governor of New York by almost 700,000 votes, while Senator Ives defeated Herbert Lehman by a little more than 250,000. The present Negro population of New York State is estimated at slightly more than 750,000, of which about 550,000 are of voting age and eligibility. If they had all voted against Dewey and Ives, neither man could have been elected. On the other hand, of course, a solid vote for the Republican ticket would have given them enormously increased majorities.

If the Negroes had voted as a bloc against Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1944, Dewey would now be President. In Pennsylvania there are 250,000 registered Negro voters, and an additional 200,000 Negroes of voting age who are not yet registered. Roosevelt carried the state by a little more than 100,000; the Negro vote could easily have beaten him. Maryland has more than 200,000 Negro voters; Roosevelt beat Dewey there by 22,000 votes. Illinois has an estimated 375,000 Negro voters, of whom 275,000 are concentrated on Chicago's South Side. Roosevelt beat Dewey in Illinois by 140,000. New Jersey now has almost 200,000 Negroes who are eligible to vote; in 1944 the state went for Roosevelt by 26,000 votes.

How will the Negro vote in 1948? Negro leaders from Maine to California have told me that it depends entirely upon what the Democrats and the Republicans do between now and election time. All over the country Negroes share the disillusion created by the revival of lynching, job discrimination and the Nazilike treatment of minorities in the Democratic South. And they resent equally the condescending, cavalier treatment they have received to date from the Republicans.

Having done all that they were permitted to do in a Jim Crow Army and Navy to win a war "for the freedom of men everywhere," they are cynical and bitter about the re-establishment of a racial pattern almost identical with the one they struggled against before the war. Negro veterans are frequently quoted in the Negro press, which incidentally has a circulation of more than 2,000,000, as finding far more equality and democracy in Germany, Japan, Italy and England than they do back home.

The Negro is very tired of promises that are never carried out; he can no longer be influenced by the hoary vote-getting techniques of the past; he is not inclined, any longer, to trust a candidate or a party that shows great interest in him just before election and ignores him during the remainder of the year. The party that wins the Negro vote in 1948 will be the one that offers some concrete evidence that it intends at least to help him get a square deal. That is all the Negro has ever wanted.

At the moment, President Truman appears to be strong among the Negroes; he gained a great deal of ground with his speech last summer at the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, in which he said that the federal government must show the way toward extending civil rights to every citizen. The question is whether Mr. Truman can hold what he has gained, or whether the good will which he created for his party and his own candidacy will be overthrown by the actions of Southern members of Congress.

Large Trade-Union Membership

T. G. Nutter of Charleston, West Virginia, a former member of the legislature and a prominent Negro lawyer, says that 50,000 Negroes in his state, which Roosevelt carried by less than 70,000 in 1944, are members of trade unions, and that at least 40,000 of them will be influenced by labor's attitude toward the Taft-Hartley Act. All informed observers agree that this factor will also play a potent role in deciding the trend of Negro voting in New York, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and to a large extent in less industrialized states.

In Mr. Nutter's opinion, the Communists will not influence the Negro vote in West Virginia. "But Henry Wallace," he says, "is very strong. Thousands of West Virginia Negroes would vote for Wallace if he were nominated by either of the old-line parties, but I do not think they would follow him into a third party."

Of the eligible Negroes 95 per cent—about 70,000—are registered voters, and Mr. Nutter believes that between 90 and 95 per cent of these will go to the polls. Almost all of them will cast their ballots for neither of the major political parties as such, but for the candidates they consider honest and able. This attitude is apparent among Negro voters throughout the country.

"As far as I'm concerned," said a Negro automobile worker in Detroit, "I'm going to wait until 6 A.M. on November 2, 1948, when I go to the polls, to decide who to vote for. And then I'm going to vote for the man who's got the best record and for nobody else."

"That's the way I feel, too," said an Ohio war veteran. "I'm going to vote for the best man. I'm not going to pay any attention to party line-ups. I'd like to see somebody point out one single difference between the Democrats and the Republicans."

There is another fact about the Negro vote in this country which the politicians would do well to consider carefully—the Negro today is more

(Continued on page 70)

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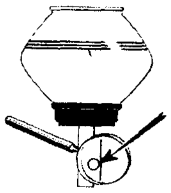

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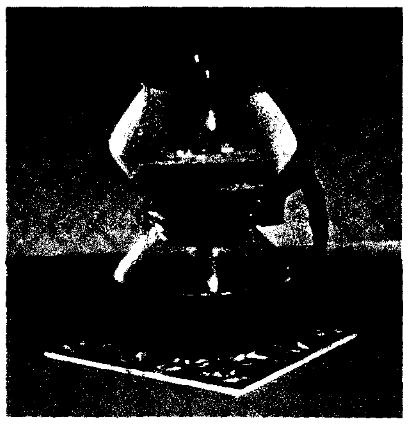

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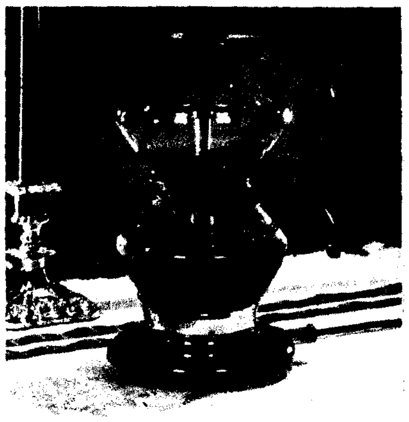

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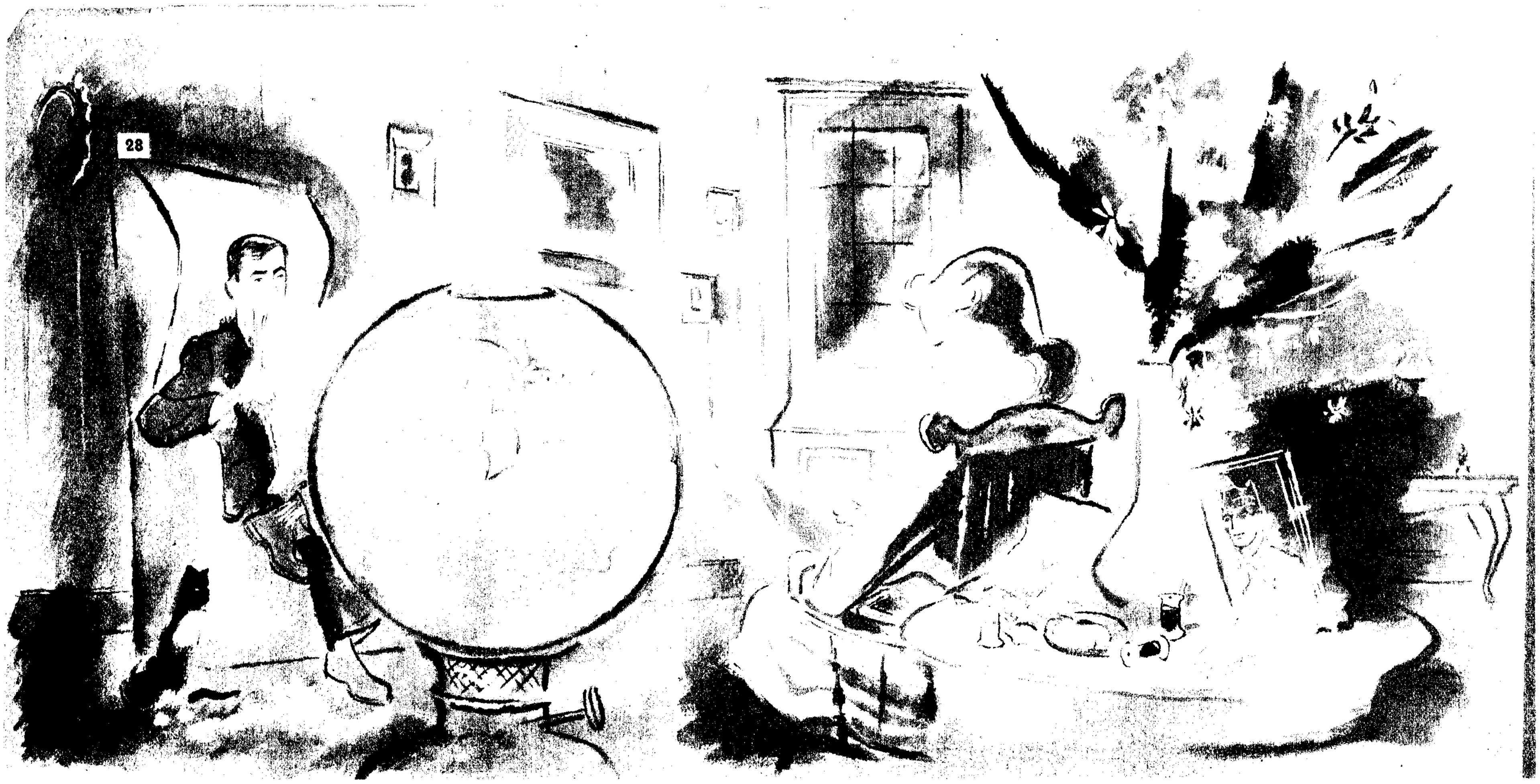

"Do you remember that night?" he asked. "Certainly," she said firmly. "A girl never forgets the night a man proposes to her"

THE RIVAL

BY IRENE KITTLE KAMP

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEATS

"READ to me," she said softly, "please."

"What'll I read?" He looked over the paper at her and seeing the big sewing basket in her lap, smiled.

"Oh, anything. The small items. They're always entertaining. Full of little bits of information."

"You and your little bits of information," he said. His voice was amused, tolerant. "Tell me, do you save them the way you save all those little bits of sewing thread and odd pairs of snaps. All those buttons and things?"

She looked up surprised. She had been mending a small tear in an embroidered napkin. Now she paused, the needle poised on its point in the thin linen, the silver thimble glittering.

"I didn't know that you were so well acquainted with my sewing basket."

"Oh, yes," he said, and he stretched back against the big chair and closed his eyes, and the softly lighted room faded from his mind and he saw another room, much like it, with the girl seated just as she was now, with a sewing basket open on her lap. And he saw himself, still in a sergeant's uniform, restless, troubled—sitting close to her, picking up things from the sewing basket, putting them down.

"Oh, yes," he said now, opening his eyes on this other room, this room he was in now. "I got to know your sewing basket very well, intimately, you might say, on an important occasion in our—"

"Yes," she said softly, her head bent to the things in her lap. "I remember."

"You do?" he asked. "You remember that night?"

"Certainly," she said firmly. "A girl never forgets the night a man proposes to her."

"Any man?"

"The one she marries."

"About this sewing basket of yours—I might as well tell you now: I thought it was a pose on your part."

"A pose?" she didn't understand him.

"The sewing basket," he said. "The cool, efficient career girl, suddenly becoming the picture of charming domesticity. A beautifully kept sewing basket with all sorts of little treasures laid out in such orderly fashion."

"You thought it was a pose?"

"Yeah," he said, and grinned. "It only added to my general confusion. I was taking everything with a grain of salt those days. Getting back from overseas, and the disappointments that were natural enough after being away so long and dreaming about everything. And even you—you weren't exactly the way I'd dreamed about you. I felt—well, nervous, and not sure of what I wanted. . . ."

"I know," she said, her head still bent, listening.

"You know," he went on, "we'd been going around town a lot those first nights I was home and then there was this night you cooked dinner and we stayed at your place and there you sat, your hair all soft and tousled under the light and you had your legs crossed under you, tailor fashion, and this basket in your lap—and it was too good to be true. I suspected you of planning it just for its effect on me. . . ."

"Well, maybe I did," she said serenely. "I don't remember thinking about it. But maybe, subconsciously, I thought you ought to see the quiet side of me. Not," she looked up and smiled at him, "not that that was a fake. I have my quiet side, you see. You see that, don't you?"

"Oh, hell," he said easily, "I'm not complaining. I'm just telling you how it was that night. How I wondered if you were putting on an act for me. Lots of girls do, you know. And then there were all those little bits of saved things in the bottom of the basket. Bits of thread and buttons."

"Oh," she said, disparagingly, "you shouldn't have let that bother you. It's a habit. I was taught to save things as a child. Matter of fact, it can be terribly tiresome. I never want to throw anything away and that makes it hard when you hardly have room enough for the things you need every day. And then I was always finding that as soon as I cleaned it all out and threw away a lot of stuff, that was just when a need for some of it would come up—"

"Yeah," he said, "that's what you said that night. I remember I asked you why you saved all that old junk and you said you never knew when it would come in handy. I remember. But there's something else I remember and I've always wanted to ask you about it."

"There's something I've always wanted to ask you, too," she said. She put down the napkin and clasped her hands loosely over the basket and looked at him. "I know," she went on, "that you were sort of lost that night and upset and then suddenly you asked—begged me to marry you. I could never figure why, just then. Why?"

HE LAUGHED. He closed his eyes, remembering, and when he opened them he was still smiling.

"Well, that has something to do with *my* question, too," he said. "There I was, wondering if I should ask you to marry me, or what, and then I saw this—this thing in the sewing basket and suddenly I knew that I couldn't bear to lose you—"

"Lose me?" she said in alarm.

"I don't feel," he went on, hurriedly, "that it's really any of my business. I was away a long time and we didn't have anything settled and all. But maybe you wouldn't mind telling me now."

She was staring at him.

"Telling you what?" she asked.

"Whose was—who did that corporal's chevron belong to?" He looked a little embarrassed.

She stared at him and then a funny little sound between a giggle and a cough escaped her. She rummaged in the basket and brought up a scrap of something which gleamed faintly blue and khaki under the light.

"This?" she asked.

He shrugged. "Looks like it," he said.

"You mean," she asked, "that when you saw this you thought maybe I had somebody else? Somebody—some corporal?"

He nodded.

"And that was why you asked me to marry you and you were in such a hurry to get it done right away?"

"Well—in a way, I guess it was."

She began to laugh and the basket fell on the floor and she ignored it. She got up and walked about the room and laughed and laughed. He stood it as long as he could.

"All right," he said, "maybe it *is* funny. But you could at least answer my question."

"Oh, darling," she said, "maybe I shouldn't answer it."

He shrugged. He looked a little hurt.

"But I will," she said, "I will. The chevron, my dear, is yours."

"A corporal's chevron—mine?"

"Yes, darling. You were a corporal before you were a sergeant, you know. It was that last hectic furlough of yours before you went overseas. I was supposed to sew it back on for you. But the next night you had another uniform on and we both forgot."

"And you kept it all that time?" he asked. "All those years I was overseas and all. My chevron." He thought that was very interesting.

"Well, yes," she said, and she was laughing again. "As I always say, you never know when a thing will come in handy."

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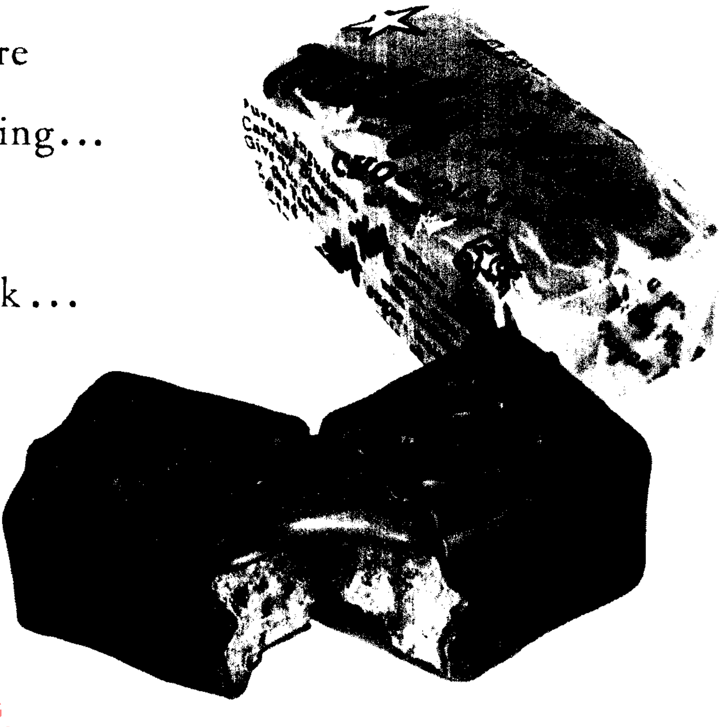
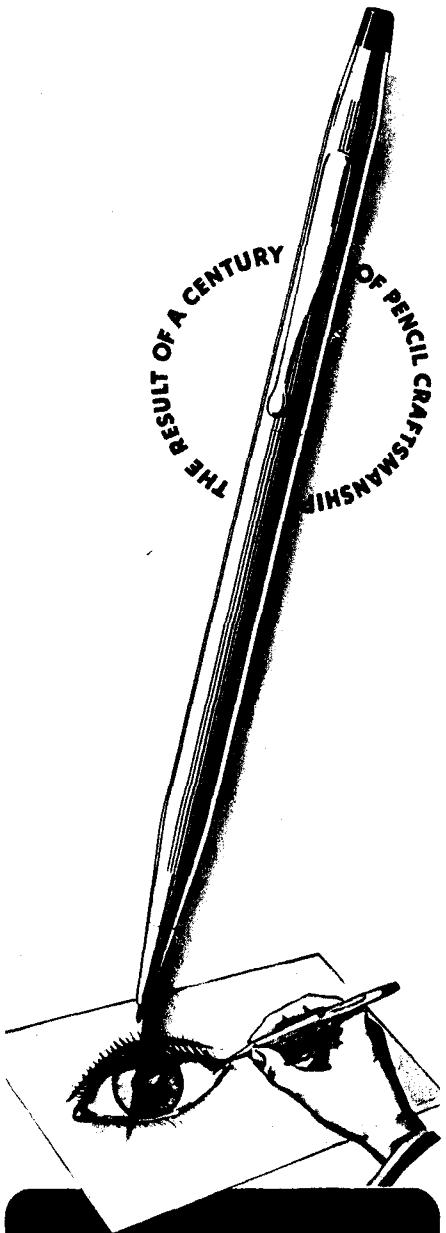


THE CROSS Century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A BIG DAY FOR MULVEY

Continued from page 20

Mom looked at me and shook her head. "You shouldn't have done it, Joey."

"I shouldn't have done what?"

"Whatever it was you did."

I said, "Mom, is it my fault if you raise handsome children? Is it my fault if a beautiful blonde comes along and kisses me, right on Fifth Avenue? Why should Molly be sore about a little thing like that?"

"And Molly saw you?"

"Any time a thing like that happens, you can be sure Molly has a grandstand seat. The girl is uncanny."

"It's because she's Irish," Mom said. "She has the sixth sight."

I called Molly on the phone a couple of times during the evening. Her mother told me she wasn't home, but I heard the piano going and a fair baritone voice singing. Since only Molly and her mother and father live in the apartment, and her old man has a voice like a foghorn and can't play anything but pinochle, it all sounded a little fishy to me.

In the morning, Mom knocked on the door. "Joey, you're going to be late."

I said, "Okay, Mom." I got up and went to the window. A beautiful day. Warmer than yesterday.

Yesterday. I sat on the edge of the bed and thought about it. A carload of grief and all the trouble a man could expect for a week or so. I hoped. Maybe Molly would show up at four this afternoon and I could explain things to her.

I WENT in, brushed my teeth, remembered to look in the shower. Just a baseball bat. I showered and shaved, came out and dressed in my khakis. I started to look for my shoes. "Mom, you see my shoes around?"

She hadn't seen them, and we started looking. After five minutes, Mom put her finger to her chin and that certain look came into her eyes. She said, "I sent your father's shoes out to be fixed this morning. Do you think . . . ?"

I said, "Yes, Mom. I think." Most of the time it wouldn't matter, but my spare pair was already at the shoemaker's and wouldn't be ready for another day.

"You'll have to wear your father's shoes," Mom said.

Pop wears size ten. I wear eleven. "Mom, it will be like putting a great Dane in a hatbox." I put on Pop's shoes and it was cruel, but I figured I could stand it if I had to.

I ate breakfast in a hurry. I had an idea about the shoes, and when I'd finished, I made up a small bundle in a brown paper bag. Just if things got too bad.

I was ready to leave. Mom said, "You'd better wear a heavy coat, Joey. It looks as if it might get rainy and cold."

I marched her to the window. The sky was cloudless, the sun hot. I showed her the morning paper. The weather forecast was "Sunny and warm."

"Take your raincoat, anyway. Just in case."

Okay. I took the raincoat, just to make her feel good. I wrapped my bundle in it. I said, "Where's my cap, Mom?" It wasn't in the closet.

We looked around, and Mom shook her head. "Larry must have worn it by mistake. He went out to school in a hurry."

The only hat Larry owned was a blue baseball cap with Eagles written across the front of it. I figured it wouldn't look so good on me. I said, "Okay, where's my felt hat?" A nice job that cost me ten bucks. Brown, snapbrim. It wouldn't look bad, except that I preferred the cap for working. The brown hat wasn't in the closet.

Mom looked around, and that expression settled on her face again. "I *thought* your father looked peculiar when he went out this morning."

He must have looked very peculiar. "It's a good thing he's got big ears, or he'd need someone to lead him." Pop is absent-minded.

I can't stand in the hot sun all day without a hat, and Pop's is the only one in the house, unless I want to wear Larry's "Eagles" job. So I put on Pop's Homburg and pull it down tight. It's not too bad—just as tight as a barrel hoop.

Mom looked at me doubtfully. "I think you should wear Larry's cap. It would look cute."

It's a great house. I was surprised that no one had stolen my pants. I went down the stairs like a frightened mountain goat.

I'm just in time at the academy. I line up with the rest of the bunch, my hat in my hand. The lieutenant looks worried. He comes along to me and says, "Mulvey, you've been working at Forty-fourth and Fifth with Miller?"

"Yes, sir."

He gives me a good once-over. "You think you can handle it alone? Miller's home sick. Half the department is home sick, I think. We've got just about enough men to make up a softball team."

I tell him, certainly, I can handle it alone. After all, Miller is very little help to me.

He says, "Okay, Mulvey. We'll give it a try."

In the morning, it's wonderful. I gave the raincoat and bundle to Jimmy, the guard at the bank on the corner, and he puts them in his locker. I tell him, "Jimmy, if you want to see a really classy performance, take a look at the corner now and then. I'm soloing."

I go out and the sun is warm, the traffic nice and heavy. I keep it rolling like a rubber ball. Wonderful. The sergeant stops by once, during the morning, looks at me and just grunts. Willie Brady is driving him, and Willie has a smile on his face like a kitten that's just found out where they keep the cream. I don't like it. I keep thinking of that baritone voice I heard over the phone last night.

Just before noon, Pop's shoes start to murder me. I stand it for a few minutes more, but I'm not the hero type. I go over to the bank, get my bundle. It's a pair of white tennis shoes, nice and soft and comfortable, and a can of black shoe polish. I give them a heavy coat of the polish, and go back to my post. Real comfort, like I have my stocking feet up on the kitchen table.

After lunch it starts to rain. I get my raincoat, and everything begins to go sour again. The blacking runs off my shoes, only I don't notice this until later. Pop's hat must be made of cheap cotton, because it gets even tighter, and I figure I look like Willy off the Pickle Boat.

Then the rain stops and the wind changes, and all of a sudden I'm at the North Pole. Icicles in the breeze. A record low for the month. I stand there and freeze. The raincoat is strictly from cheesecloth and no help at all. To keep warm I wave my arms as if I have ants, and the drivers are getting confused.

At half past two I'm on the verge of giving up. Who wants to be a cop, anyway? Then I hear a car slam to a stop in back of me. Someone really puts a heavy foot on the brakes. One of those *wheeeee!* landings. I turn around, and it's the same beautiful convertible, with the top up now. The same beautiful girl, with all her yellow hair piled inside a snood—against the weather.

She is all smiles today too. "Mulvey," she says, "you look wonderful. And Mulvey, you'll never believe it, but you won the raffle last night. We sold five thousand tickets, and yours was the first one out of the box. You—"

You couldn't have heard a sixteen-inch gun go off, in that noise. The light had changed, and every guy in the city who owned a car had his hand on the horn.

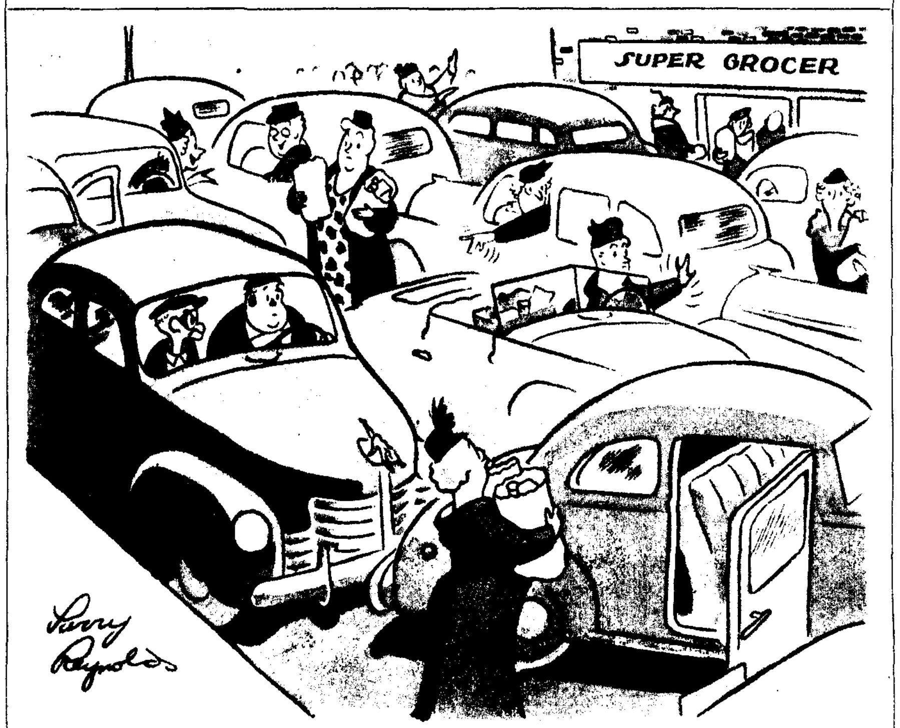
I hear her yell something about, "In a hurry! Be back this way about four!" Then she shoves a long, flat cardboard box through the window and I take it.

I yelled, "You'll be back?"

She grins, gives the car the gun, and goes out of there like a wild horse.

Everything is fine, now. Traffic is all loused up, I'm freezing to death and I have this box under my arm. As busy as

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



"One little factor we overlooked in planning our getaway. Most ladies shop on Saturday morning"

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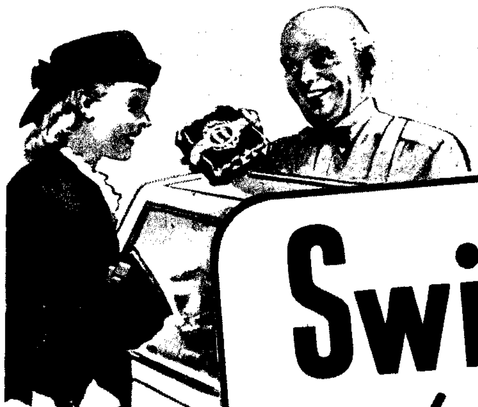

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a man with four small kids at the circus. I try holding the box under my right arm, then under my left, then between my knees. Can't get any class at all into my gestures.

After about ten minutes I give it up. I don't know what was in the box, but nothing is worth this much trouble. I pull off the string, open the box, and I see the coat. You could have knocked me over with a slice of salami.

I'm brought back to earth by the silence. I look up, see that the lights had changed. But not a car is moving. No horns. Nothing. Everyone is watching me. With the coat on my arm I start whistling and waving. I get them going.

Now I have the coat in one hand, the box and string in the other. A mess. A truck goes through Forty-fourth and I heave the box in the back. The coat alone is still annoying, and I'm blue from the cold. So I do the smart thing and put it on. It's cut big and loose and it sort of fits if I don't fasten it. And I'm warm. That's one thing I'll always know about the coat. It's warm.

So I'm happy. Traffic is moving on ball bearings, and the big clock on the corner says twenty minutes to four. Twenty minutes until Molly comes along for her bus and I can try to square myself for yesterday's little accident.

THAT Molly. A character. Bite your head off for no reason at all. Then I grinned. It was nice to have someone so upset about you. I figured that there wouldn't have been any scene, yesterday, if Molly didn't care a great deal. It was worth a little trouble.

I heard the car pull to a stop behind me, and I thought of Mary Ryan. She was early. Here was a nice, civilized girl. No temper. I turned, grinning.

It was the sergeant. He pushed himself across Willie Brady, and his face went beet red, his eyebrows pulled down around his chin somewhere. He looked like trouble. He stared at me for a full ten seconds, as if he couldn't believe it.

"This is it!" he bellowed. "Now I've seen everything! Everything!"

Brady was enjoying himself. A big grin. This was right up his alley.

"That!" the sergeant said, pointing to the coat. "Where in the name of the mayor did you get that thing?"

"It's a long story," I said. I put my foot on the running board of the car. "It's like this, Sarge. I—"

"Brady!" the sergeant shouted. "Get out there and handle traffic while I hide this oaf." He looked at me. "Get in here and drive."

Brady got out, looking as pleased as if he'd just been made lieutenant. I could imagine what he was going to do to the traffic. I got in the car. "There's a spot over there at the curb," the sergeant snarled. "Pull in and explain yourself. And it better be good."

I parked the car. A quarter of four. I'd have to talk fast. "Sarge," I said, "it all started yesterday."

When I finished, he looked dazed. "Eighteen years in the department, and I've never seen anything like this."

"You should come up to the house to dinner, sometime."

"So now," he said, "you want to meet your girl and square things. Right?"

I made like an echo. "Right!"

He nodded. He looked like a man who's just come out of ether. "Okay. The new shift'll be coming on in a minute, and you might as well go. But do me a favor. Just take that coat off. I'm getting too old for this sort of thing. And wear your own shoes tomorrow. And your own hat."

"On my honor as a former Scout!"

"Blow," he said.

I got out fast, took the coat off and put it over my arm, looked at the clock. One minute to four. I walked away.

The corner was crowded. I watched Willie Brady performing in the middle of the street. From hunger. He just didn't have it. If he stayed there five minutes longer, either he'd get run over or they'd have to close Fifth Avenue. It did my heart good.

Someone jostled me and I looked around. I might have known. It was Molly. She was staring at Willie Brady, and from her attitude, I might as well have been in the next county.

I said, "Sad, isn't it?" and she turned around and said, "Oh, hello," and turned that cute little nose another half-inch into the air.

"The bum should stay home and practice in front of a mirror," I said. "No class at all. He's going to knock himself out, waving his arms around like that."

"Some people are just jealous," Molly said. "I think Willie is doing very well."

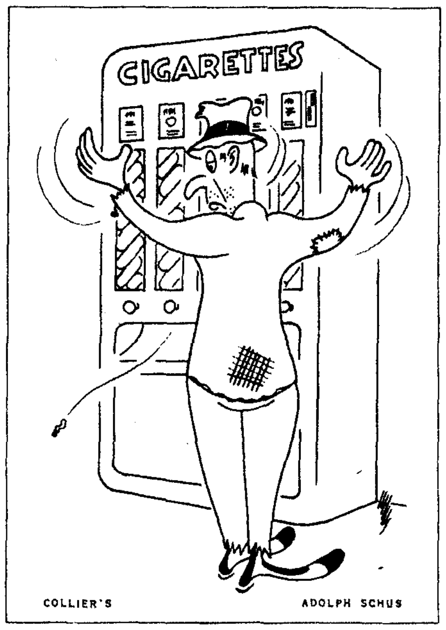
"In another five minutes he'll need a chiropractor. But there's one thing about Willie. He's got a nice tenor voice."

She looked at me then. "A baritone, you're so smart."

"He was singing very pretty last night, wasn't he?" *I* was getting sore, now.

She looked up at the sky. "Just because a friend of the family happens to stop by to see a girl's father is no reason . . ."

"Okay," I said. This was a game a couple of people could play at, and right on the other corner I had spotted what I thought might be the winning run. That big convertible. It was Mary Ryan, and she was easing along slowly, looking for someone. I knew who that someone was.



COLLIER'S ADOLPH SCHUS

I said to Molly, "I hope you'll excuse me, Miss Burke. I've an appointment with a friend." I stepped off the curb, waved my free arm. Mary saw me, brought the car over and stopped.

She rolled down the window on my side and said, "Well, how do you like it, Officer Mulvey?"

Golden hair, blue eyes, that marvelous grin. How could you help liking it? It wasn't Molly, but it was very nice.

"Lovely," I said. "Positively lovely."

She shook her head, still smiling. "Can I drop you anywhere?"

I was thinking about that when I heard the voice at my elbow.

"Pardon me, Joey Mulvey, but I'd like my ring. If you don't mind."

I said, "You'd like your what?"

"My ring. I dropped it last night. Remember?" She was standing beside me, now. She poked her head forward a little and said to the girl in the car, "We're engaged, you know."

Things were moving a little faster than I had expected. I said, "Miss Ryan, Miss Burke." I fished in my pocket for the ring.

Mary Ryan gave Molly that nice smile. "Why, that's wonderful. I thought he seemed a little distracted. Does he always act this way?"

"Just most of the time," Molly said, and she was smiling, too.

I found the ring, brought it out. Mary Ryan said, "I certainly hope it fits."

"Oh, it does," Molly said. "I've been wearing it now for a month." She held her finger out just as if we gave this performance every day on this corner. The ring slipped on nicely.

The girl in the car said, "It's stunning. But I meant the coat."

I remembered the coat. I held it up, and Molly looked at it for the first time. I thought her eyes were going to jump across Fifth Avenue.

There were a lot of horns blowing, now, and Mary Ryan said, "Congratulations, you two, and lots of luck. Send me an invitation to the wedding." She waved, and then she was gone.

Molly was still staring at the coat. She said, "Mink!" She spoke the way you do when you're in church. "Labrador Mink!"

"Yeah," I said. "Mink."

Molly put out her hand and stroked the coat the way you'd touch a rich baby. Then she jerked her hand away and looked at me. "Joey Mulvey, where did you steal that coat?"

"Leave us not speak so lightly of the law," I said. "And let's forget about the coat for a minute. What was Willie Brady doing up at your house last night?"

She looked at me for a moment, then said, "Well, if you really must know, he stopped by to ask Mom what he should buy us for a wedding present."

Willie Brady? Well, maybe. He wasn't a bad guy when you got to know him, but . . .

"And Pop asked him to have a glass of beer," Molly said, "and Mom wanted him to sing a song before he left."

After all, the guy does solos with the *Police Glee Club*. It was reasonable enough, the way Molly put it.

"And who," she put it now, "was that girl? It was the same one you kissed last night. And where did you get that coat?"

But she wasn't sore, now. I thought I could hear a little touch of worry in her voice. Just a touch, but it sounded good

I said, "Oh, the coat." I held the coat for her, and she slipped into it like she put it on every morning. It looked wonderful.

She turned around once, and I said "Swell. It fits like the minks knew you." She smiled, and that was something I liked to see. I told her, "You don't even say 'Thanks.' You'd think they delivered these things with the paper every morning."

"I could say 'Thank you' better in a cab, Joey," she said.

I WAS lucky. There was an empty hack passing and I flagged him down We got in and I gave him the address I pulled off Pop's hat and it made a noise like someone had opened a bottle of champagne. Then I turned t Molly.

In about three minutes she said, "Joey who was that girl?"

"Just an odd character," I said. "She rides along Fifth Avenue, giving away mink coats."

"And where did you get this coat?"

"Sometime I'll have to tell you abou that." But not now. I could think o much more interesting things to do now

I said, "How about coming up to the house for dinner tonight?"

She nodded. "I called your mothe this afternoon. She knows I'm coming."

They're wonderful. Women, I mean It's tough to stay a step ahead of them You can't beat them, but I figure mayb you can tie them.

"You haven't told me just who tha girl was," Molly said.

I grinned at her. "I didn't? What do you know about that? It's a long story."

THE END

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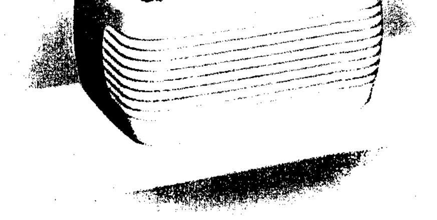

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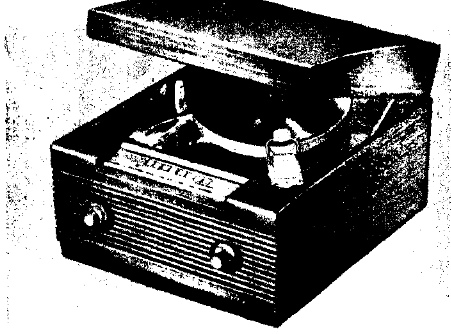

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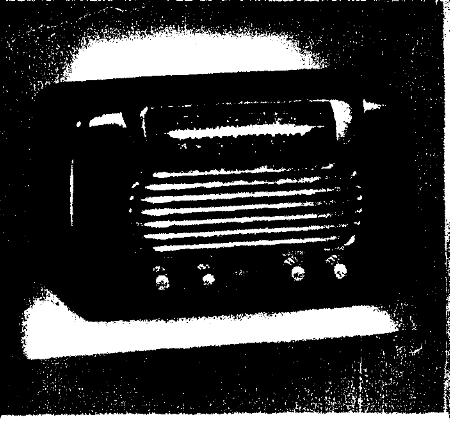

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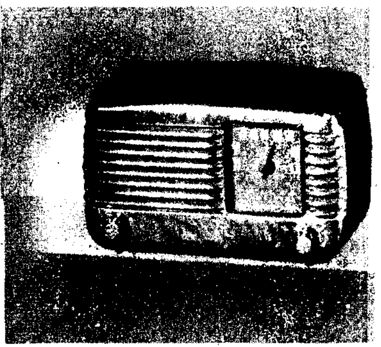

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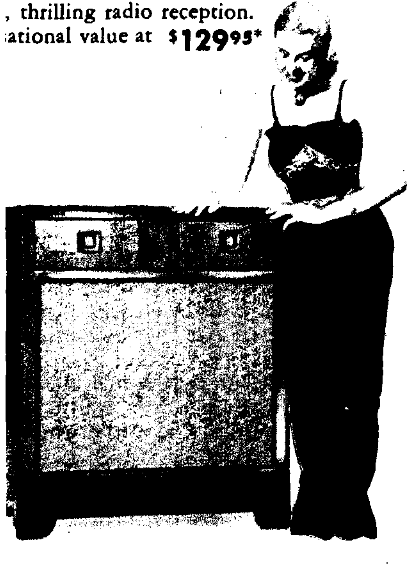

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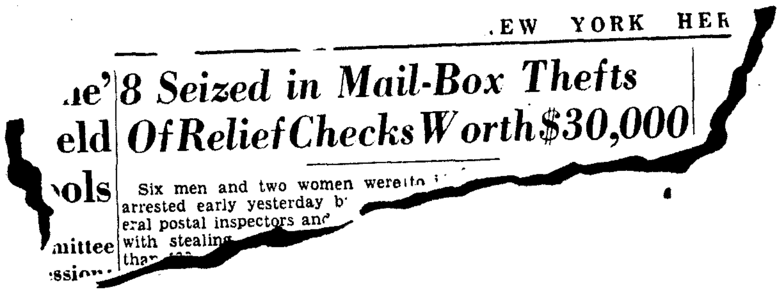
CRIME AT YOUR FRONT DOOR

BY STANLEY FRANK

The public is losing an estimated $300,000,000 annually in stolen and forged checks, and much of this is lost after it reaches the family mailbox. This crime wave is accelerating and even includes women and children. Here are some tips on how to safeguard yourself from them



.EW YORK HER

8 Seized in Mail-Box Thefts Of Relief Checks Worth $30,000

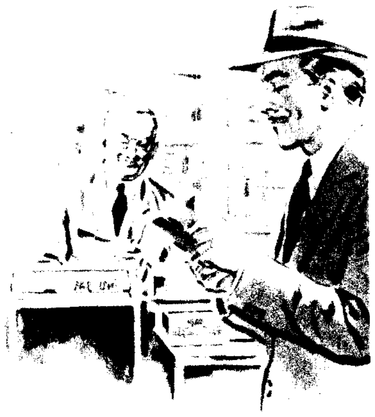
Six men and two women were arrested early yesterday b eral postal inspectors anc with stealing thar

JUSTICE probably appeared to be more blind than ever to the casual citizen in a Cleveland court on May 8, 1946, when Mrs. Helen Czarnecki, having pleaded guilty as charged, heard sentence pronounced. Mrs. Czarnecki, twenty-seven, mother of three small children and comely, was given two years in a federal penitentiary for stealing letters from mailboxes. A stiff penalty, the ordinary observer might have speculated, and for what? You know how nosy women are. With all those crooks, racketeers and strong-arm thugs on the loose, it would seem that the law had more urgent business than jailing the mother of a four-month-old infant and two kids five and seven.

Mrs. Czarnecki was not merely indulging a feminine whim for curiosity when she rifled mailboxes in five states. Ripe morsels of gossip in personal letters did not interest her. She was looking only for checks and information to assist her in passing bogus checks. This woman was an independent operator in the widest, costliest and least publicized crime wave bedeviling the country today.

In the two years that Mrs. Czarnecki flourished in connivance with her husband, Harry, a draft dodger who also got two years in prison, they made a haul of $9,404 at little trouble or risk, until the post office and secret service collared them. They'll do it every time.

The American Bankers Association estimates the public is losing as much as $300,000,000 a year in stolen and forged checks. This is a pretty conservative figure when you consider—as few people do—the enormous flow of redeemable paper in circulation every day. The federal government alone issued the staggering number of 348,749,450 checks in the fiscal year of 1946, and the bulk was delivered by mail. The average check drawn on the U.S. Treasury was for $58.47, or a grand total in excess of $20,000,000,000. These figures do not include 15,000,000 terminal-leave payments



Merchants often are incredibly gullible about cashing checks for anyone who comes along waving a piece of paper to ex-servicemen or the more than 7,000,000 unemployment, Social Security, pension and old-age assistance checks the states are mailing every month.

Add the torrent of commercial checks that floats the nation's business and you begin to understand why the harassed Post Office Inspection Service is bearing down on a campaign to impress a careless public with the importance of safeguarding its mail and, most pertinently, taking elementary precautions against forged endorsements.

In 1946, 12,000 government checks were reported stolen and 29,600 were forged. The Post Office Inspection Service, with a staff of 810 men, investigated 5,165 thefts from city letter boxes and 1,903 from rural boxes and made 4,525 arrests.

This illicit traffic in government checks has almost doubled in the last fiscal year. The secret service investigated 30,000 cases of forged government checks, compared to 16,500 in 1945. The post office and secret service, which is attached to the Treasury, team up in corralling the culprits, the post office handling the theft angle and the secret service stepping in when a forgery of a government check is committed.

These mail thieves get little publicity. Their methods are not as spectacular as bank robbers'. They don't use guns or sections of lead pipe and they are not as daring as safeblowers or porch climbers. They are, in the main, quiet, inconspicuous persons; but their annual haul makes most other criminal types look like peanut pickers. A big stick-up is front-page news in every paper in America, yet these vermin who prey upon other people's mail get away with an equivalent amount every day without arousing public indignation.

Remember the chief victims of mail thefts are people who have no source of income other than government and state checks. Retired public servants living on pensions, aged, infirm folks who need old-age assistance of eating and rent money, and dependents of servicemen suffer genuine hardships when someone beats them to their one or two monthly paydays.

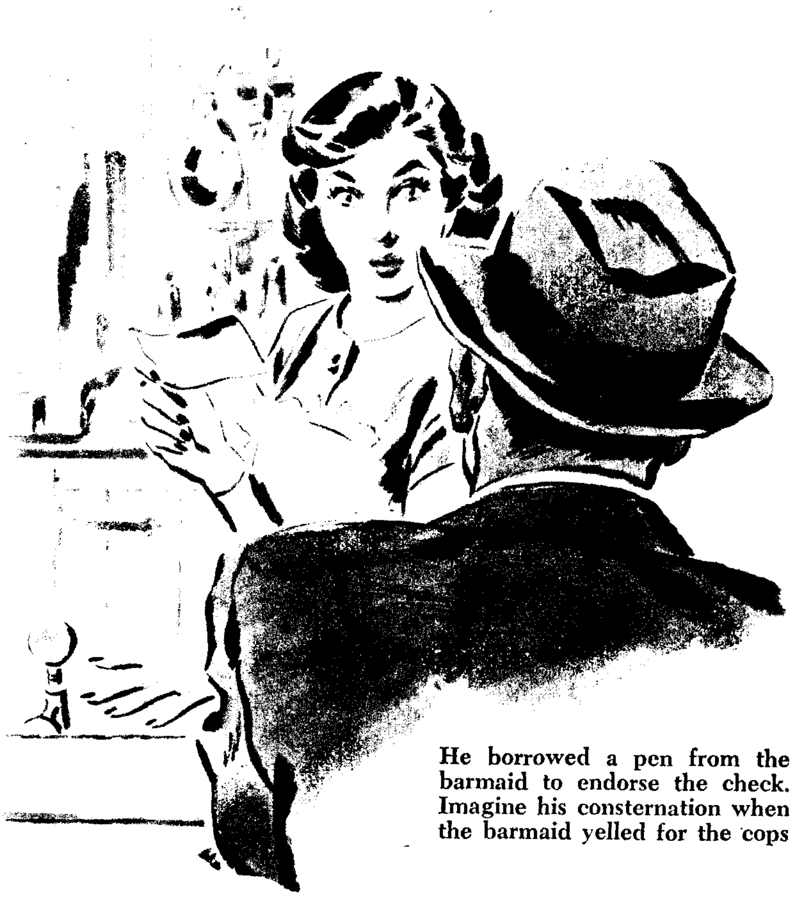
According to the post office, the majority of letters stolen are taken from slum tenements and third-rate apartment houses in large cities. The reasons are pretty obvious. Hall letter boxes frequently are in such a disreputable condition that they can be opened easily—if, indeed, they ever are locked at all. Since the entrance to the house generally is unattended, it is a cinch for anyone to walk in and observe mail delivered to all tenants.

The crux of the swindle is, however, what amounts to the criminal negligence of small, neighborhood merchants in cashing checks. Mail would not be stolen if it were impossible, or even moderately difficult, for the pilferer to convert the loot to cash. You would think a reasonably bright merchant would demand some sort of good identification before he cashed a check for a stranger, but this basic rule is abused so casually that the naïve storekeeper is virtually an accessory to the crime.

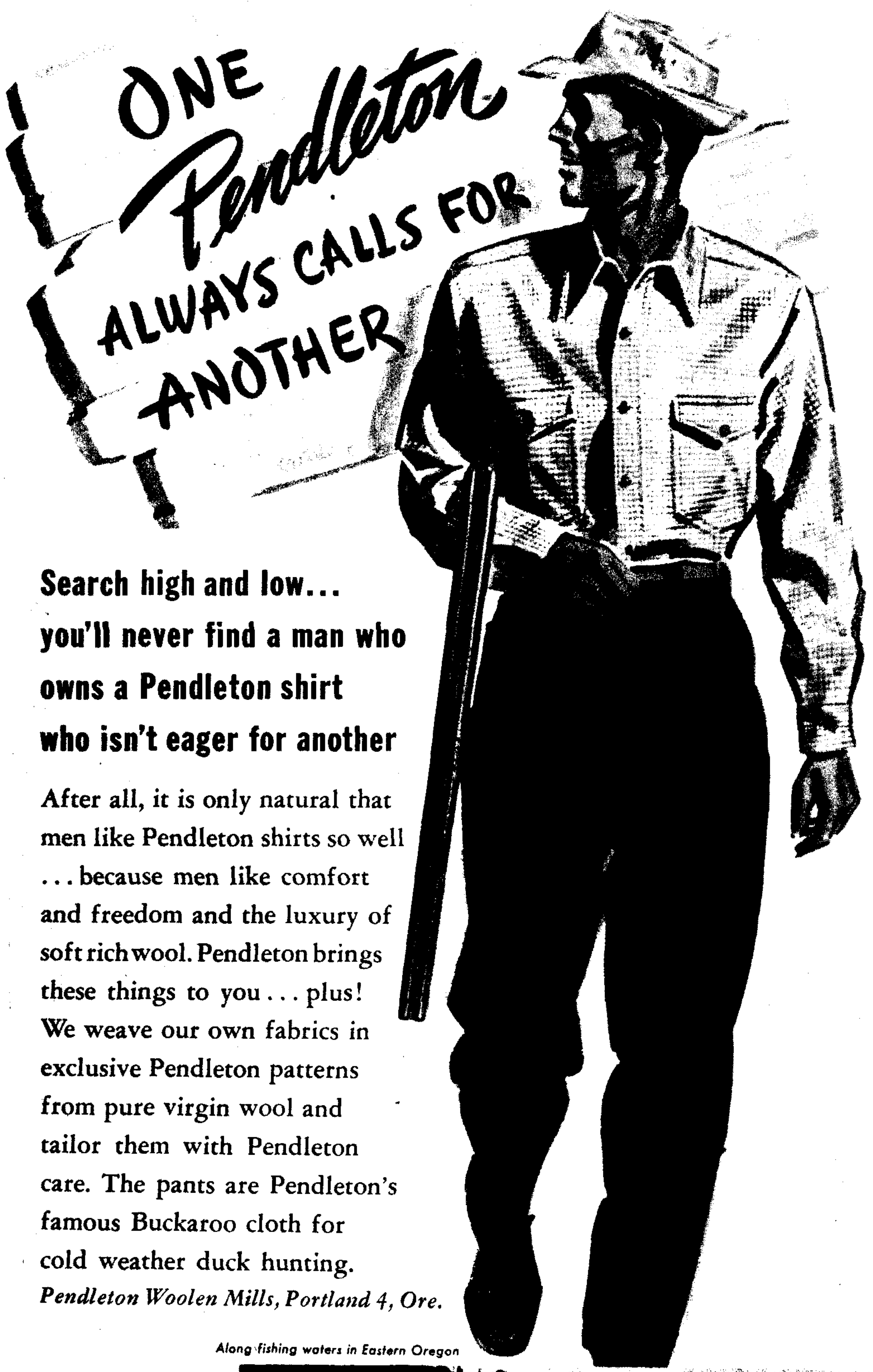
A typical case was cracked in Washington, D. C., in November, 1946. Mrs. Mabel Pritchard, twenty-eight, also the mother of three children, was the queen of a ring that included her husband and assorted relations. For more than a year the gang systematically rifled mail in one section of Washington and business was so brisk that a motor scooter was used to cover the territory. Among the victims were James Doddrell, eighty-five, trying to exist on a pension of $29 a month, and Mrs. Emily E. Pettit, whose only

(Continued on page 93)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FINK



He borrowed a pen from the barmaid to endorse the check. Imagine his consternation when the barmaid yelled for the cops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TRY TO FORGET

Continued from page 12

Branch. I'm crazy about her and I've been trying for months to get her to say she'll marry me, but she just threatens to stop seeing me altogether unless I lay off the marriage stuff."

Now he asked her, "Why didn't you end it once and for all when you saw how things were going? Why did you have to keep on with it?"

"Don't you think I wanted to end it?" she said. "Don't you think I *tried* to? But Dave wouldn't. He kept pleading with me, arguing with me that if I would just be patient, things would change, *I* would change. I think he had some idea that it was Denny St. George but it wasn't—"

Denny St. George. That must be the boy she'd been engaged to. The boy Ben Graves had mentioned in his letter. The boy who had been killed early in the war at Salerno.

It had been that letter of Ben's that had made Ridge realize just how bad things really were. Because he had introduced them, Ben felt more or less responsible. . . .

"The hell of it is," he'd written, "Dorcas is a nice girl, old Boston family, Westover, all that sort of thing. Not at all the sort you'd imagine would get snarled up in a situation of this sort. But it seems she was engaged to some boy who was killed at Salerno, and when Dave met her she was still pretty numb and unresponsive emotionally. He did a lot for her and in a moment of what seems to have been an unfortunate combination of gratitude and misguided generosity, she agreed to go away with him for a week end. For a while things seem to have gone along fine, but then Dave made the mistake of falling desperately in love with her, wanted her to marry him. Dorcas can't see it this way and as a result he's been drinking like a fish all summer, his work is all shot to hell and at the moment he's living on an advance we've made him on his next novel. But unless he snaps out of it, he'll never write that novel or any other. . . ."

BEN'S letter had gone on to say that whereas they had never met each other, he was Dave's publisher and Ridge was Dave's brother, and between them they should try to do something about him. "I wish," he'd continued, "that you would either come down here and try to knock a little sense into him or better still try to get him to go up to the farm for a while—ease up on the bottle. . . ."

Dave hadn't lived to get home. He'd agreed to come, he'd even started. But just beyond Hoosick Falls on the road to Bennington, he'd tried to pass an oil truck, lost control of his car, skidded on the wet pavement and crashed through a fence into the river.

"Okay," said Ridge, wrenching his mind forcibly back to the present moment and the girl on the sofa, "so it wasn't Denny St. George. So it wasn't anything you could help. So Dave is dead and you aren't to blame. Only I think you are. I think you're guilty as all hell. I guess that's why I came here today. I guess I wanted to have the pleasure of telling you exactly how I felt about you."

"And now that you have done so," said Dorcas, "do you feel better? Can you go back to Vermont and relax and forget about the whole thing? Feel that you have discharged some sort of brotherly obligation to Dave?"

He couldn't tell whether she was terribly angry or whether she was sitting there, secretly laughing at him. Either way he hated her. Hated her for looking so young and so virginal, hated her for being alive now that Dave was dead, hated her for not losing control of the situation for even a split second, for seeming to have, in spite of all that had happened, a young, undamaged and quite absurd sense of personal integrity.

But the thing that bothered him most was that hating her for all these things, he knew that had he met her under other, more propitious circumstances, he would have liked her. . . .

He stood up.

"No," he said, "I feel neither better nor worse. But you're right about one thing—coming here today was something I had to do."

"In other words," she said, "you didn't want to go back until everything was neat and tidy, no matter how unpleasant it might be. Well, you can go back to Vermont now, feeling you have neglected nothing."

While she was speaking, he had crossed the room to the door. He turned now and looked at her and she knew suddenly that he had not heard anything she said. He had been too absorbed in his own bitter thoughts.

"Dave was a swell guy—lovable, good-looking, successful, fun to be with—I still don't see why you wouldn't marry him."

"I told you why," she said. "I didn't love him. That is, I didn't love him *enough*. It wouldn't have been fair—to either one of us."

She said all this evenly, monotonously; all the warmth, all the vitality was drained out of her face, and suddenly he realized how many times she must have stood just there where she was standing now in the center of that blue rug, her voice repeating those same tired, stubborn phrases over and over to Dave: "I don't love you; that is, I don't love you enough—it wouldn't be fair." And he could see Dave standing where he was standing now, his face drawn into a hard, dark scowl, his eyes angry and hurt and baffled. Not knowing what to make of it, not knowing how to cope with her.

"To hell with it!" Ridge said suddenly in a tight, hard voice. Opening the door he went out and down the stairs to the street.

THE doctor was a thin young man in a starched white hospital tunic. Behind the polished hexagonal lenses of his rimless glasses, his eyes were dark, and gently melancholy. This was a strange girl sitting opposite him in his leather patient's chair.

She had simply walked into the office, given her real name and said with a direct and disarming forthrightness which he had found completely touching, "I think there's a very good possibility that I am pregnant, Doctor. I would like to find out positively whether I am or not."

Well, she was pregnant, all right. No doubt about that.

He said now, "The man, the father—is there any reason why you two can't be married immediately?"

"I'm afraid there's a very good reason. He was"— she looked at him, moistened her lips and then continued steadily enough—"he was killed about a month ago in an automobile accident."

"Oh, I see. I'm sorry."

Stupid words. Banal. He really *was* sorry. She deserved a better break than this. You could see that she was a nice girl, well brought up. New England; her father was probably a professional man. Nice, conventional background and now this.

He leaned forward, made a little bridge of his clever, nervously disciplined hands and talked rapidly for a few minutes.

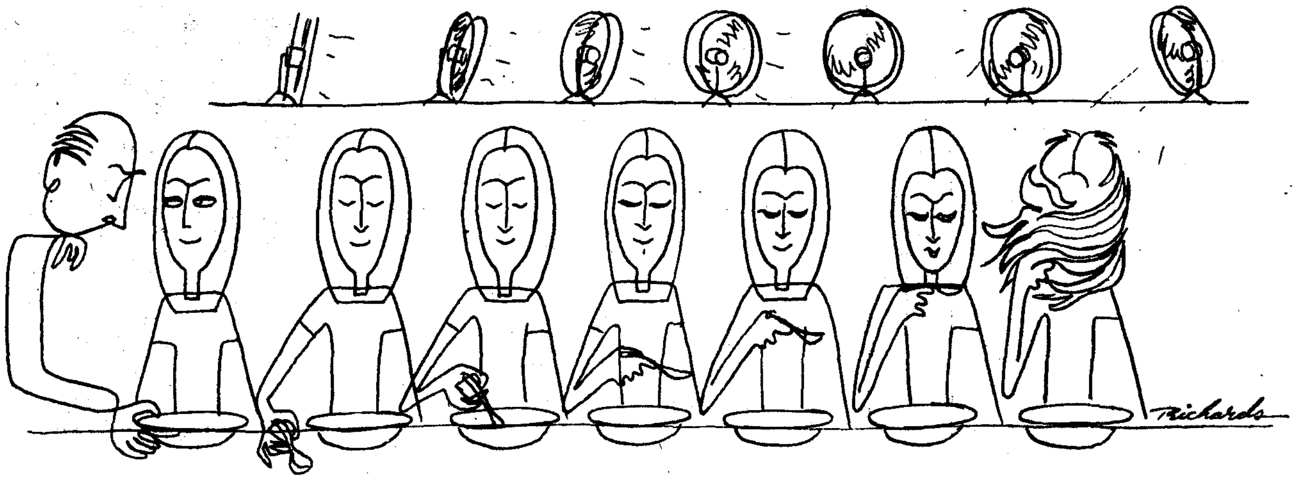
She listened quietly, then she said, "I want to have this child."

He shrugged and said, "You have money? It will be expensive, you know."

"I have an aunt in Boston. She will help me—I think."

She stifled a hysterical desire to put her head back, close her eyes and laugh. This whole thing was working out all wrong. She should be frightened, panic-stricken, beside herself with worry, overcome with guilt and remorse. Dave was dead and she was going to have a child. His child. It was a complicated, grimly depressing situation. Why then, in God's name, didn't she feel frightened and guilty and remorseful and depressed?

Why must she always do things the *hard* way, the *different* way? It had been like that from the first. Any other girl would have been able to love Dave the way he wanted to be loved. She had been terribly fond of him. His companionship had meant everything to her. He



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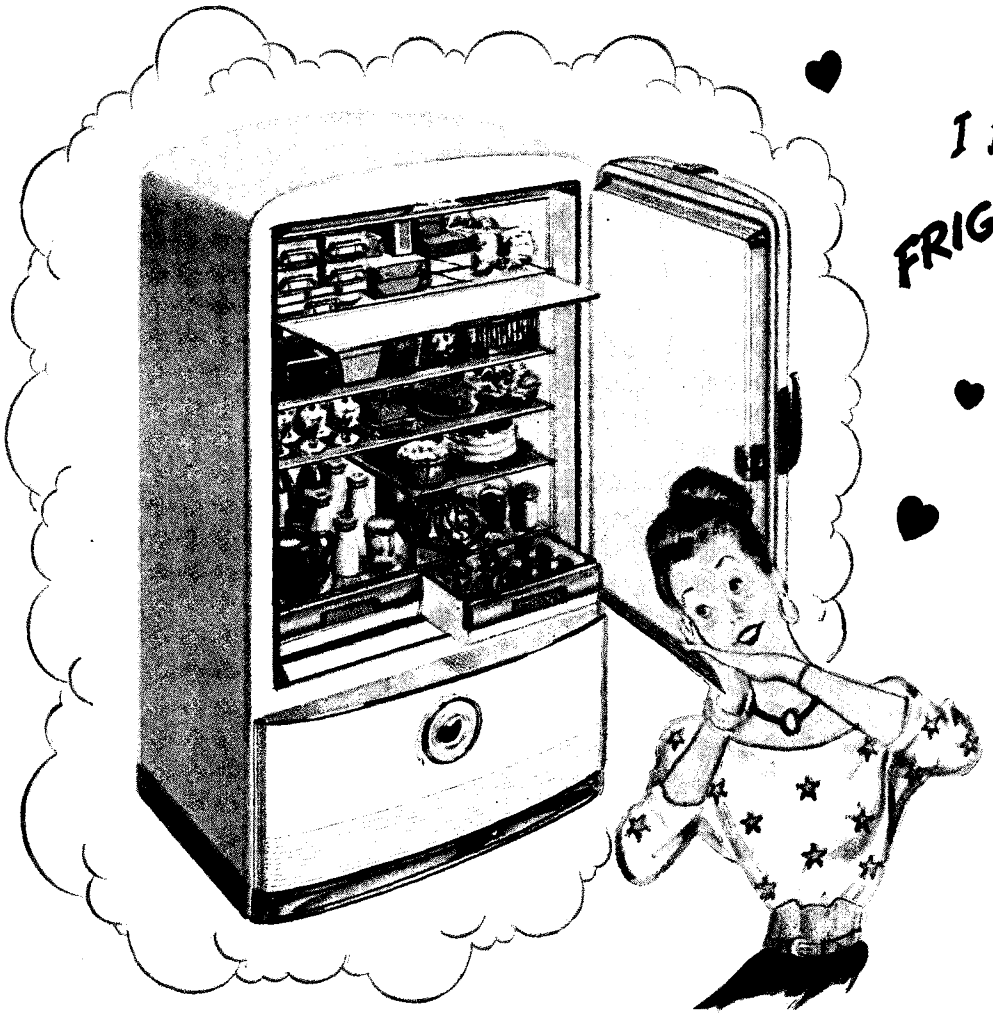

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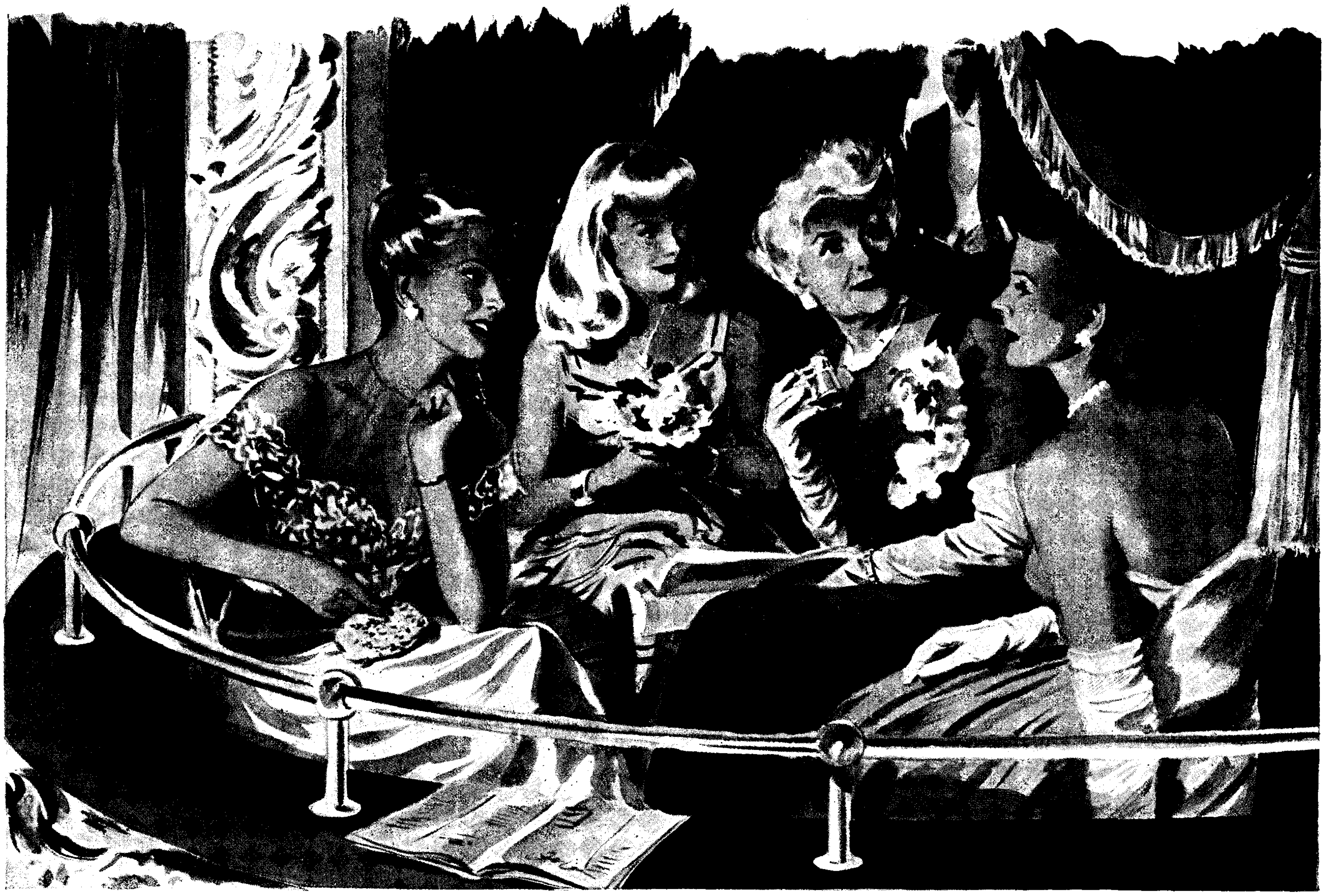


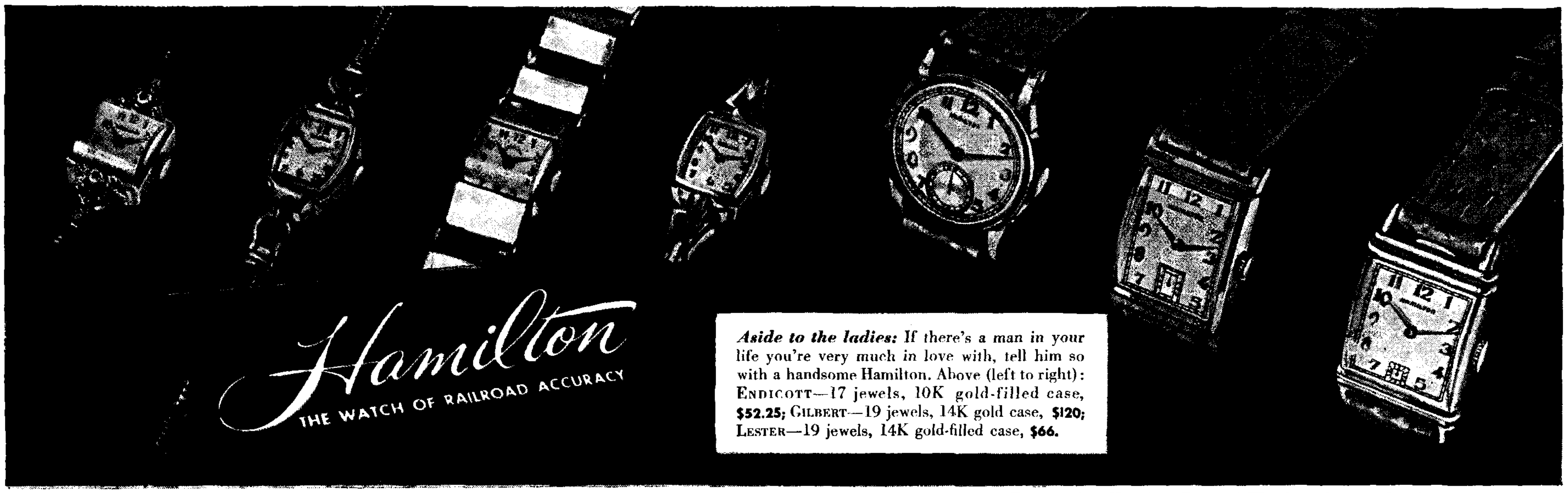
The girl that you married. Do you love her even more today than when you married her? And do you still get all mixed up when you try to *tell* her so? Thrill her on her anniversary with an exquisite "Diamond Set" Hamilton like the one shown directly below. Priced from **$120** to **$5,000.**

The girl you're so proud of. Do you have to wait your turn in the stag line to get a dance with your own daughter? Let her know how proud you are with a lovely, dependable Hamilton like the Olga (second from left below)—17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold-filled case and double-strand bracelet . . . **$59.50.**

The girl who's still your best girl. Does she grow younger every birthday? On her *next* birthday, remember your mother with a graceful Hamilton—made by America's only manufacturer of fine watches exclusively. Below (third from left) is the FL-12—17 jewels, 14K gold case and bracelet, *Medallion* movement . **$275.**

The girl you grew up with. Has she always been such a good pal that you've never minded her being a sister instead of a brother? This Christmas give her the gift she's always wanted—a slim and stunning Hamilton like the Frances (fourth from left below)—17 jewels, 14K gold case, *Medallion* movement. . . . **$100.**

The watches below were picked to suggest Hamilton's wide variety of styles and prices. See your jeweler for other appropriate Hamilton gift watches from **$52.25** *up. Prices include Fed. Tax.*



Aside to the ladies: If there's a man in your life you're very much *in* love with, tell him so with a handsome Hamilton. Above (left to right): Endicott—17 jewels, 10K gold-filled case, **$52.25;** Gilbert—19 jewels, 14K gold case, **$120;** Lester—19 jewels, 14K gold-filled case, **$66.**

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had come into her life at a time when it had had neither spiritual significance nor emotional stability and for a while he had given it both. For this she had been grateful to him. Terribly grateful. And when she had seen how things were with him, how desperately he had wanted her to love him—not just gaily, happily, but with an all-out, intense, consuming passion, she had tried, she had tried very hard. But you couldn't make yourself love someone that way. It had to come naturally, spontaneously. Or not at all.

So in the end, his very need of her, his very desperateness, had driven her farther and farther away from him; and being an extremely sensitive, perceptive person he had sensed this and it had made him miserable. Why then, now that Dave was dead, now that it was over, did she want this child? Was it her New England conscience, perhaps, which insisted that she pay and pay in full? Pay for the new joy in life that Dave had aroused in her after the long, bleak period of living alone with the terrible knowledge that she'd never see Denny St. George again.

Looking back now she wondered if she had really been in love with Denny? She supposed she must have been. At any rate she had wanted to marry him and be a good and faithful wife to him and bear his children—and now Denny was dead and she was going to have Dave's child, instead. You could see that this young doctor thought that she was crazy to go through with it.

"Well, you are the one to decide this, of course—and may I say, Miss Branch, that I admire your courage."

They were both standing now and she gave him her hand.

IT WAS a crisp, tangy evening in late October and she walked quickly back through the quiet city streets, her green tweed topcoat buttoned primly beneath her chin. She liked to walk at night in the city and feel the wind whipping like this through her hair, lifting it off from her scalp and then blowing it forward against her cheeks. She and Dave had walked a lot, especially that first spring when she had still been living at that girls' club in the East Seventies.

That first spring. . . .

Denny had been dead almost a year and she had been in New York five months. Ben Graves had introduced her dutifully to a number of unattached young men, none of whom had meant anything to her. And then one day he had introduced her to Dave. Her first impression of him had been that he was without doubt one of the best-looking young blond men she had ever seen. It had also occurred to her that he was quite a lot like one of his own novels (there were three of them, and a handful of short stories)—fast-paced, perceptive, lightly ironic and pleasantly sophisticated.

It had never occurred to her that he would bother with her beyond a casual cocktail or dinner date. She was just a not-especially-pretty girl who had recently sustained a pretty bad emotional blow. She was surprised and pleased when he continued to make one date after another.

He was on sick leave from the Navy and he was supposed to be suffering from a duodenal ulcer; he had to show up at the St. Albans Naval Hospital once every two weeks. The rest of the time he was free as the air. He wasn't supposed to drink or smoke or eat any highly seasoned foods, but he had been in the South Pacific for nearly two years and he expected to be back there before very long and so he went right on ordering Martinis and Scotch highballs and eating highly indigestible things like lobster thermidor.

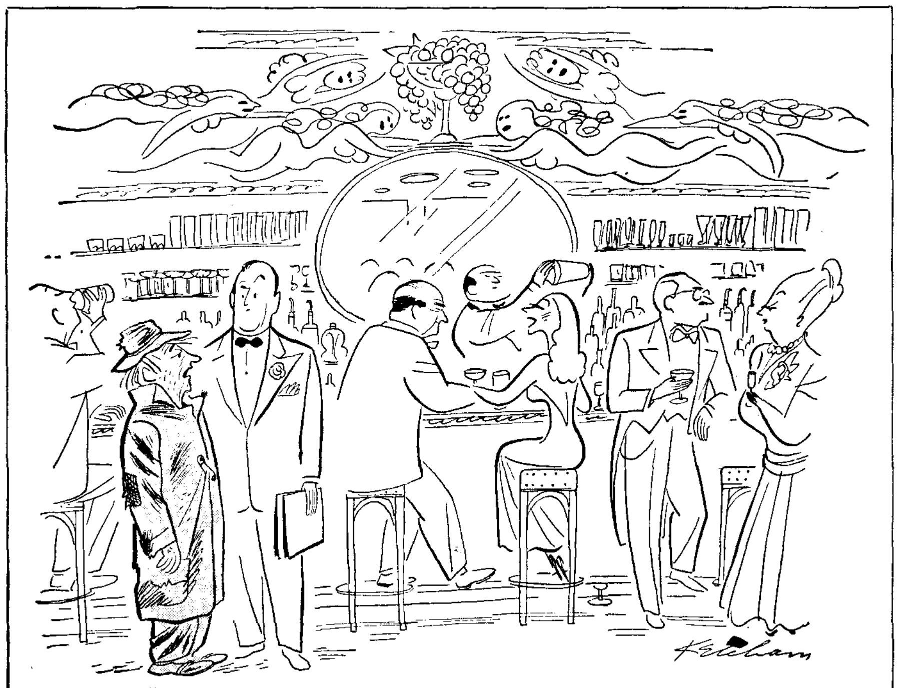
They had continued to see each other constantly all through June; and in July Dave's ulcer, in spite of the Martinis and the Scotch and the lobster thermidor, had disappeared completely and he was given a desk job in the Navy offices at 90 Church Street.

Then in August the war had come to its abrupt end.

In October, Dave had asked her without any warning at all to go away with him for a week end.

"I'm kind of in love with you," he had said, "and I think you care more about me than you realize. But if the idea shocks you, you must say so straight out and we'll just forget the whole thing. On the other hand, there's no real reason so far as I can see why we shouldn't go; we're both free, white and twenty-one and responsible to no one but ourselves. I realize," he'd added swiftly, honestly, "that this is definitely an adult point of view and that quite possibly it's too adult for you to accept or for me to expect you to accept . . ."

Was that why she had gone? Was that why she had done something which was so completely alien, so completely foreign to every moral precept she had been brought up to believe in? Had it been because she couldn't bear to have him think that she wasn't as adult, as emotionally grown up as he hoped, as, in his heart, he believed her to be? Or had she gone simply because she wanted to do something for him, something which



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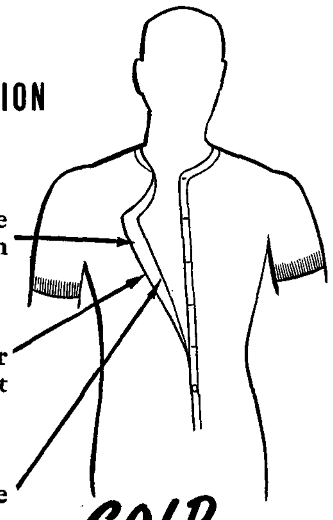

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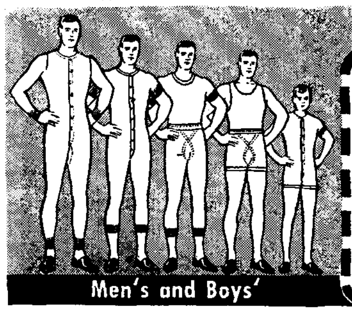

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would, in some small measure, repay him for everything he had done for her?

Yes, she told herself now, absurd and altruistic as it might sound, this had been the real reason why she had said yes; he had been very good to her, he had helped her through a bad, a desolate time, and now she wanted to do something equally magnanimous, equally generous for him. She was not in love with him the way she had been in love with Denny St. George. But it was quite possible she might never be in love with anyone like that again. In the meantime, no one in the world meant so much to her as Dave.

They had gone to a small inn in the Berkshires. They had gone for long walks and then had come back to a pungent log fire; and evenings Dave had read aloud to her.

Had he asked her at the end of one of these evenings to marry him, the chances were she would have agreed; but at this point, marriage was something with which he did not want to complicate his life.

WHEN, a week later, he called her one day, and told her he knew a man who was giving up his apartment, and suggested that she take it, she had done so. She owned furniture; it was in storage in Boston. Furniture that had belonged to her father and mother. It had been put in storage at the time of their deaths in 1935, and had been there ever since, and as she had explained, talking long-distance to her Aunt Hildegarde in Boston, she might just as well be using it.

At any rate the furniture, or as much of it as she could use in a two-room apartment, had been taken out of storage and sent down from Boston to New York. Once it was uncrated and put in place, it had aroused in her all sorts of nostalgic memories about the house in Weston and the life she had lived there with her father and mother. For a few minutes, standing there in her new apartment, surrounded by their furniture, she had missed those two young parents of hers as acutely and painfully as if she had really known them well—which, of course, she hadn't.

But then Dave had come in with his arms full of flowers and food for their first dinner—and that wave of nostalgia had passed and had never returned again, at least not with any real intensity.

But tonight, walking alone along this quiet street, the wind whipping at her hair like the fingers of an affectionate but capricious child, Dorcas found herself thinking that if her father and mother had lived instead of dying within a few hours of each other when she was twelve, her own life would undoubtedly have turned out quite differently. When you grew up alone as she had, you felt quite naturally that you owed nothing to anyone, that your life belonged to you and that you were free to live it as you thought best, spending your leisure time with whom you saw fit; for the past year she had seen fit to spend most of hers with Dave Holbrook. And now Dave was dead and his brother, Ridge Holbrook, hated her.

It was odd and a little disquieting to think of anyone hating her. Most people liked her. Quite a few people loved her. Denny St. George had loved her dearly and his father and mother still did. There were others who were genuinely fond of her—teachers she had had at boarding school and college, girls she had roomed with.

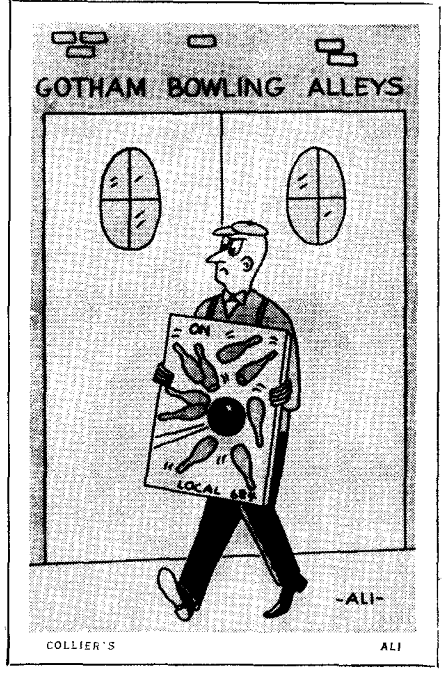
But Ridge Holbrook's hate had shone in his eyes and trembled in his voice.

She had wanted, strangely enough, to run after him, to call him back and try one last time to make him understand about herself and Dave. She had wanted to tell him about Denny and about her father and mother. She had wanted to explain to him how she had loved these three people at different vulnerable periods in her life and depended on them for her emotional security; she had wanted to point out to him how through no fault of their own, they had failed her, and how, because they *had* failed her, she had developed a sort of immunity to love. At least to the kind of love Dave had wanted from her. She had wanted to point out that in the beginning Dave himself hadn't wanted this kind of love, possessive, demanding, all-embracing, any more than she had.

She had wanted to call him back and try to make all this clear to him, but even as she had wanted to do this, she had known that it was useless. Ridge Holbrook had loved his brother and now his brother was dead and so far as he, Ridge, was concerned, she, Dorcas, had as much as killed him. So there was no use in calling out to him; she had let him go.

It was too bad, in a way, because if things had been different, if she had met him first instead of Dave, they might have got on very well, they might have liked each other very much. . . .

She had reached her own apartment house. She went up the steep flight of brownstone steps and was glad that her apartment was on the second floor and not the third. She was tired, suddenly, more tired than she remembered ever having been before in her life. She thought: I'll make myself a cup of strong coffee and have a hot bath, and then I'll write Aunt Hildegarde. I won't tell her anything about the baby—just that I'm giving up the apartment right away and returning to Boston. . . .



HILDEGARDE PEYTON sat at her inlaid desk in the library of her house on Louisburg Square in Boston and read a letter from her niece in New York.

The letter was definitely annoying. It told her almost nothing, and what it did tell her she didn't like. Dorcas was giving up her position and her apartment and returning, at once, to Boston. Very disconcerting. In the first place, although the house was far from small, having another person around would upset her privacy, seriously disturb the pleasant, well-ordered pattern of her life. The fact that Dorcas was young and more than reasonably attractive would complicate things still further. The telephone would ring much more often, and at inconvenient times, and there would be the matter of her smoking.

Any way she looked at it, having Dorcas back in Boston was going to be definitely inconvenient. Furthermore, the girl had no right to take it for granted that she could just throw up her job in New York and return here without first obtaining permission. It was true, of course, that this was—technically, at least—her home. But eighteen months

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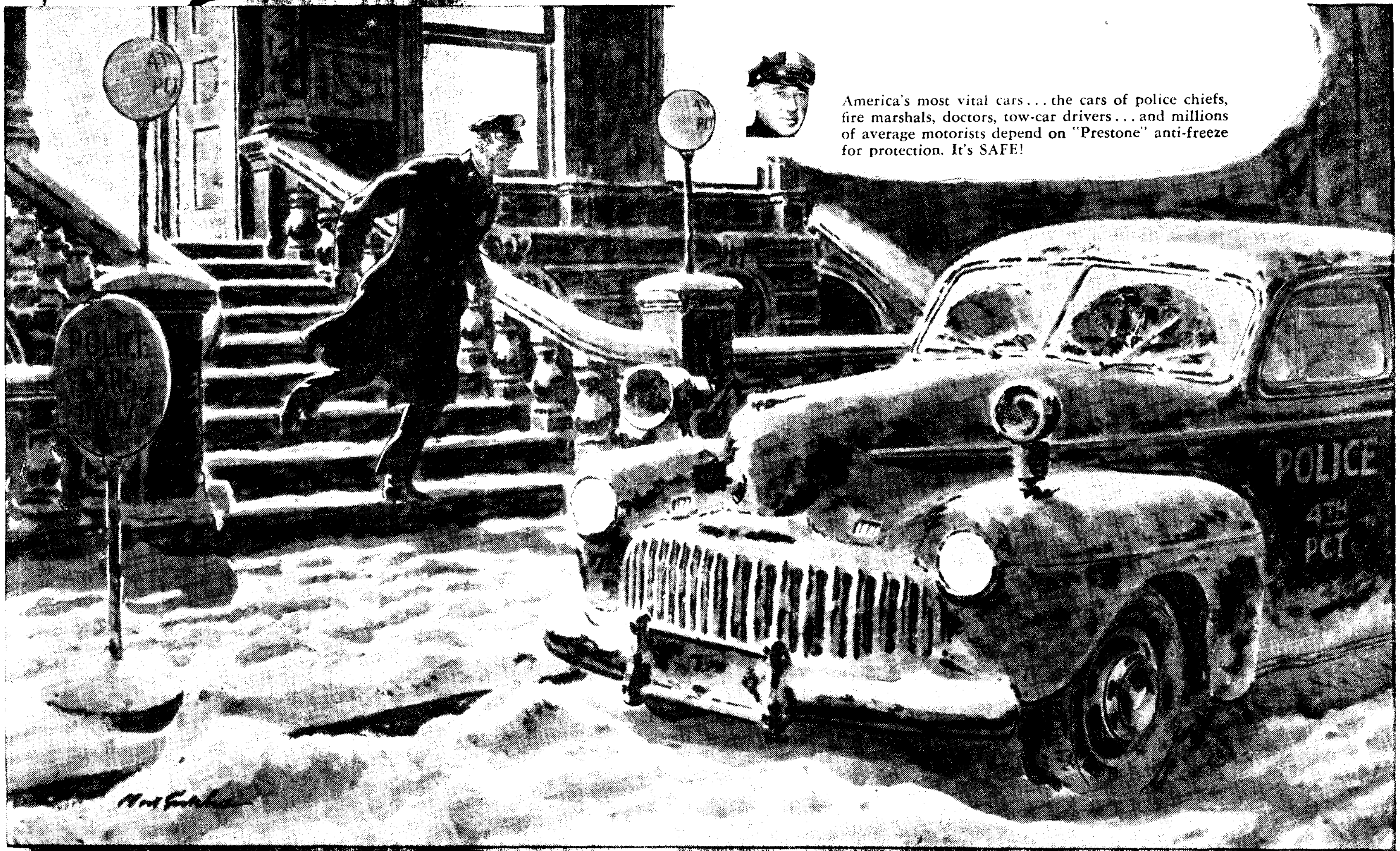

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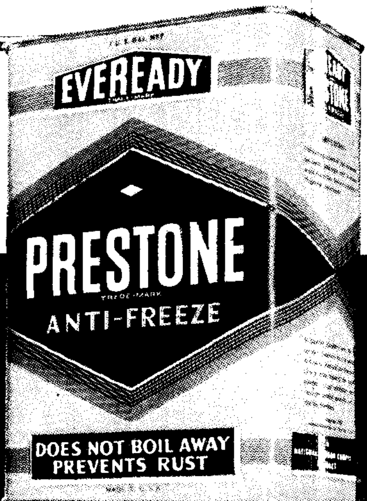

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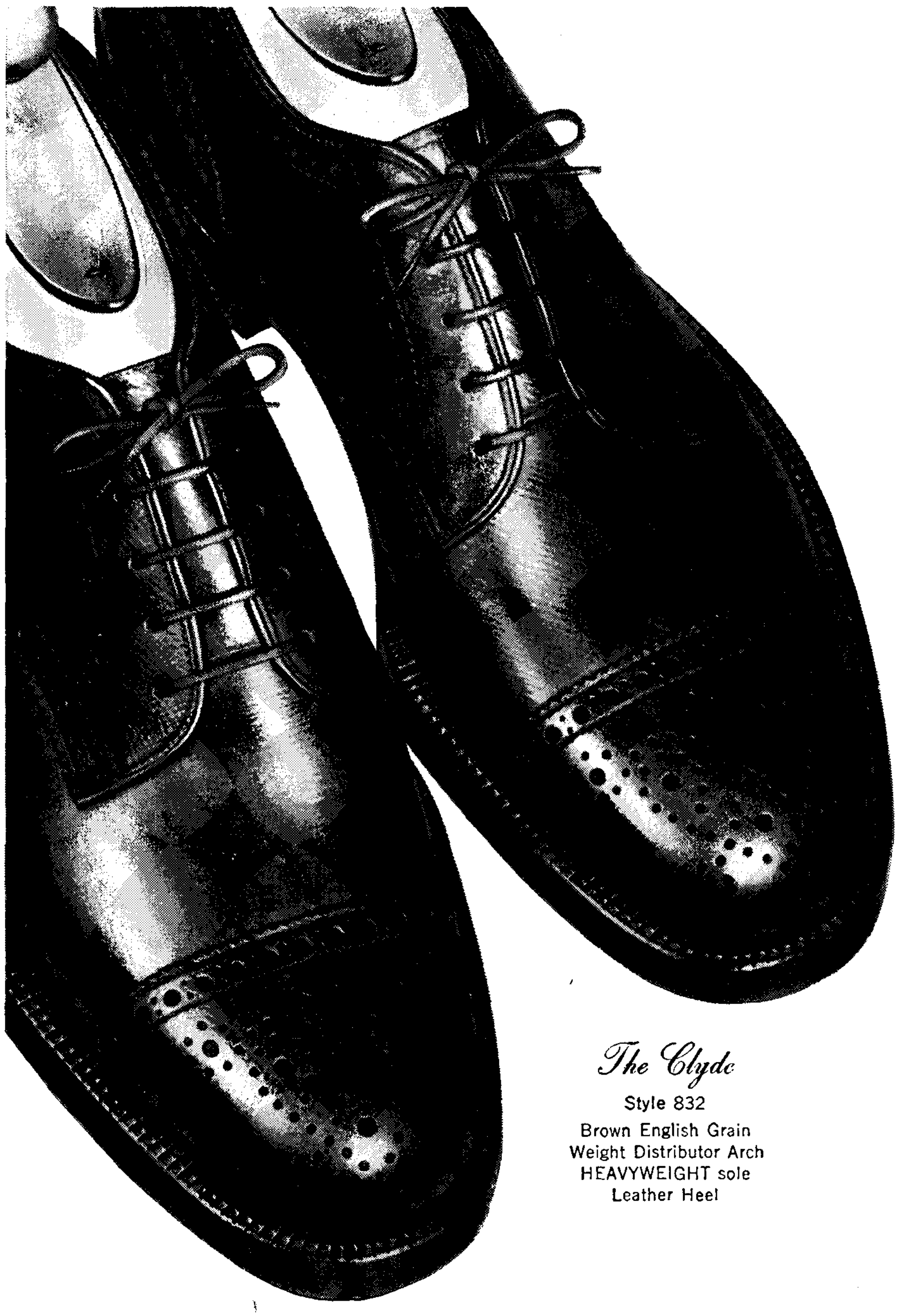

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ago when she had gone to New York and gotten herself a job in that publishing house, it had been tacitly understood that from then on she would be, except for brief visits and the usual birthday and Christmas checks, on her own.

It had been with a definite sense of relief that Hildegarde had had the rose room redecorated and restored to its original status of guest room. Ten years was a long time but no one could say that she had not done her duty by Virginia's child. It hadn't been easy having her entire life disrupted and thrown out of gear by a girl of twelve, the daughter of her half-sister.

Dorcas' parents had died in 1935—both, ironically enough—of food poisoning. Without admitting it to herself, Hildegarde Peyton knew she had never forgiven them for it. Because it had meant, of course, that she had had to take Dorcas. Tom had no immediate family and there was no one else.

Well, no one could say that she hadn't done a good job, that she hadn't been, from the first, most conscientious and generous. It had been her money that had bought Dorcas' clothes and sent her to good private schools and paid her dentist's and doctor's fees and provided her with music and dancing lessons. No, she had spared no expense and she had nothing with which to reproach herself, but there was a limit to what she should be expected to do.

DORCAS was no longer a child, she was a young woman, a young woman who, but for the unfortunate death of young Dennis St. George, would have been married by now with a home, an establishment of her own.

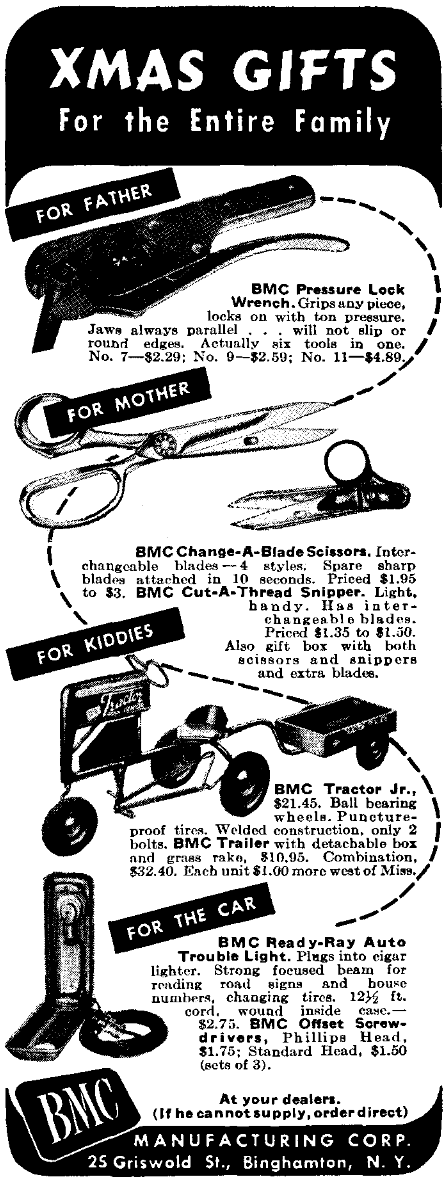
Now that had been an eminently suitable match. Not too much money but very well connected, excellent background. Well, no use crying over spilled milk; young St. George was dead and instead of staying put in New York, Dorcas was on her way back to Boston. She would arrive, Hildegarde consulted her letter again, at four forty-five this afternoon. In time, thank heaven, to freshen up before tea.

It was typical of Hildegarde that she still insisted upon serving tea each afternoon at five o'clock. It was a civilized custom and one from which she had refused to depart even during the war; a good many of her friends now preferred cocktails, but in her house they got tea. There were certain standards, certain traditions that you preserved . . . the way you preserved your figure by eating sparingly of sweets. At fifty-eight she was still as slim as she had been at twenty, yes, *thirty* years ago. And as straight. Her hair no longer was that rich lustrous shade of brown, of course, and her neck had begun to go but in many ways, she was *better* looking than she had ever been. Now that her hair was completely gray, she was, well, not handsome, perhaps, but certainly distinguished-looking.

Her eyes returned to the sheet of note paper on her desk and she frowned and bit her lip. Incredibly impertinent of the girl to arrive practically on the heels of her letter. Well, there was nothing to be done about it. At least not at the moment. She extended one thin, vein-corded hand and touched the bell that would summon Bessie, her elderly maid.

"Bessie," she said, a moment later when that spare, pale-faced individual, dressed in correct black and white, appeared in the doorway in answer to her ring, "Miss Dorcas is arriving from New York this afternoon. See that the bed in the rose room is properly aired and you may serve tea for both of us here in the library at the usual hour."

But Dorcas did not, as it happened, arrive in time for tea. Her train was an hour and ten minutes late. Admitting her, Bessie said, "Miss Peyton is in the li-



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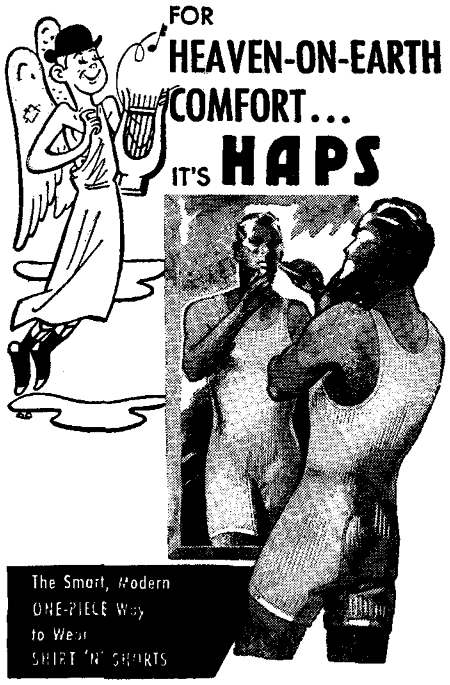

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brary, Miss Dorcas. You're to go straight in."

"Thank you, Bessie," said Dorcas. And standing there in the white-paneled hall with its thick Oriental rugs, its handsome, carved, walnut furniture, its gold-framed portraits of three generations of Peytons, she felt that same frantic desire to turn and run that she had felt on that long-ago fall day when she had been brought here after her parents had died—not for a brief, formal little visit—but to stay.

She had not, however, run that day, and she didn't run today. She smiled at Bessie instead, relinquished her dressing case into the latter's well-trained if slightly chilly hands, and walked down the hall and into the library.

It was the last week in October and there was a fire burning sedately in the black marble fireplace, and there were white roses in a silver bowl on the French inlaid desk between the tall front windows.

Aunt Hildegarde, waiting for her in this same room, as she had waited twelve years before, looked up.

"You're late. I expected you in time for tea."

"I know," Dorcas said, "but my train was late and then I had trouble getting a taxi—"

SHE crossed the room and kissed her aunt on one pale, dry, verbena-scented cheek. Then, because she was nervous and extremely tired, she took a pack of cigarettes out of her handbag and started to light one.

The expression on her aunt's face stopped her just in time. "I'm sorry," she said, "I'd forgotten that cigarette smoke bothers you."

"You smoke too much," said her Aunt Hildegarde. "*All* your generation smoke too much. Just as they do everything to excess. There is no restraint any more, no self-discipline. It confuses and disrupts everything—manners, morals, *everything.*"

"Yes," said Dorcas.

Suddenly she felt not only physically tired but mentally and emotionally depressed. She had told that young doctor in New York, "I have an aunt in Boston—she will help me." She wondered suddenly why she had been so sure of this, why she had thought for one moment that Hildegarde Peyton would help her. Why had she expected any sort of sympathy, help, or understanding from this woman, this New England spinster with her long, cold nose and pale eyes and selfish, tight-lipped mouth? Love—either sacred or profane—had never touched her at all. Life, itself, had never really touched her except in a purely superficial sort of way.

"Don't run—walk." "Don't gobble your food—chew it slowly." "Don't bang doors—close them quietly." In other words, don't ever be alive, young, rushing head-on to meet life—stand back and let it slip politely by you. Stand *well* back out of the way of the more vulgar, demanding emotions, with your skirts pulled down carefully over your knees, both literally and figuratively.

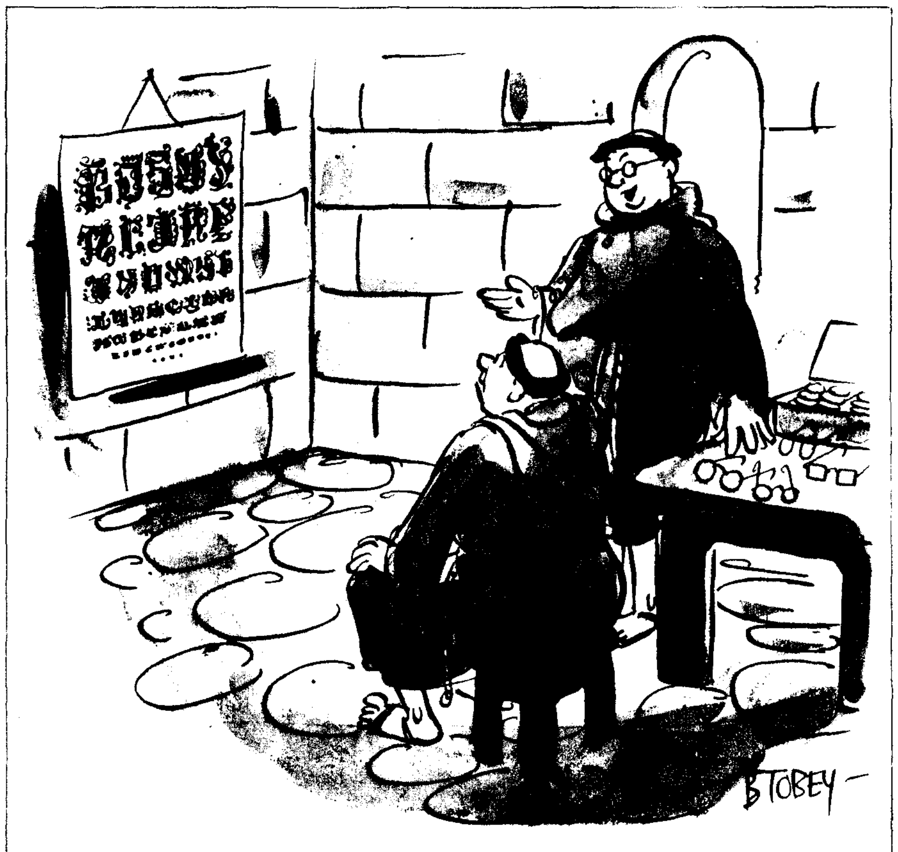
"Perhaps," her aunt was frowning at her slightly, "you had better have some tea even if you did arrive late; you look extremely pale and your hands are shaking . . ."

"So they are," said Dorcas, and she looked down at them with faint surprise and then made them into tight little fists and thrust them into the pockets of her tweed topcoat.

"Dorcas," said Hildegarde Peyton, still staring at her intently, "you're not ill, are you? You *look* ill." In fact now that she had had time to regard her dispassionately, she saw that Dorcas really looked very bad. No color at all and violet smudges beneath her eyes and a funny pinched look about her mouth. "Tell me," she said, her voice rising a little nervously, a little shrilly, "is something *wrong?"*

"Not really wrong, no," said Dorcas, sitting down on the cinnamon velvet chair opposite her aunt, taking out that pack of cigarettes and this time, lighting one, forgetting completely in the exigency of the moment, the really *appalling* exigency of the moment, that cigarette smoke was obnoxious to her aunt, "You see I'm quite all right, really. I mean I'm not ill. That is, not really ill. I'm just, well, just a little pregnant . . ."

She stopped, the cigarette halfway to her lips, her eyes completely horrified. She had said it. She had actually sat here in this room and said that utterly astounding thing; she hadn't led up to it, she hadn't prepared this stony-faced woman opposite her in any way, she had just sat there and let her have it. Right, she thought—and once more there was



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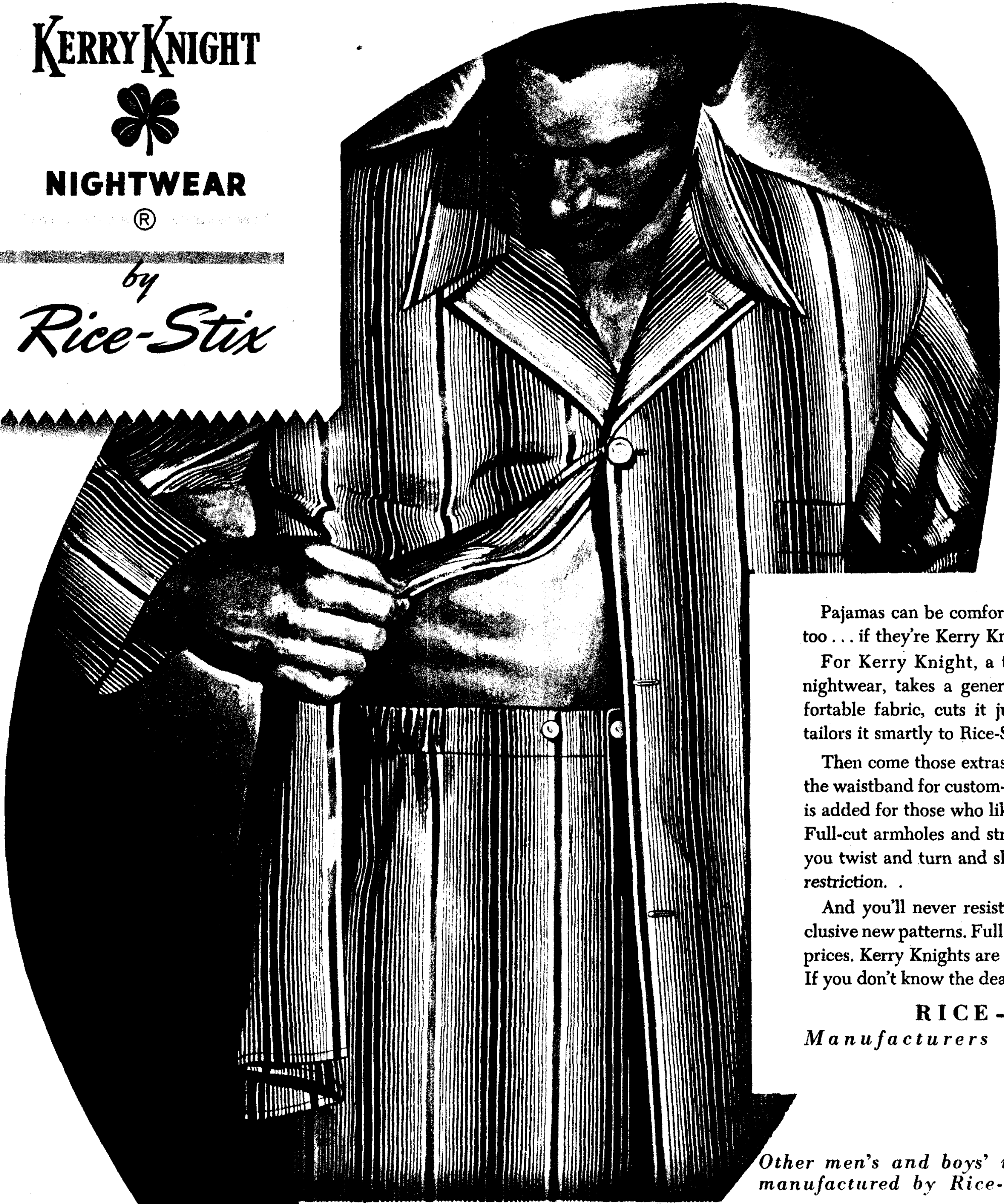

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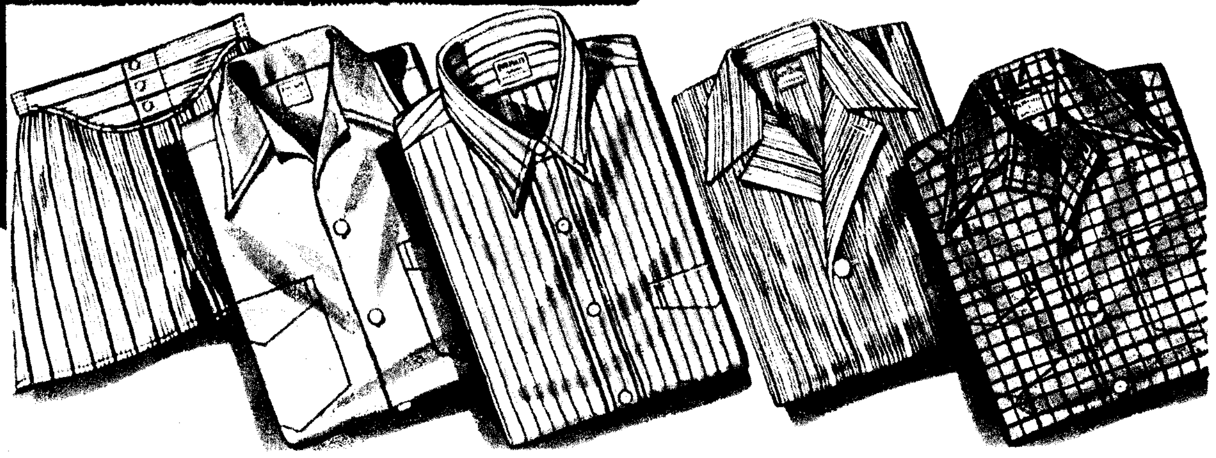

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R·S

that idiotic desire to laugh—right between the eyes.

"You are what—*what?*" said Hildegarde Peyton, leaning forward like an automaton, her lips moving stiffly, her eyes cold and glazed-looking like—like the eyes of a *frozen* fish, thought Dorcas wildly.

"Pregnant," said Dorcas. "In other words, I'm going to have a baby. People do have them, you know. All the time. There's one born—"

"Be still!" said Hildegarde Peyton. Her hands, clutching the arms of her chair were white and trembling. A little muscle twitched painfully in her right cheek. A sharp throbbing had started at the base of her skull. She thought: I must be calm, I must gain control of my emotions or I will have one of my headaches . . . But how could you be calm, how could you get your emotions under control when faced with a thing like this? It was like a nightmare . . . that girl sitting there in her soft, well-cut tweeds, with her clear gray eyes and innocent brown hair, looking like an embarrassed, uncomfortable child and saying, saying . . . dear God, prayed Hildegarde Peyton, don't let it be true, don't let a thing like this happen to me, *not to me!*

But even as she prayed, she knew it was useless. This thing had happened. And to her. She had taken this girl into her house, at great personal inconvenience to herself; she had spent money on her, a great deal of money; she had seen that she grew up knowing the right people, with the right social and moral values and now this . . . *now this!* And the man, undoubtedly, quite impossible, perhaps even married—otherwise she wouldn't be here, would she? No, of course not, she would be with him. . . .

"Who," she said, speaking with great difficulty as if her throat hurt her, "is responsible for this—this outrage? And why have you come to me instead of to him? Why have you brought your disgrace and laid it at my door instead of taking it where it belongs?"

Even as she spoke, she realized that everything she had just said sounded melodramatic and absurd, like something out of a bad Victorian novel. But it was too late, it would have to stand.

To Dorcas, it was exactly as if one part of herself had detached itself from this girl sitting on the velvet chair and was standing over by the fire, secretly laughing at this whole absurd situation. Almost enjoying it. All these years of never talking back, of always doing what she was told, of never being allowed to make any decisions of her own, even little unimportant ones . . . *"It's ten o'clock, Dorcas, please turn off your radio; it's disturbing me . . ." "It's too early in the season to wear your fur coat, Dorcas, the tweed one is more suitable . . ."*

"His name would mean nothing to you," said Dorcas. "And the reason I did not go to him is simple. I couldn't. He is dead."

"Dead?"

"He was killed six weeks ago in an automobile accident. At the time neither one of us knew anything about the baby. Now," she said, and her voice sounded suddenly touched and vaguely, gently surprised, "he will never know."

"Very well," said Hildegarde, moistening her dry lips, "he is dead. But he was not dead two months ago. He was not dead six months ago. Or however long this shameful affair has been going on. *Why, then, didn't he marry you?* Or was he, perhaps"—she pounced triumphantly on the next two words, her eyes shining like hard blue marbles—*"already* married?"

"No," said Dorcas, "he wasn't. But he wanted to be very much. He wanted to marry me."

Now it's coming, she thought, the thing Dave couldn't take, the thing Ridge Holbrook couldn't take, the thing *she* won't be able to understand or accept.

"Then why, why if he wanted to marry you, didn't you marry him? Was he socially unacceptable?"

"No," said Dorcas, and she suddenly felt such a bitter contempt for her aunt and all her stupid, narrow, Boston-snobbish prejudices that it was an actual taste in her mouth, a nauseating, acrid taste like ashes on her tongue. "No," she said; "although he didn't, in your sense of the word, have any family connections. But he was quite, quite eligible, I assure you. And not in the least poor or uneducated. As a matter of fact, he was quite charming. You would have liked him."

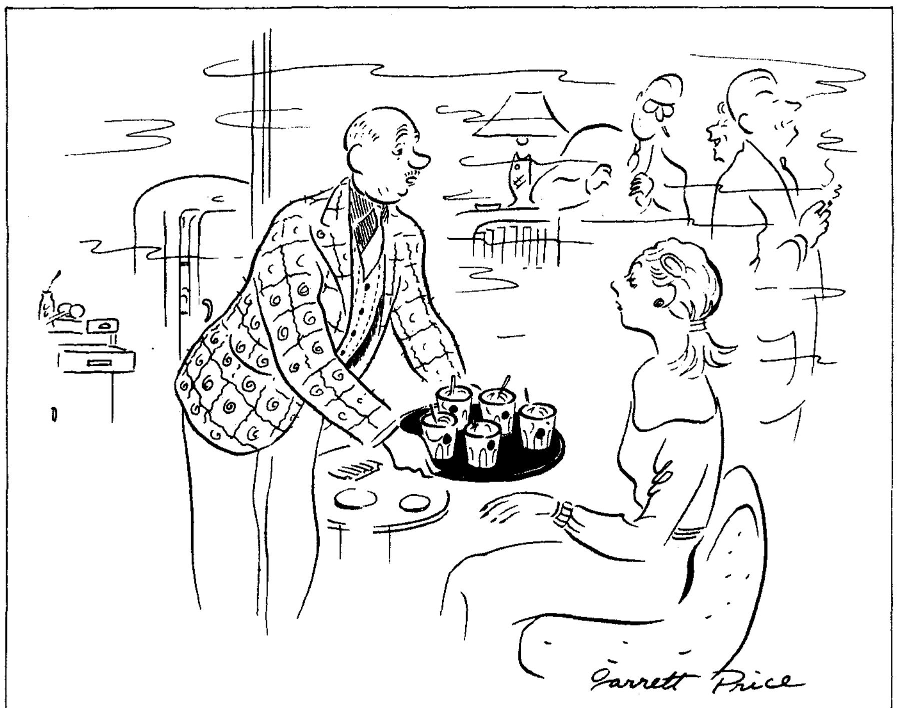
"Then," said Hildegarde, "in God's name, why didn't you marry him?"

"Because," said Dorcas, "I wasn't enough in love with him—"

And then, quite unexpectedly and with a rather touching young dignity, she smiled ever so slightly, sighed, and for the first time in her life, quietly fainted. . . .

Lida Whipple finished her third cup of coffee (she was drinking too much coffee and she knew it but she couldn't seem to stop), rubbed out her cigarette (she was also smoking too much) and got with sudden resolution to her feet.

It had been almost two weeks since



"I never touch them, myself—they're too much trouble to make"

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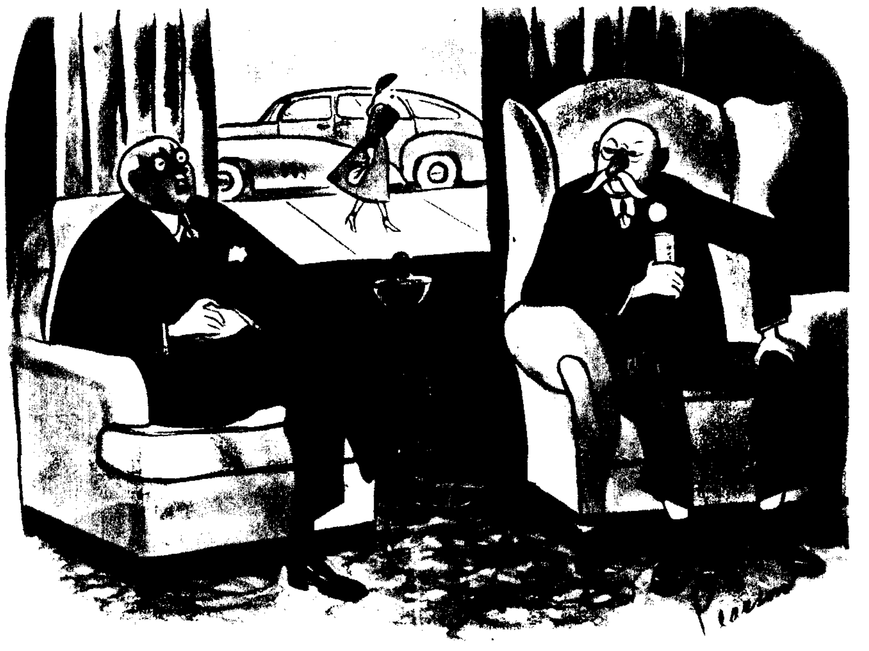


COLLIER'S "I never really appreciated my dollar-a-year job until I got back and started paying taxes" CHARLES PEARSON

she had seen Ridge Holbrook and then their meeting had been accidental. Well, she'd put her pride in her pocket and call him. It was absurd, just because Dave had had the bad luck to get himself killed, for Ridge to cut himself off so completely from everyone, including herself. Damn Dave, anyhow, she thought suddenly. If it hadn't been for him, she and Ridge might have been married years ago.

Dave had never liked her and he had managed somehow to communicate this dislike to Ridge. Ridge might not have realized it, himself, but it had made a difference.

WELL, Dave was dead and it was a horrible thing to admit, but in a way she was glad. Not really glad, of course, but nevertheless, it was a relief to know that she no longer had to contend, to fight Dave's casual but definite dislike of her. The fact that it had been casual, that there had been no tangible, logical reason for it had made it all the harder to cope with.

If a town like Readsville could be said to have such a thing as a "first family," Lida's was certainly it. Her father was president of one of the biggest banks in the northern part of the state and her mother had inherited all of the Cartwright money, which was at least half a million dollars.

It wasn't really any reason you could put your finger on, bring out into the open and dispose of once and for all. Dave simply hadn't liked her.

Most people would consider her a perfect girl for Ridge Holbrook to marry. In fact, most people—considering that Ridge had left college in his junior year to take over the running of that damned farm—would consider that *she* was getting the poor end of the bargain. Well, Dave was dead and it had been two weeks since she had seen Ridge and that was too long. She'd call him and ask him to have her out to Ridgeways for dinner. Ella Wells, Ridge's housekeeper, liked her, thank goodness.

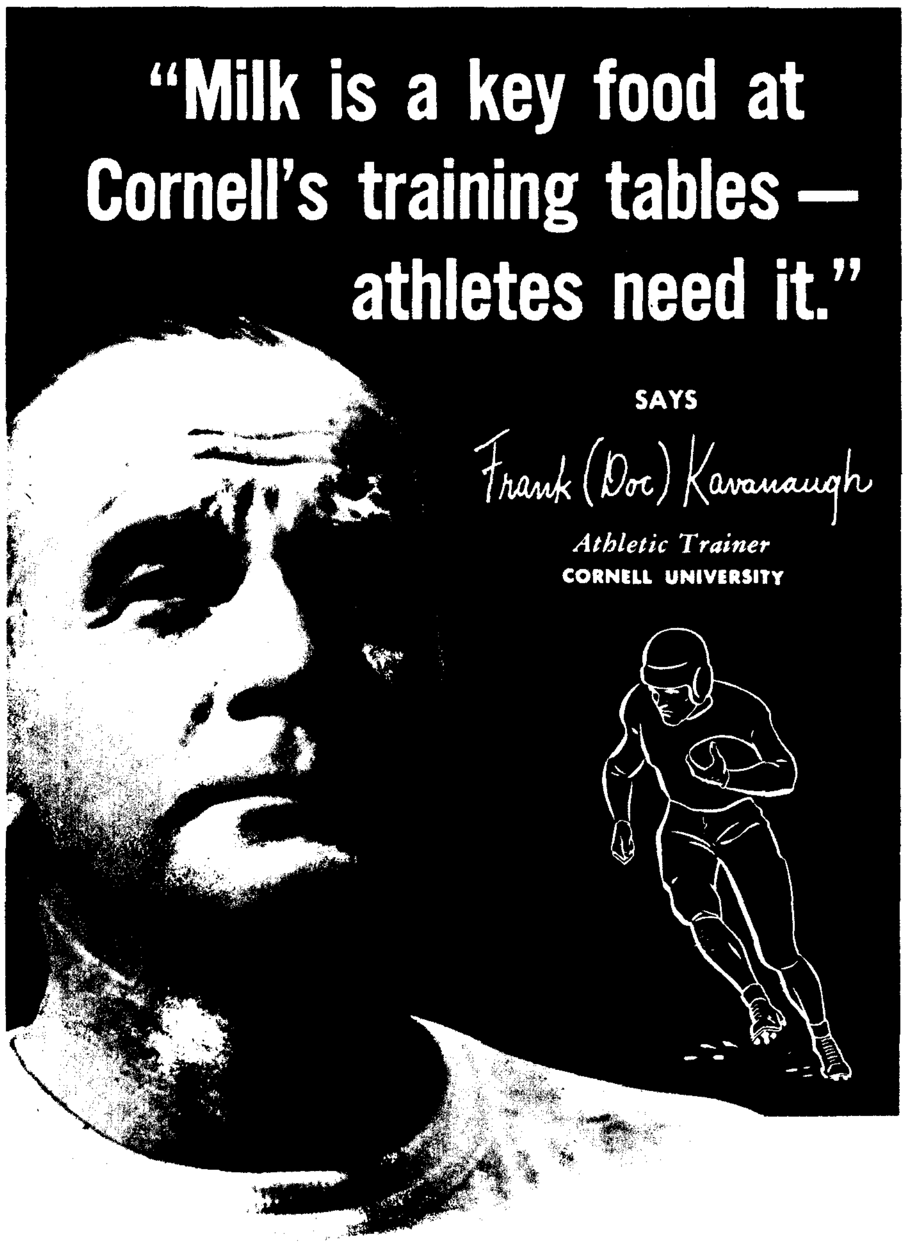
The farm had always been in the Holbrook family; Ridge's grandfather and *his* grandfather, for that matter, had been born there, although there wasn't much left of the original house; they'd knocked out partitions right and left and put in three bathrooms and built on a whole new kitchen wing. It was lucky they had done all this because a few years later when Jim Holbrook had died right smack in the middle of the depression, about the only thing his executors had been able to salvage for Ridge and Dave and their mother had been the farm. After that they'd lived there winters as well as summers and Rosalie Holbrook had died six years later.

Ridgeways had been heavily mortgaged, and everyone had advised Ridge to let the bank foreclose but he had refused. Instead he'd left college, come home and taken over the entire management of the place himself. It hadn't been easy, but he'd managed to hang onto it, and he'd helped send Dave through Dartmouth and today he had one of the best herds of pure-bred Jersey cattle in the state. He'd worked like a fool, of course, but he'd loved it; he'd hated having to leave it and go to war. There again everyone, including her father, had advised him to take the deferment he was entitled to . . .

How she'd hoped during that winter of 1942 that he *would* take his deferment and ask her to marry him! She had been twenty-one that winter, achingly in love with him and ripe for marriage. She'd been a junior at Sarah Lawrence that year and at Easter she'd decided suddenly not to go back—hoping that if she stayed home they might be married by summer.

BUT it hadn't worked out that way. In June, Ridge had enlisted. For the next two years she'd written faithfully, first to camps in this country and then during the eight months he'd been in Europe. He'd answered these letters promptly and fairly ardently and she had supposed, she had been *sure* that when he came back—but again she had been wrong.

He had been back for almost six months now and things were just as they had always been, no better and no worse. He would call her up and take her to dinner or the movies and afterward they would drive out to the Red Barn, that roadhouse on the lakeshore road and drink beer and dance; coming home he'd drive the car off the road, kill the engine, take her in his arms and kiss her—and she'd think that surely *now*—but suddenly he'd let her go, start up the car, and the evening would end without anything being said, anything being settled. He'd leave her without making another definite date so that each time he left her she could never be sure when she was going to see him again or even *if* she was. It was absurd and nerve-racking and she didn't know how much longer she could stand it. The only thing she did know, the only thing she was sure of, was that she didn't intend to let another day go by without seeing him. She was proud, but not *that* proud—she was proud but she was also in love, so much in love that it



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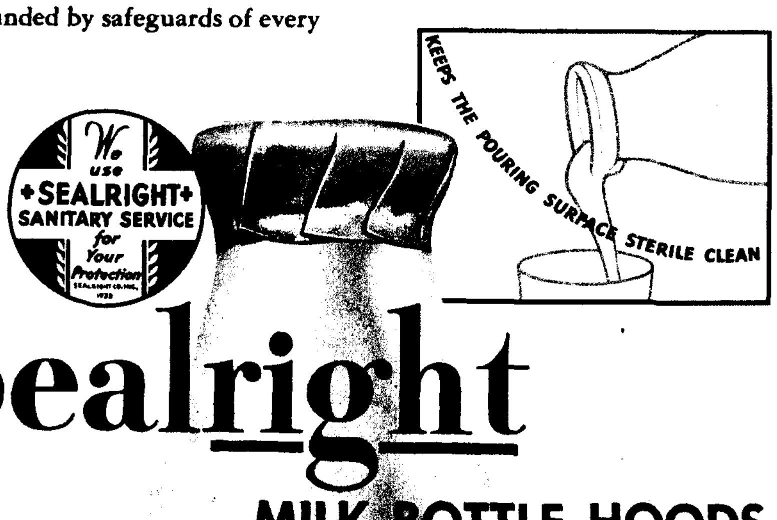

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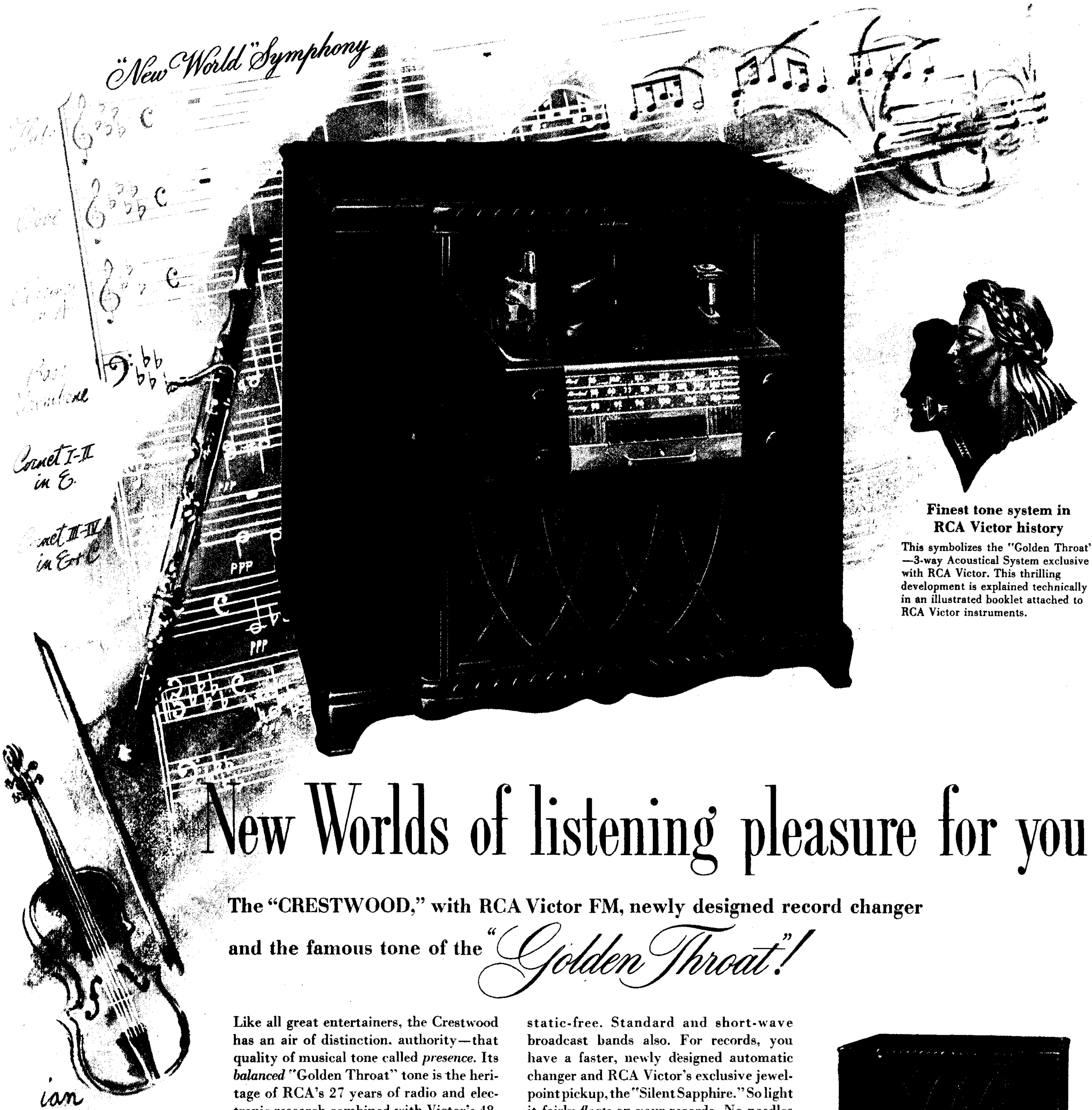

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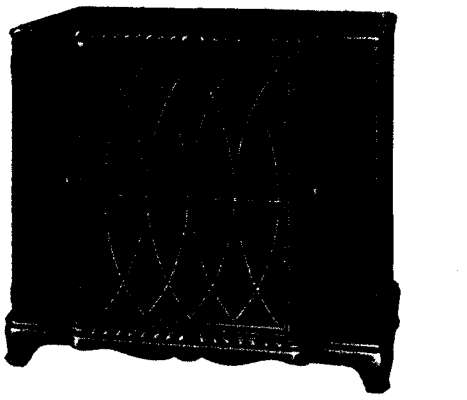

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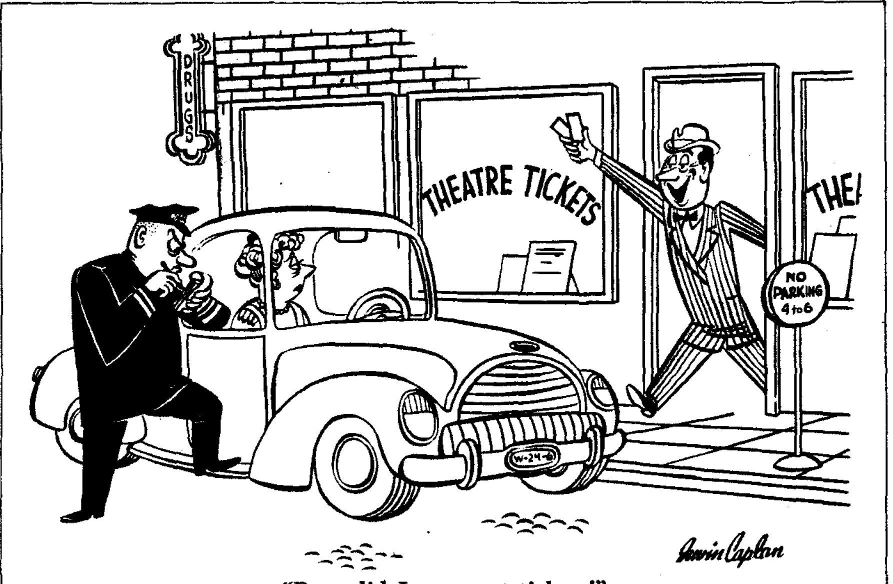


COLLIER'S "Boy, did I ever get tickets!" IRWIN CAPLAN

was an ache, a torment inside of her like a living thing.

There were four telephones in the house, a handsome stucco-and-timber affair built just before the war, but the one in Herbert Whipple's study was on a private line; she went in there now and put in a person-to-person call for Ridge at the farm . . .

That was another annoying thing about 'Ridgeways; it was in the next township, which meant that you had to wait and wait for a call to go through.

This morning, however, she didn't have to wait. She heard Ella Wells, Ridge's housekeeper, say almost at once to the local operator, "Ridge isn't home. A carload of phosphate came in this morning and he's out to the city unloading it—"

"Out to the city" was East Readsville's quaint way of referring to Readsville. And as usual the phrase irritated Lida ust as did the fact that Ella Wells should ake it upon herself to pass out information as to Ridge's whereabouts. Lida hought it was "small-town" and disgusting.

LIDA looked up to find her mother standing in the doorway, smiling at her enigmatically.

The sight of her mother, never a welcome one at any time, infuriated her. What right did she have to sneak downtairs like that, sidle along the hall, open he door silently and stand there looking at her with that funny, mocking, sly mile? Why didn't she stay in her own oom where she belonged? She was sick, wasn't she? Too sick, too nervously ill, o assume any domestic or social reponsibilities. Well then, why didn't she tay where she belonged, not go wanderng like a half-witted ghost around the house . . .

"Why not wait and let him call you? Why chase after him, Lida? He's not the ort of young man you can get that way—you ought to know that. You, of all people, Lida, who are so smart, so much smarter than the rest of us . . ."

So she *had* followed her here and listened! Anger flamed up in Lida, set her teeth on edge, brought her tensely to her feet.

"Shut up," she said viciously. "I'll handle this the way I see fit—the way I damn' well please. With no help, no advice from you!"

Her mother, in a shabby blue flannel wrapper, her faded brown hair twisted carelessly in a loose knot at the nape of her thin neck, continued to smile at her, mockingly, almost tauntingly, as if she were getting some sort of perverse pleasure out of the anger she had been able to arouse so easily, with just those few well-chosen, half-whispered words.

"What do you want of another man, anyway?" she insisted softly, leaning forward a little, her breath coming in quick, shallow little gasps. "Isn't one enough? One devoted slave who jumps at the chance to please you—"

Lida felt her anger dissolve swiftly into that old familiar, pitying contempt. Her mother was talking about her father, of course. How her mother resented the fact that he preferred her, Lida's, company to that of his own wife. How she resented the fact that always, right from the first, he had loved her, Lida, best.

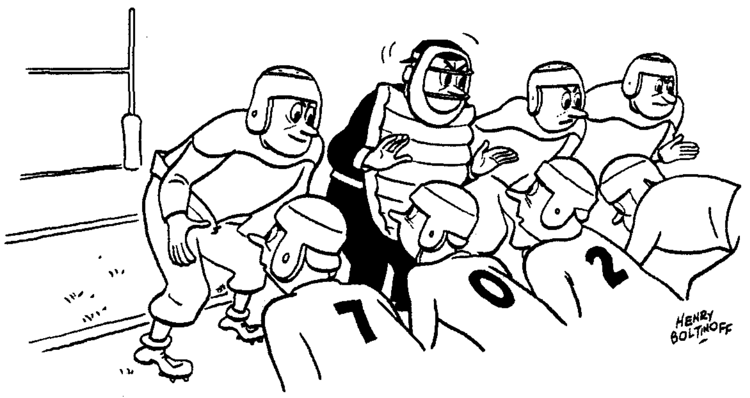
People thought her mother's ill health had made her father turn to her for love and companionship, but Lida knew better. She knew he would have turned anyway, that for years now, he had found her far more exciting and desirable company than he had ever found her mother. They said he spoiled her, showered her with money and attention because there was so little he could do for his wife, and he was naturally a generous man given to making bighearted, extravagant gestures. They didn't realize that he spent money on her because he adored her, felt for her a love which he had never felt for her mother because, compared to Lida, her mother was a drab, dull, colorless person.

Well, she, Lida, was in no mood for a scene today. Ridge was in town and she meant to see him even if it meant getting in her car and driving down to the freight depot. She looked coldly at her mother.

"Your hair needs combing," she said, "and that dressing gown is disgraceful. You'd better go back to your room before someone comes in and catches you wandering around the house looking like a refugee from some sort of an institution . . ."

WHILE she talked, Lida had been walking toward the woman in the doorway. Now she was even with her, now she had brushed past her, now she was out in the hall. She snatched up a soft camel's-hair coat and ran out of the house, down three shallow stone steps and across the close-clipped, velvet-smooth grass toward the garage. She was breathing hard and there were little beads of sweat on her upper lip. For a moment as she had come directly opposite that figure in the doorway she had had a feeling that her mother was going to strike her. Well, she hadn't. But some day she might. God knows she hated her enough to strike her. If she ever did, her father would insist upon sending her away somewhere . . .

Oh, well—if she were lucky, if things worked out the way she wanted them to, she, herself, would be living somewhere else before much longer. It was nice, it was definitely convenient to have a father who adored you, who lived only to fulfill your every wish—but she was no



HENRY BOLTINOFF

SPORTING ODDS

Cal Hubbard, the American League umpire who formerly played football for Geneva College and also with the National Pro League, was asked to pick what he called a "special football team." A newspaperman asked Hubbard to name 11 pro players on his team, so good that if the team won it would take a jack pot of $100,000. This is the team Hubbard picked: Dutch Clark, Ernie Nevers, Keith Molesworth and Bronko Nagurski in the backfield. Bill Hewitt and Verne Dilweg, ends; Steve Owen and Mike Michalske, guards; Mel Hein, center and Link Lyman, at one tackle. Then Hubbard added, "And if this mythical game is going to be played for $100,000, I'd play that other tackle myself!"

—Les Biederman, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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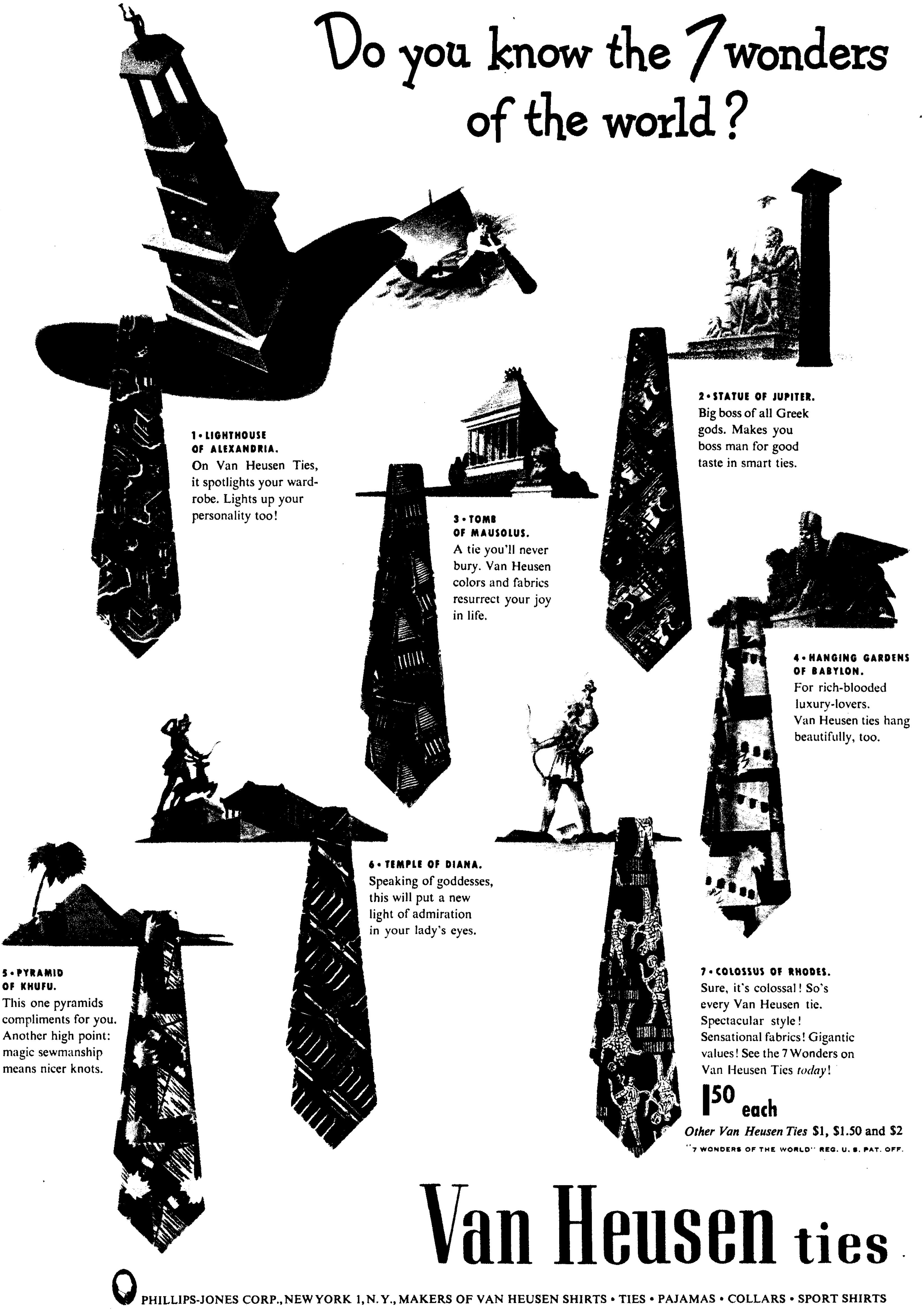

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PHILLIPS-JONES CORP., NEW YORK 1, N.Y., MAKERS OF VAN HEUSEN SHIRTS • TIES • PAJAMAS • COLLARS • SPORT SHIRTS longer a child, she was twenty-six years old and she wanted not a father but a husband. And she didn't want just any husband—she wanted Ridge Holbrook.

"Why not wait and let him call you? Why chase after him? He's not the sort of young man you can get that way . . ."

Lida started the engine, brought one slim foot down viciously on the accelerator, hating her mother for eavesdropping, for meddling, for daring to say a thing like that—a thing which was, if you dared be honest with yourself, so undisputably, so maddeningly *true* . . .

Well, don't think about that. Dismiss *that* thought at once. Close your mind on it tightly. Compose your face and your emotions and drive fast.

See, the men all look at you eagerly, even the ones you don't know, because you are so pretty and so friendly and have such a gay, compelling smile; and the women all envy you because you can ride around town in an expensive car with the top down while they have to worry about the high cost of living and whom they are going to get to stay with their children and whether or not their husbands aren't getting just the least bit tired of them. . . .

THE freight depot was a long, ugly, red brick building to the left of the railroad station. As she pulled into the open space in front of it she saw Ridge's big ten-ton truck drawn up close to the loading platform. Two of his hired men were busy loading dusty white bags of what she supposed must be phosphate onto it; but Ridge was nowhere in sight.

She signaled to one of the men and asked him where Mr. Holbrook was. The man spat carefully, hitched up his faded khaki Army trousers and said that Ridge had had a long-distance call and that Ella Wells had had it put through here at he freight depot and Ridge was inside ight now talking . . .

"Boston," said the young man, his vacant and at the same time somewhat bold blue eyes sliding over Lida with sly peculation.

"Thank you," said Lida coldly. It was idiculous the way Ella Wells ran Ridge's business—as if that call couldn't wait until he got home.

Ridge, picking up the receiver, saying, "Hello," was thinking much the same hing. That is, he was thinking that he didn't know anyone in Boston whose business with him should be in any way urgent.

He said, "Hello!" again and the Boson operator said, "Mr. Ridge Holbrook? One moment, ple-ease," and then she aid, "Here's your party, go ahead, ple-ease—" and then a young, very clear voice that he had never expected to hear again said, "This is Dorcas Branch, Ridge."

"Oh," he said. "Yes."

She said then, "Do you suppose you could come down here right away? Tonight or tomorrow? Perhaps you could fly. It's important. It's *terribly* important—"

For a moment he didn't answer her. For a moment he couldn't answer her, he was so completely astonished. Then his amazement gave place to anger. Hard, cold, perfectly justifiable anger. What right, what possible right, did she have to call him from Boston, from *anywhere* and ask him in that sweet, breathless, poignant voice, to come to her? Didn't she know that he never wanted to see her again?

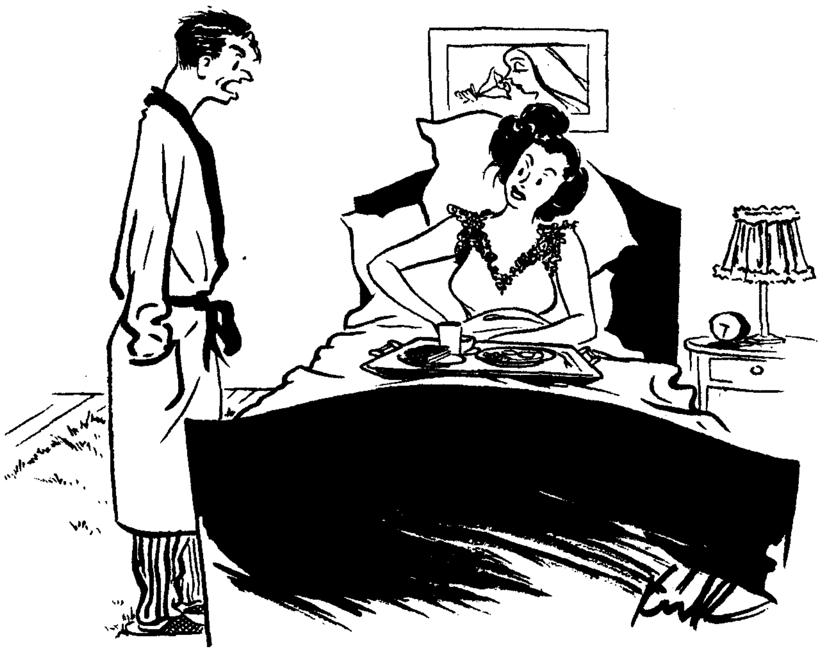
Apparently she did, because she was saying, running the words together hurriedly as if she were afraid he would hang up on her before she could get them said, "I know how you feel about me, I know you don't want to see me again—but you have to, Ridge, you really have to. You see, something has happened, something that concerns you as well as me—that is, it concerns Dave, or it would if he were alive and I think somehow you would want it to concern you. I thought I could manage this by myself—but it seems I can't . . . I—look, I can't talk to you on the telephone, it's all very involved. I really have to see you—and I'm at a hotel, and it's horribly expensive and I have very little money. I can't stay here more than another day, not possibly. Well," she said, and now she had run completely out of breath, "are you coming or aren't you?"

"Yes," he said, "I'm coming. I'll try to fly down but if I can't get a plane reservation I'll be down on the night train. What hotel? . . . Oh. All right, I'll get in touch with you as soon as I arrive."

He hung up then without saying goodby and turned and walked out of the freight office. When he stepped out onto the platform he saw Lida Whipple, sitting in her gray roadster, talking to Clarence Jones.

He walked toward her, and Clarence went back to the truck. Lida waited until he had come quite up to her and then she smiled and said, "Hello, darling. You can't escape Ella Wells. I tried to get you on the telephone, too, but she said you were down here loading phosphate, so down I came. You see I was determined not to let another day go by without . . ."

Her voice thinned out and then



"How long do you intend holding me to that stupid, love-sick promise I made in 1942?"

COLLIER'S

KIRK

Did my ears prick up when I heard that!

. . . and whose wouldn't? My Bob and that man with the briefcase were having such a serious discussion . . . (they were talking about me).

"My wife's about 24," Bob was saying.

"Then she has many happy years ahead," the stranger replied. "Have you considered the income she would need for clothing, food and shelter, if she had to manage alone?"

"Yes, but she *could* get a job," Bob said, "and what about Social Security?"

"Her Social Security benefits would be suspended, if her job paid more than $15 monthly. And Social Security alone would pay her only $50 to $60 a month."

I really had my ears well forward by this time. Imagine raising and educating my son on $50 a month! Why . . . but now he was explaining how something called "Insured Income" Service could change all that. I didn't miss a single word.

It seems "Insured Income" Service is a new Mutual Life method of teaming up Social Security with life insurance, to assure maximum benefits from both. A program we could afford right now would take care of little Jimmie and me, even if something happened to Bob. And if all went well, Bob and I would have an income for our retirement years.

Believe me, I lost no time getting into the living room when Bob called me. I knew we were both interested in what that Mutual Life representative had to offer.

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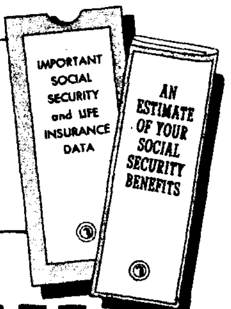
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stopped altogether. He wasn't really listening to her at all; he was standing there, looking at her but he wasn't listening to her.

"What is it?" she said. "What's wrong? Your telephone call—is something wrong, Ridge?"

"No," he said, "that is, I don't know. I'm not sure. But I have to go to Boston. I'm going to fly down if possible—"

"Damn!" said Lida softly. "I was going to ask myself out to the farm to dinner tonight. How long will you be gone, Ridge?" She had wanted to call him darling again but when you loved anyone as much as she loved Ridge Holbrook you learned to ration yourself about things like that, to hold back, to keep your hands, for instance, taut on the wheel, instead of letting them reach out and touch him as they wanted to do, as they *ached* to do . . .

"How long? I don't know. I'll probably come back tomorrow night. I haven't any idea."

Lida was a nice girl, a swell girl, really, and he'd been treating her abominably ever since he'd returned from Europe, six months ago. He'd have to snap out of it, pull himself together and do something about it, about her, about *them*—either ask her to marry him or get out and let someone else marry her. She was too nice a girl to leave dangling like this—but he wished she had chosen some other time to seek him out . . .

COLLIER'S
JOHN RUGE

"*No idea?* But you—"

"It all depends on what I run into," said Ridge impatiently.

But he knew what he was going to find when he got there, didn't he? The only thing he didn't know was what he was going to do about it.

DORCAS stepped out of the elevator wearing a suit the same silvery-green color as the underside of a beech leaf and a little round-necked white blouse; there was that same sparkling clean, untouched look about her that there had been that other day, that day in her apartment in New York. Ridge discarded the cigarette he had just lighted and walked quickly toward her. They met halfway across the lobby and she spoke first, just as she had that other time.

She said, "I didn't really expect you until tomorrow."

She didn't offer to shake hands and neither did he. For a moment they continued to stand there, facing each other a little awkwardly, and then she said, "Would you like a cocktail? If you would, we could go in the bar—"

He said he would like a cocktail very much, thinking they were both going to need not one but several.

They went into the bar, and an elderly waiter, who walked as if his feet hurt him, led them to a corner table, took their order and departed.

"I hope," she said, moving a dish of peanuts about nervously with slim, ringless fingers, "that it wasn't too inconvenient—your coming down here—"

"Of course it was inconvenient," he said, making no pretense of friendliness. "I'm damned busy at this time of year—any farmer is—and it was definitely inconvenient for me to leave. However, I gathered from your telephone conversation that it was fairly urgent that I come."

"Yes," she said.

She stopped playing with the dish of peanuts, took a fresh pack of cigarettes from her purse, tore it open, put one between her lips.

He waited. He'd be damned if he'd help her, if he'd lift a finger to make it easy for her. He thought he knew what she was going to tell him, but she'd have to sit there and say it without any help from him. She'd had her fun, played this game of hers exactly as she'd wanted to right from the start—now let her sweat a bit. Now you had only to look at her to see that all that fine young self-assurance she had had that day in her apartment had been knocked higher than a kite.

And then quite suddenly her extreme nervousness seemed to leave her completely. She looked at him and said quite calmly, in an absurdly unemotional voice, as if she were stating any irrelevant, unimportant fact, "I am two months pregnant."

"Really?" he said.

Dear God, she thought, *how he must hate me*—to be able to sit there and smile at me like that! Well, I can't stop now, I've got to go on, he's my only hope . . .

"I went to a doctor in New York. He undertook to—advise me. But I told him I wasn't interested—"

"Wasn't that rather highhanded of you? I mean, it's the logical solution, isn't it?"

"Not for me, it isn't. I gave up my job and sublet my apartment to a girl at the office and two days ago I came back to Boston. I thought, you see, that my Aunt Hildegarde would help me."

"You mean—she won't?"

"Yes," she said, "and no."

"Don't quibble—she either will or she won't."

"Very well"—she took a deep, painful breath—"she will. But only on one condition. It happens to be a condition I can't accept: she will help me only if I agree, as soon as the baby is born, to turn it over to a foundling home for adoption. . . ."

"Am I to infer," said Ridge, "that for some reason known only to yourself and possibly God, you don't want to do this?"

"You are to infer exactly that." Suddenly she didn't care. Suddenly it was too much trouble to move carefully.

TODAY IS
MEATLESS
TUESDAY
SAVE FOOD !

What if she did antagonize him? He was determined to make the whole thing as hard for her as he possibly could anyhow.

"This is my baby," she said, "and I am not only going to have it—once it is born I am going to keep it and take care of it."

He saw she meant it, and stared at her, shocked at last out of his hard shell of casualness. "But you can't—you—damnation, it wouldn't *work*—"

"Whose baby is this?" she demanded coldly. "Yours or mine?"

"It's yours," he admitted angrily, "but it's Dave's, too. That is," he said, "I suppose it's Dave's—"

SHE held his gaze steadily for a full moment. Then she said, "It's Dave's, all right. You can take my word for that. That's why I sent for you, Ridge. If I'm going to keep this baby, I'm going to need help, and except for Aunt Hildegarde, you are the only person I have any sort of right to turn to."

She had the outrageous effrontery to sit there and feel that she had any right to turn to him, Ridge, for anything! She must know how he felt about her, how intensely he disliked her, how bitterly he resented her.

"Just what," he asked grimly, "do you want me to do? I gather you do want me to do something?"

"Of course I want you to do something," she said almost crossly. "Otherwise I wouldn't have asked you to come down here." She said then, "I want you to lend me some money. Quite a lot of money. I think Ben Graves will give me back my job and I'll be able to work for another two months or so but after that there will be a long time when I won't be able to. I have a small income from some life insurance my father left, but it's not nearly enough to pay my expenses and the baby's until I can start earning money again. I will need at least a hundred and fifty dollars a month for at least six months. That is—"

"Nine hundred dollars," said Ridge.

"Yes. It's a lot of money," she admitted honestly, "and it's only fair to warn you that it will be some time before I'm able to pay you back."

"Nevertheless," said Ridge, "you think I will give it to you?"

"Yes," she said, "I think you will give it to me. I think you will give it to me because you know Dave would want you to—because however you may feel about me, however much you dislike me, this child is his child as well as mine." She said then, "Dave is dead and if this baby isn't allowed to be born, nothing of him

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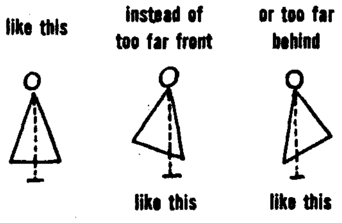

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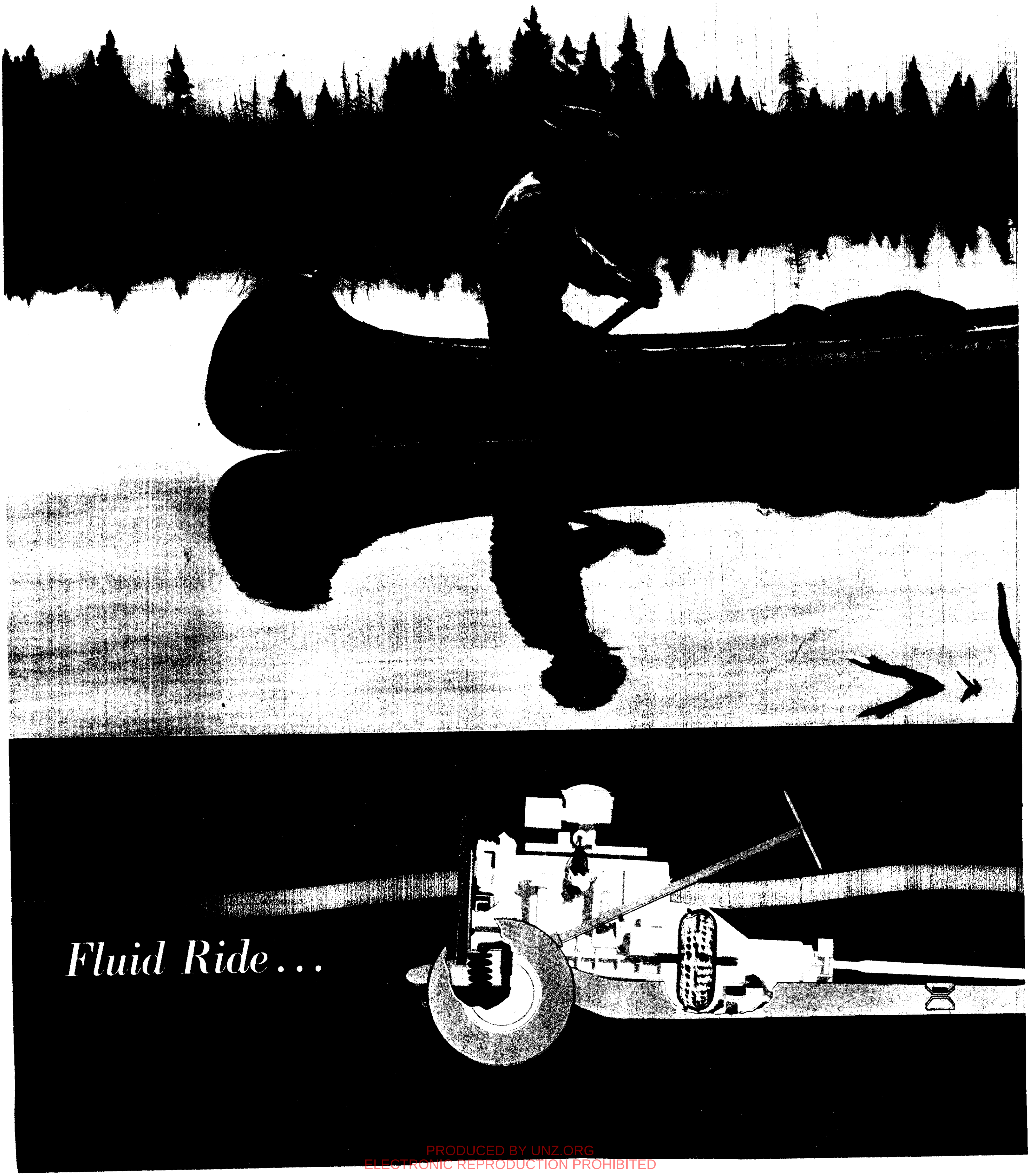
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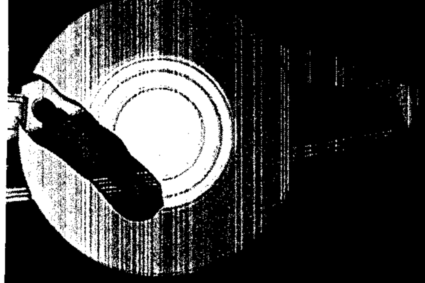

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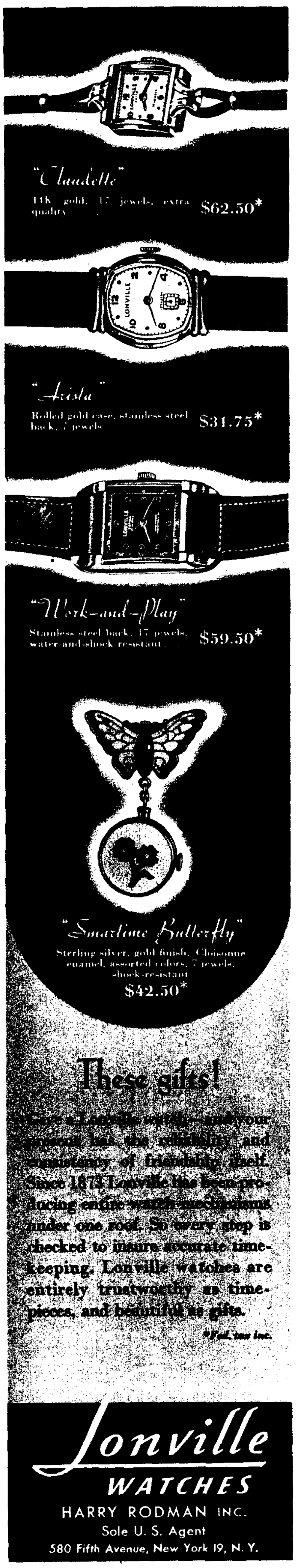
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will remain on this earth, *nothing,* and that to me seems quite horrible."

"And yet," said Ridge, the knuckles of his clenched hands showing white through their summer's tan, "you didn't love him—"

"I never said I didn't love him," she protested quickly; "I said I didn't love him enough to marry him."

There they were, thought Ridge angrily, right back at that old impasse. Didn't she know that there was a seven-letter word for children whose mothers for one reason or another allowed them to be born out of wedlock?

"Look," he said, "your aunt is right. You can't possibly keep this child."

"I'm sorry," she said, her mouth tightening stubbornly, "I can't possibly give it up." She said then, "I have never done anything I thought was either wicked or shameful in my life. Maybe it was terribly wrong—Dave and me. I'm simply saying that I didn't feel it was. If I had I wouldn't have done it. But if I were to have this child, and then turn my back on it, leave it to strangers to bring up, I would never be able to live with myself again."

HE STARED at her, his face a strange mixture of anger, impatience and reluctant admiration. She was being young, obstinate and infuriatingly impractical. It was this same single-track, misguided individualism which had undoubtedly landed her in this impossible situation in the first place.

Well, she'd convinced him of one thing—she hadn't gone into that affair with Dave heedlessly, just for the excitement of the moment. But if she had a code of ethics, why did she have to have one which operated in such a completely cockeyed fashion?

"Look," he said, "do you realize what you are doing? Do you realize that you are proposing to bring up a child, a child who will sooner or later have to know that it is illegitimate, that it hasn't even a legal right to its father's name?"

At last he had been able to break down her defenses. He saw the blood drain out of her face, leaving it white and pinched-looking; he saw her mouth go thin and bleak. She picked up her Martini, which until now she had ignored, and drank some of it quickly. "I've thought of that," she said. "Don't think I haven't—"

"Well," he said, "you'd better think about it. You'd better think about it long and hard."

"I'll make up for—for that part of it in other ways. I'll dedicate my life to being a good mother, and in the end it won't make any difference—"

"Do you honestly believe that?"

"No," she said, "no, I don't. Damn you, leave me alone, will you? Stop torturing me! Don't you see," she said, "I won't be talked out of this—I tell you, *I won't be!* Your arguments sound right—but they're not right, not really."

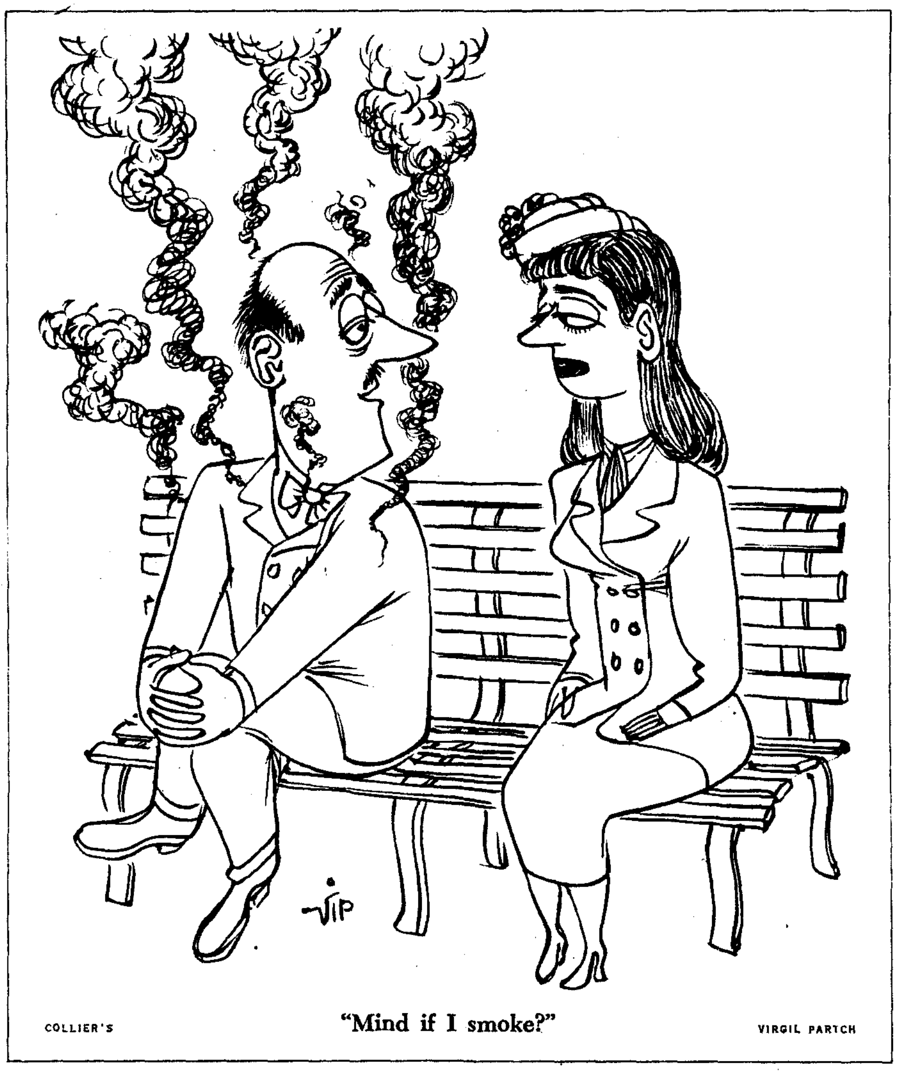
She was crying now, tears running shamelessly down her face, falling onto her clenched hands; people were staring at her, wondering what was wrong, wondering what the thin, dark young man with her had said to upset her so; maybe he was telling her that he didn't love her any more.

She stopped crying, dried her eyes on a sheer monogrammed handkerchief, one of a dozen Dave had given her for her birthday.

All around her people relaxed visibly. There, that was better. There wasn't going to be a scene after all . . .

"It's no use," she said, "I've made up my mind. Dave is dead but this child isn't. I'm sorry it won't ever have a legal right to its father's name but there is nothing I can do about that—that is, there is nothing I can do about it now that Dave it dead."

"Yes," said Ridge, "there is something you can do." For a moment he paused and then he said, speaking very distinctly but without any particular emotional emphasis, "You can marry me. My name is Holbrook, too, you know."



COLLIER'S "Mind if I smoke?" VIRGIL PARTCH

For a moment she simply sat there, her eyes widening and darkening and her first thought, oddly enough, was: Whatever happens I mustn't faint again. It would be too embarrassing for him, and I have already caused him enough trouble and inconvenience as it is.

Then at the thought of how much trouble and inconvenience she would cause him if she allowed him to go ahead and do this fantastic thing he had just suggested, the whole situation struck her as unbearably funny and she began to laugh, softly, hysterically . . .

He stared at her, his eyes outraged. What the hell was the matter with her *now?* Didn't she ever have a normal, *decent* reaction to anything? If she had started to cry again he could have understood it—could even have felt a certain compassion, a certain pity for her . . .

"Go ahead and laugh," he said coldly; "it's reassuring to see that you have a sense of humor, even if it is slightly perverted."

"I'm sorry," she said, her face sobering quickly. "I didn't mean to laugh—and I wasn't laughing at what you thought I was laughing at at all. I mean I wasn't laughing at you—"

"Thanks," he said dryly.

"No. It just struck me as unbearably funny—you don't even like me, you despise me, really, and yet you are willing to marry me to make an honest woman out of me—"

"On the contrary," he informed her coldly, "I have no interest in you one way or the other. But as you have pointed out, not once but several times during this conversation, this child is not only yours, it is Dave's. I don't propose to let any child of his go through life without a name when, by marrying you, I can give him the name he normally would have had except for your damn'-fool stubbornness—"

"I don't have to marry you, you know," she warned him softly.

"But deep down inside of you, you know that marrying me is the only way you can square yourself, not only with this child but with Dave. No," he said, "you won't run out on me. If I can get a special license, and I think I can, you'll marry me not later than tomorrow and go back to Vermont with me not later than tomorrow afternoon—"

And in the end, of course, that was exactly what happened.

Not that she gave in right away. She didn't. She held out desperately while they sat there and drank another Martini. She held out slightly less desperately all through dinner.

"You don't even like me, it would be an impossible, a *shocking* sort of marriage—"

She said things like this, her face white and anguished, her fingers shredding a cigarette to bits, and he said, "It's the baby we have to think of now. Let's think of it constructively. None of this is the child's fault—there's no reason why it should be made to suffer."

In the end it was his argument about the baby not being made to suffer which broke her down, made all her own arguments seem selfish, flimsy and insubstantial.

SO FINALLY, completely exhausted, not really caring much one way or the other, caught up in a strange feeling of inevitability, she gave in and he left her and went off to telephone some friend of his, some man he'd known in France, about a special license. This man had a father who was fairly important down at City Hall. If anyone could help them out he could . . .

Wouldn't it be better, she wondered, to get up and run out of here while she still could? How could anything that had ever started out to be so gay and generous and uncomplicated have ended up like this?

He left her sitting there for almost half an hour and just as she was beginning to wonder if perhaps *he* had walked straight out of the hotel and gone back to Vermont, she saw him coming toward her and she knew at once from the expression

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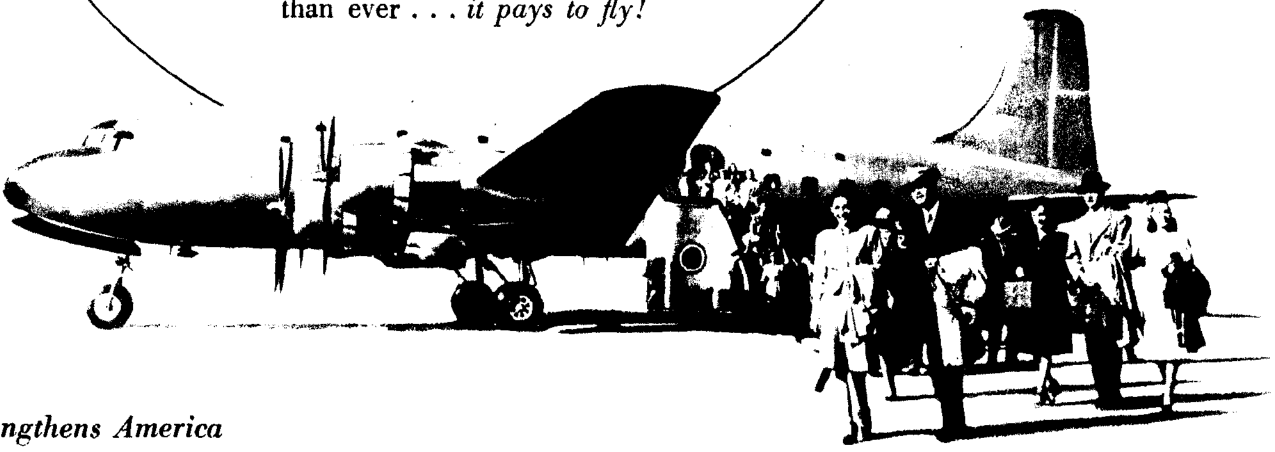
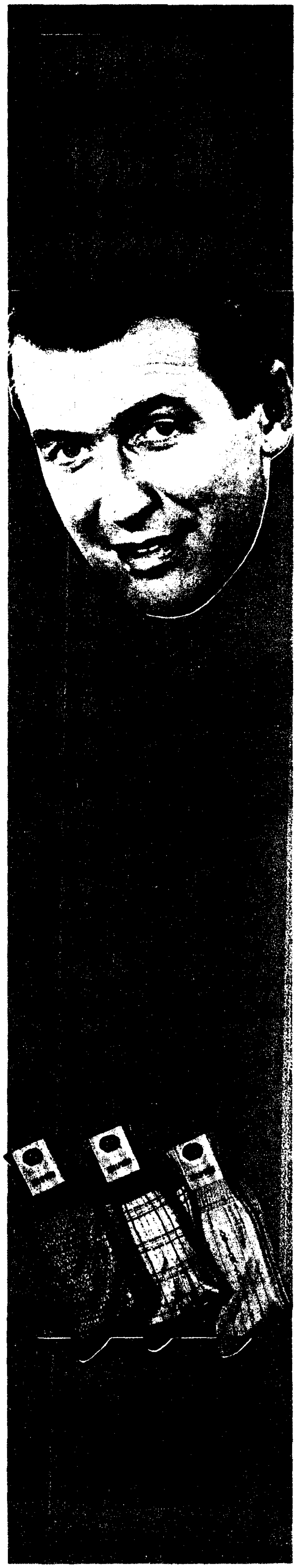


Air Transportation Strengthens America

THE SCHEDULED AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES



on his face that his conversation had been successful.

He sat down beside her and said, "Bill seems to think that he can fix us up. I told him we planned to get married at Christmastime, but that you had had a hell of a row with your aunt and walked out. I explained that I had to get back to the farm and couldn't hang around town for long. He said he'd see what his old man could do, and I think they'll come through all right."

He broke off abruptly and, as if aware of her for the first time in any intimate, personal sense, said, "You look frightful. Absolutely sunk. You'd better get upstairs and try to get some sleep."

He called her at exactly nine fifteen the next morning and asked her if she could meet him right away at a certain hospital. He'd forgotten about the blood tests, but if she could get over there right away they'd rush them through.

She took a cab and met him at the hospital, and four hours later they stood up in front of a bored-looking individual in a wrinkled alpaca coat and were swiftly but very legally married.

LATER, in a cab, Dorcas, a little outraged that a marriage service which had always seemed so particularly beautiful to her could be so emasculated and corrupted, said, "I thought it would take longer. I can't believe we're really married—"

"Oh, we're married, all right," Ridge assured her, smiling at her a little grimly. "If you don't believe it just try to get out of it without good and sufficient reason. . . ."

Dorcas stared at him. But of course someday she would have to get out of it. It was ridiculous to suppose that they were going to spend the rest of their lives together, disliking each other intensely, resenting every minute they had to spend in each other's company. She realized she didn't actually dislike Ridge at all; she was grateful to him—but he disliked her.

Well, if their positions were reversed she supposed she'd feel the same way. After all, it couldn't be much fun having a strange girl come barging into your life upsetting everything. If it were going to be embarrassing for her to show up in Readsville, Vermont, newly married to Ridge, it was going to be a thousand times more embarrassing for him. Just how was he going to explain her to Ella Wells, for instance? To his hired hands on the farm? To his friends in town? And supposing, just to make it all a little more difficult and complicated, supposing there was some girl, some girl he was fond of, *some girl who was fond of him* . . .

"Ridge," she said, deciding to ask him straight out, because it would be too awful not to know, "you've never said anything about a girl—but you must have one. You're—well, more than reasonably attractive—"

"Come, come, Mrs. Holbrook, you embarrass me. After all, we scarcely know each other . . ."

"No," she said, "seriously, there must be someone, someone who—"

"Someone, shall we say, who will be upset by my suddenly having acquired a wife?" He was smiling at her, his eyes and mouth frankly mocking.

"Yes."

"Well, as a matter of fact, there is. Her name is Lida Whipple, and if you hadn't called me yesterday just when you did I should undoubtedly have had dinner with her last night instead of with you." He paused for a moment and then added quite deliberately, "As a matter of fact, I might even have asked her to marry me."

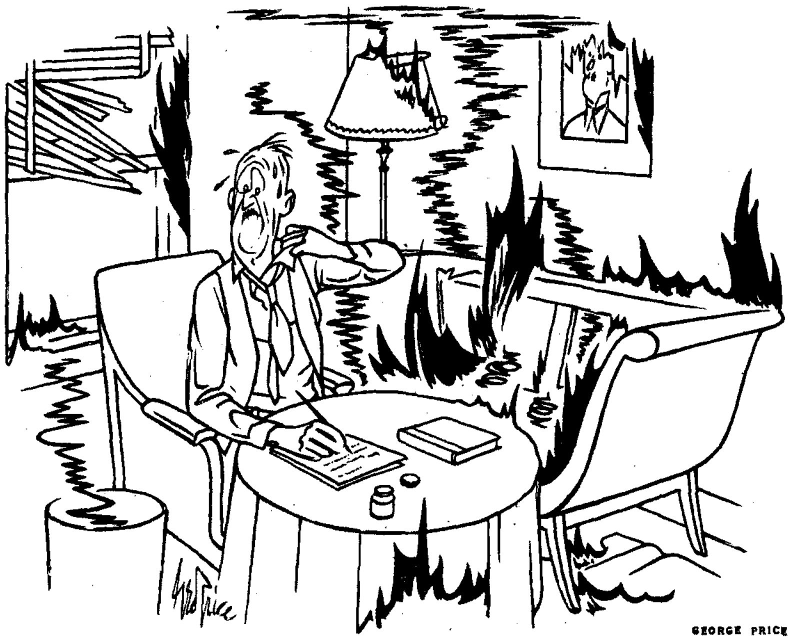
"You mean—" She was staring at him, her eyelids pulled wide apart, her eyes mutely, honestly horrified. "Surely you wouldn't be such an altruistic fool, Ridge. You wouldn't put yourself in such an impossible position—or her—or me. If you have done this, Ridge, I swear I will never forgive you, *never*. . . .

"Skip it," he said abruptly, interrupting her thoughts. "I was just kidding you. Lida Whipple's just an attractive girl, but if I had wanted to marry her, I would have done so years ago."

Saying this he almost believed it. Almost but not quite. Hadn't he always meant, eventually, to marry Lida Whipple? Yes, of course he had.

He honestly didn't know why he'd side-stepped the issue so long. All he knew was that now it was damned lucky for everyone concerned that he had. Even as it was, he didn't look forward to their first meeting. Lida could be a difficult girl, and she wasn't going to like his coming home like this with a brand-new wife. She wasn't, Ridge told himself bleakly, going to like it at all. . . .

(To be continued next week)



GEORGE PRICE

A resident of the Borough of Queens reports that Engine Company 302, in South Ozone Park, recently responded to an alarm which he sent in by mail—News Item

TAKE A LETTER

Chief Stuart M. Potter
Central Fire House
Greenwich, Conn.

My dear Chief:

How are things down at the firehouse? Long time no see. I'll never forget the time Henry Crawford tossed four ringers in succession.

Say, there's a little situation here at my house you and the boys might be willing to give me a hand with if you're not too busy. It seems I must have flipped a match into the scrap basket a little while back and set fire to some wastepaper. Anyway, the first thing I knew the curtains were on fire and, in less time than it takes to tell, the window frame and couch were blazing like sixty. Well, the smoke and flame gave me the idea of dropping you a short line in the hope that you and the boys wouldn't mind dropping out this way with a chemical wagon.

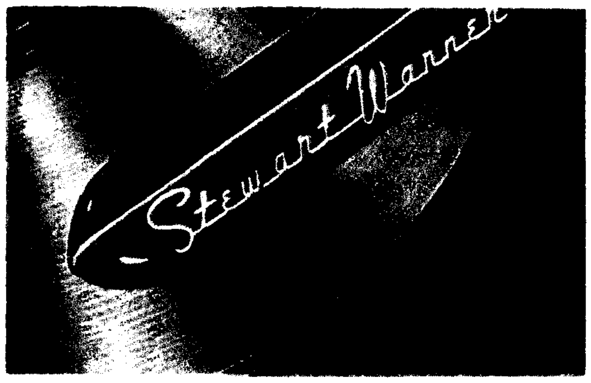
The best way to get here is out Mason Street to Putnam Avenue, turn right on Putnam and go due east until you get to North, then out North about three miles until you reach Clapboard Ridge Road. Turn left and go about a quarter of a mile until you come to the traffic circle at the bottom of the hill. My house is that small white job set back from the road. You'll recognize it. Just a minute while I move into a cooler room.

I suggested a chemical wagon but on second thought I guess you'd better make it a chemical wagon and a pumper. There's a hydrant in front of the Herzogs' house which is right next door to where I live. You'll need—oh, say about 150 to 175 feet of hose. I have a hunch the roof has caught so you'd better bring a couple of ladders just in case.

By George, the trouble I just had getting hold of a three-cent stamp! I dipped my handkerchief in water, tied it around my face and wriggled into the library on my stomach. My first attempt ended in a blind alley under the divan. On my next foray I finally located the desk and, after groping around blindly in a hot drawer, came up with the object of my search—slightly singed but, I trust, passable. If there's anything more nauseating than smoldering rugs, sofa pillows and leather-bound books I hope I never run across it.

Well, I guess I'd better bring this to a close if I want to catch the next delivery. As I say, I'll appreciate it if you and the boys will run out here with a little equipment. Maybe you better make it a chemical wagon, two pumpers and a hook and ladder.

Hoping to see you in the very near future and with kindest regards, I am,
Yours truly, Jack Cluett



NO NEEDLE NOISES! New Stewart-Warner Electro-Hush Reproducer banishes mechanical noises you *don't* want to hear . . . gives you only what's on the record.

NO DAMAGED RECORDS! New Electro-Hush Reproducer, with unbreakable Dura-point that *retracts*, can be dropped on record without harm. Won't scratch!

NO CHANGER TROUBLES! Swift, silent automatic record changer. Even when playing or changing records, mechanism can't be harmed if tone arm is held!

Listen for the remarkable difference . . . in the

New Stewart-Warner

Radio-Phonographs with Strobo-Sonic Tone

Beautiful performance is yours—*both* radio and record—no matter which of these new Stewart-Warner sets you choose! All give you the new Electro-Hush Reproducer . . . the famous built-in Radair Antenna . . . the radiant, true-life beauty of Strobo-Sonic Tone.

Fine hand-rubbed cabinets, period and modern, are handsomely *style-proportioned* to blend with every decorative scheme.

Hear your choice of these 1948 sets . . . at your Stewart-Warner dealer's . . . today!

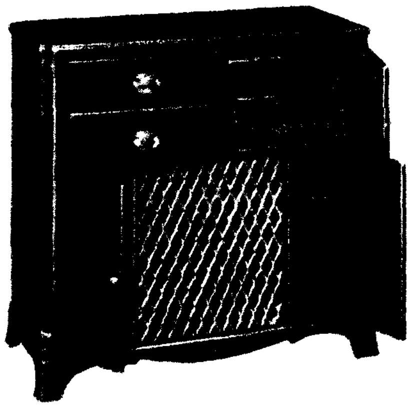
A Model for Every Purpose
—A Radio for Every Room

Stewart-Warner

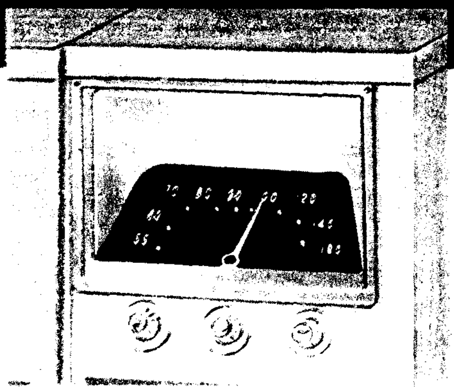
AM Radios FM • Radio-Phonographs • Television

CHICAGO 14 ILLINOIS

THE NEW MINSTREL, (*right*) rich, contrasting walnut, expressed in a handsome contemporary design. AM radio and phonograph with standard record changer. 34" high, 23¾" wide, 16" deep.

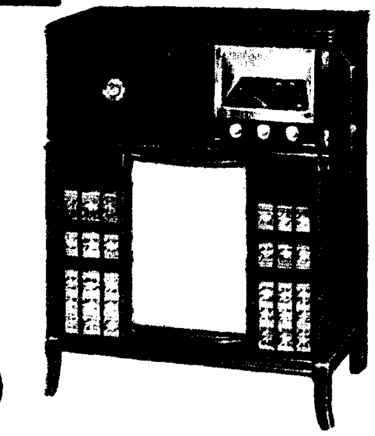


THE INTERPRETER, (*above*) Smart, modern. AM radio and phonograph with intermix automatic record changer. 34" high, 26½" wide, 15⅝" deep.



SHADOW-BOX DIAL

glows like a little lighted stage—see it clearly from all angles. The first major improvement in radio design in 15 years . . . smooth, accurate!

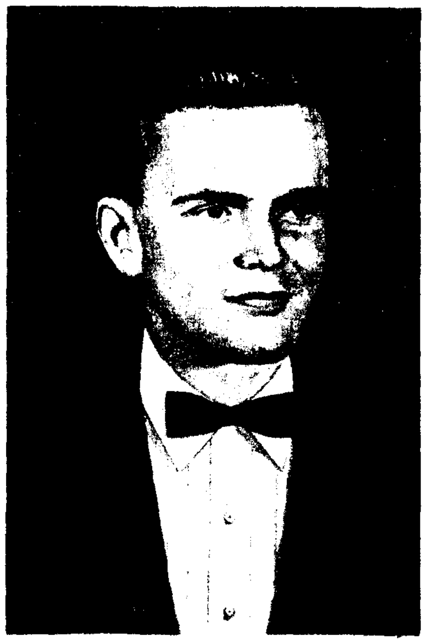


THE ALLEGRO, (*left*) period piece in the 18th century manner; dark mahogany with bronze grille. AM radio and phonograph with standard record changer. 33¾" high, 26¾" wide, 16" deep.

THE MUSIDORA, (*left*) old-world mahogany. FM and AM radio and phonograph with automatic intermix record changer. 34" high, 34½" wide, 16½" deep.

America's favorite "after-dark" shirts are back!

• These wonderful Arrow Dress Shirts are just as comfortable (well, *almost!*) as the handsome Arrows you wear by day! And they're ALL Sanforized-labeled. *No fabric shrinkage over 1%!*

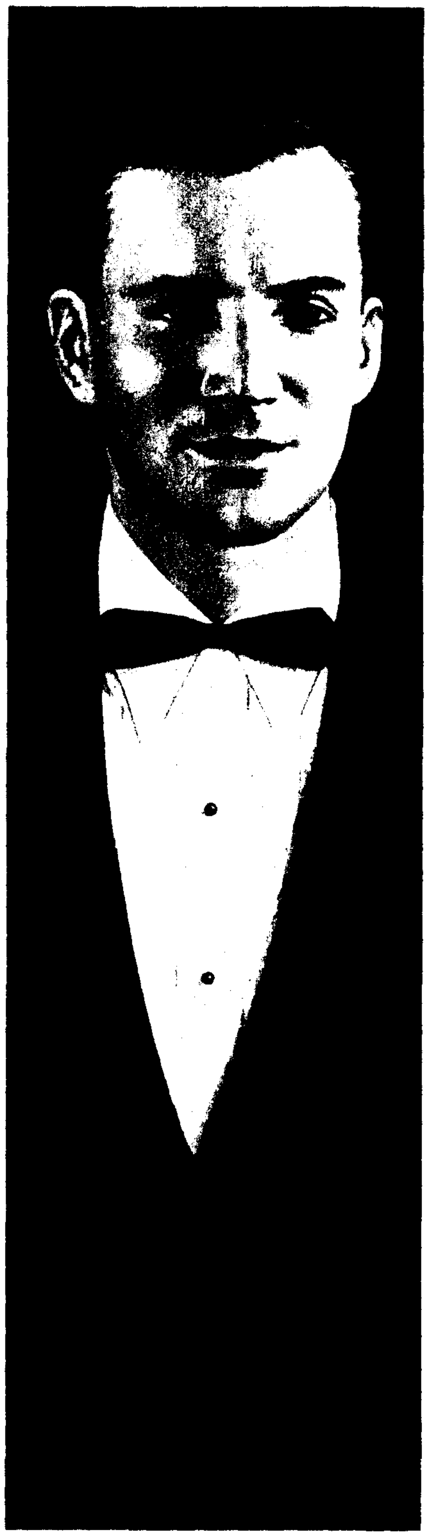


Arrow *Shoreham*

Probably Arrow's most popular dress shirt, with semi-starched pleated bosom and turn-down collar, attached. $5.00

Arrow *Kirk*

A long-time favorite for very formal affairs. Fully starched, with fancy piqué bosom and cuffs. A two-stud, neck-band style. $5.00



Arrow *Nassau*

A new, soft, pleated, collar-attached Dress Shirt. Soft collar with long points—collar slightly sloped for comfort. Two knife pleats on each side of center pleat. $5.00. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

LOOK FOR THE ARROW TRADE-MARK

ARROW SHIRTS

SIDETRACK TO PALESTINE

Continued from page 23

an army tent where seven other people were already living—two other couples, an old woman from Riga, and two young unmarried girls. There were four cots in the tent; five people would sleep on the ground.

Toba noticed the sides of their tent had been slashed off; she asked why. "Somebody needed a jacket," the old woman said. The Jews knew this destruction made the shortage of tents even more serious, but many of the men had no more than a couple of shirts and a truncated pair of trousers to their names, and if a woman had a change of underthings it was sheer luxury—despite the extra clothing which the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, Incorporated, a relief agency, distributed. Besides they seemed to find something diabolically satisfying about attacking the very fabric of this hated place even though it would seem folly when winter came.

Moshe and Toba were given one corner of the tent. They placed the plates and kitchenware they had just been issued on a box. There was no furniture. A tent pole was adorned with a soiled snapshot of the old woman's daughter, who had been burned at Treblinka, one anonymous stick of kindling in a human woodpile. It could have been worse, the tent. Some of them held 12, and the larger Nissen huts from 16 to 20. For six months, eight months, perhaps longer than a year, this canopied square of ground, no bigger than a corncrib, would be home for nine people.

As Moshe went out to survey the camp, his eye was caught by a crudely lettered sign on a latrine wall. "Is this British Socialism?" it read. There was, he learned, one unpartitioned 10-hole outhouse for every 200 persons, separately designated for men and women. The stink was overwhelming.

Gradually, he and Toba found that the day began at five and ticked itself off into nothingness, filled with petty, manufactured urgencies. There was the letter to write to Uncle Eliav in Tel Aviv. The coming of the water truck. The incoming mail—delayed for weeks by censorship. Bartering the issue of five cigarettes a day. Sometimes a soccer game on cooler evenings. And the rumors. "They say the Irgun blew up another troop train last night." "Smul is sure his brother will be on the next ship from Italy." "There will be 4,000, perhaps 5,000 aboard." "Is the United Nations committee coming?" "Bevin is not going to America."

The business of eating became utterly mechanical. In the communal kitchens—some serving as many as 130 persons—the meals were prepared three times a day. There were soup, potatoes, oatmeal, dried milk, dried eggs, sometimes meat, but the people did not always come. Perspiring men and women stood in the blackened windowless cook shacks and stirred the pots. The sour smell of sweat clung to the kitchens and was harbored in the mounds of garbage outside. The odor permeated the skin and lingered.

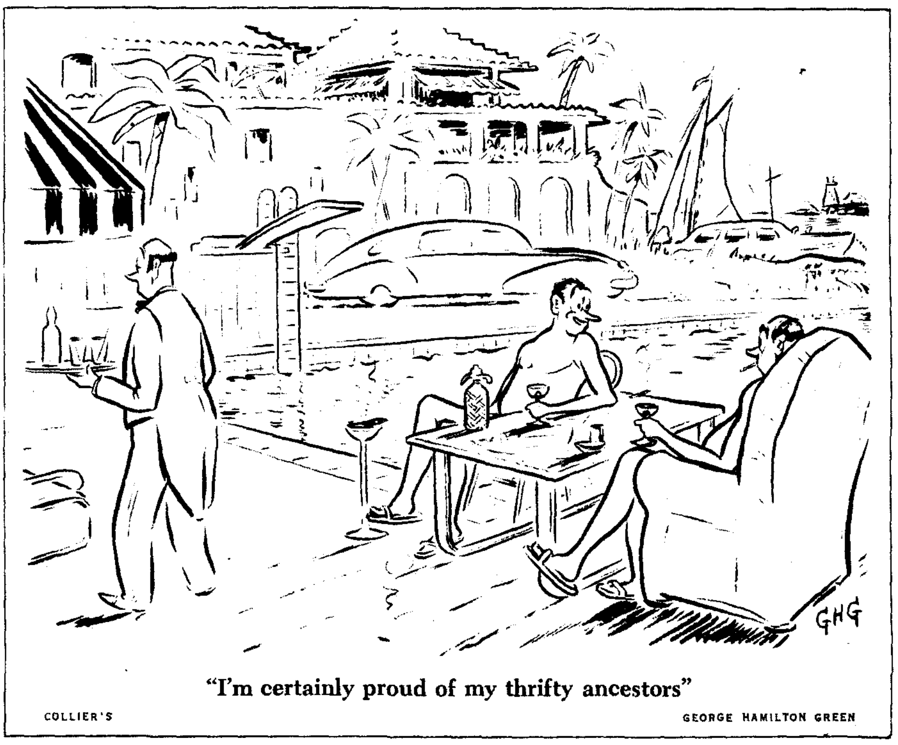
The water ration repeatedly failed to stretch to the allotted four gallons per person a day. For administration and security, Caraolos had been divided into four camps, Xylotimbu into five. The sections were disciplined and clean, or cluttered with debris and restive with defiance, depending on the temperaments of the British officers in charge and the Jewish civilian committees working under them.

Water Supply Scarce

Number 55, where Moshe and Toba were put, was bad. After weeks in the tent, Moshe hated himself for his daily battle for the water, but that was what life had become. Parts of Xylotimbu had storage tanks, but that was not very satisfactory either, because somebody was always stealing water from a leak in the pipes—or making leaks to steal from. Once a nine-year-old girl was missed at supper. She was found guarding a new hole she had discovered in a pipe.

There were a few communal washhouses, shacks with two taps on the wall, hip-high. For an hour in the morning, two in the evening, the water ran through the pipes. As each person's turn came in the queue, he crouched and trotted to the tap, paused for a moment and then was shoved on. By crowding the queue, Moshe could get a shower once in three days. The Mediterranean creaming the shore a few yards away was unbearably inviting but swimming was rigidly restricted under armed guards to prevent escape. At Xylotimbu only the children could go, and the privilege for them had taken months of petitioning. From behind the fences the Jews occasionally could see the German POWs splashing through the surf.

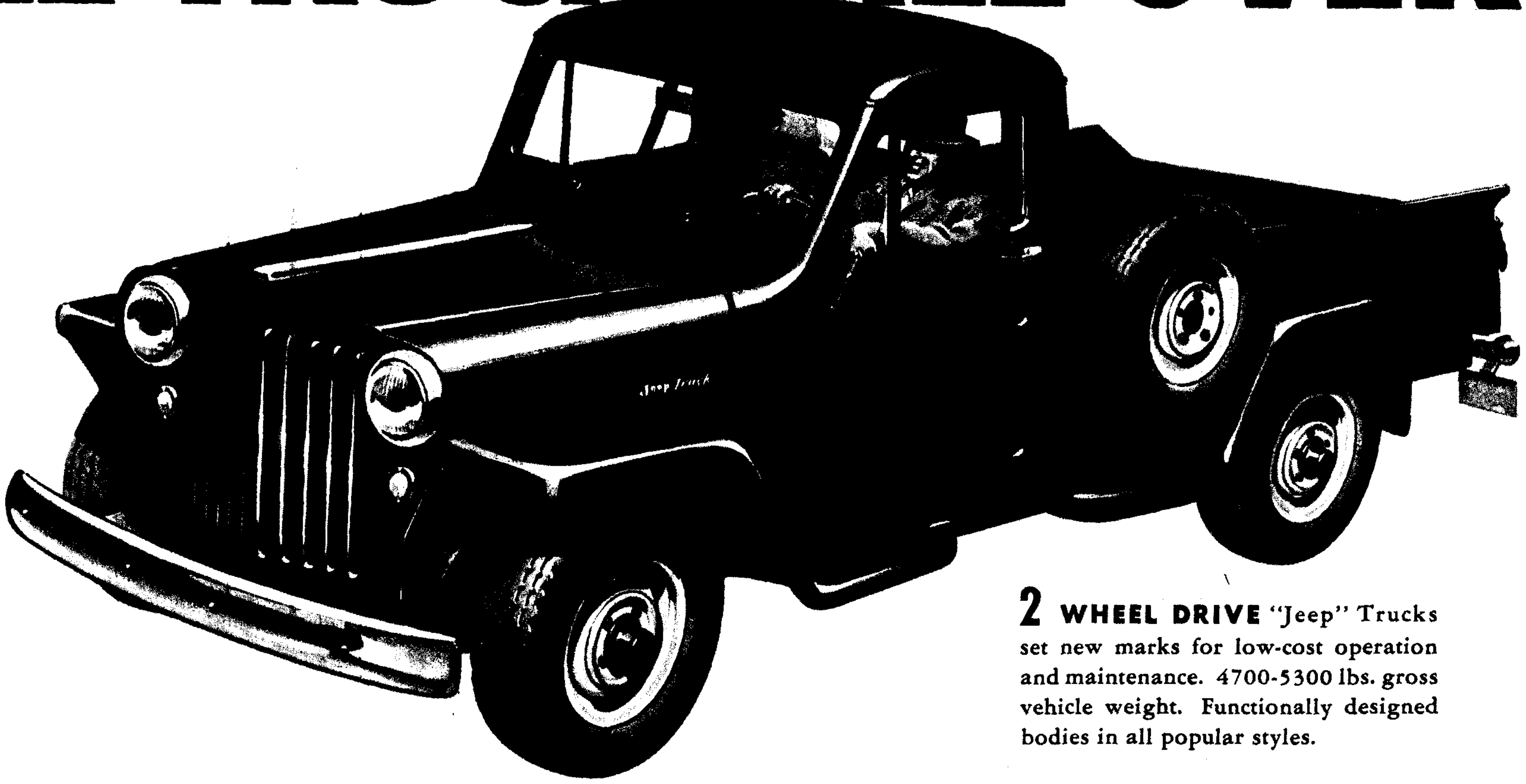
In the inescapable intimacy of the



"I'm certainly proud of my thrifty ancestors"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

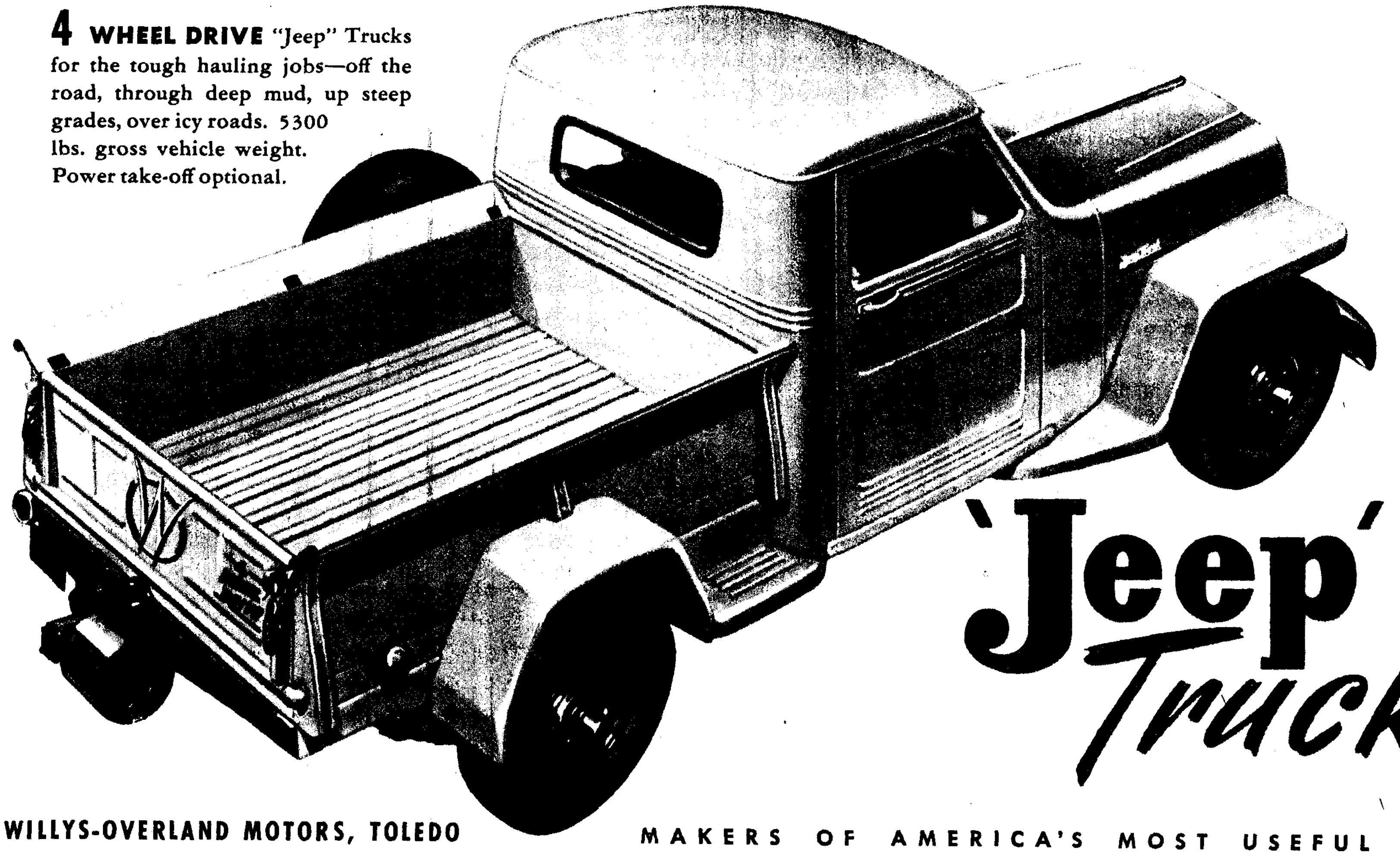
ALL TRUCK...ALL OVER



2 WHEEL DRIVE "Jeep" Trucks set new marks for low-cost operation and maintenance. 4700-5300 lbs. gross vehicle weight. Functionally designed bodies in all popular styles.

These are the trucks that America had a right to expect from Willys-Overland. Built around the world-famous 'Jeep' Engine, they set new standards for performance, economy and sheer engineering excellence.

4 WHEEL DRIVE "Jeep" Trucks for the tough hauling jobs—off the road, through deep mud, up steep grades, over icy roads. 5300 lbs. gross vehicle weight. Power take-off optional.



'Jeep' Trucks

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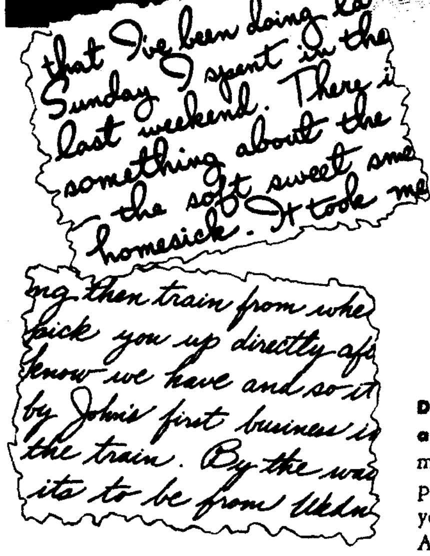
that I've been doing la
Sunday I spent in the
last weekend. There is
something about the
the soft sweet and
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its to be from Ukh

Do you make wide loops on your h's and l's? Then it's a good bet you're sensitive . . . a dreamer . . . you're one to get lucky hunches! We'll wager, too—your being this type—that you'll be plenty strong for a pen with sensitive, watchmaker balance, with dramatically different looks—like the Moore Fingertip Pen. What a pen-point pen! It writes s-m-o-o-t-h-l-y to the gentlest pressure, and comes in swell-looking, he-man colors.

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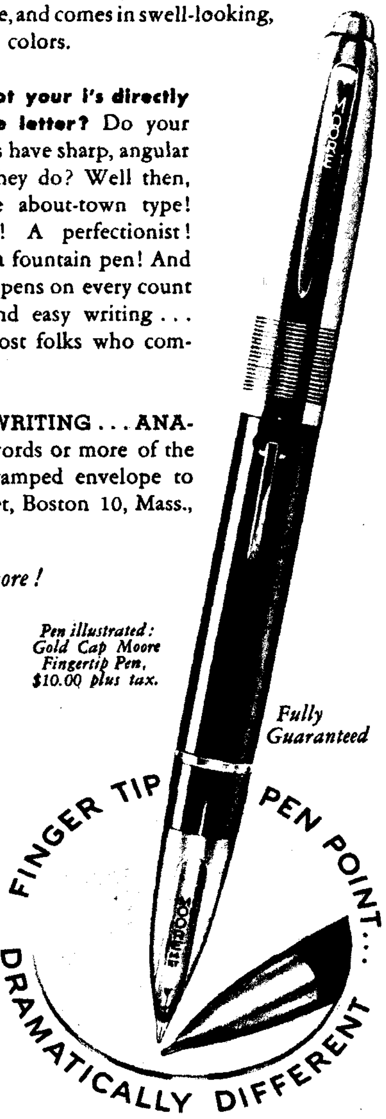

Also ladies' Fingertip models in a range of prices. See this amazing new pen at leading department, jewelry, and stationery stores today!

*TRADEMARK REG'D.

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Manufacturer of fine pens since 1900.

camps, human dignity had begun to decay; Moshe remembered the time he had intruded into a tent, looking for a friend. Four women were sitting on the floor, trying to sew. In a far corner, behind the stifling and impromptu privacy of an army blanket, a man and his wife were seeking love in the only way Cyprus afforded them. The women did not speak but with their eyes they said, "We do not watch: but there is no place else for us to go." And in Xylotimbu one day a girl had asked a relief worker if she could use his kitchen shack that night. "I am getting married this afternoon," she said, "and I'd like to use it for our honeymoon. It is the only place we can be alone."

"We are not starved here," the oldsters often said. "We are not beaten or tortured. But we are prisoners behind barbed wire, with no identity at all. Even the DP camps gave us a vestige of freedom and privacy and an UNRRA card with a name on it. Here even the streets are nameless for nameless people."

Resentful Toward British

"Why do they keep coming then?" a bewildered British major had asked once. "Why don't they be patient and wait?" He knew he might as well ask why a salmon would dash itself to pieces in a river rapids, trying to get upstream at spawning time. "Are you British any better than our Nazi jailers?" a refugee had screamed at him hatefully one day. The next Sunday, his day off, the major spent the whole time driving up and down Cyprus searching for shoes to buy up for the children of his camp.

One day the monthly Cyprus quota for Palestine was cut in half, just a few hours before the 750 were ready to embark. An illegal ship had succeeded in reaching a beach of the Holy Land and it was estimated that upward of 300 Jews had escaped. This cut was the penalty to all. The affected refugees converged on the gate of their camp and demanded to see the commanding officer. Guards ordered them to disperse. They refused. Their protests grew loud and angry. An impetuous young officer ordered the guards to fire. One refugee was killed, five were wounded. The refugees went on a hunger strike for 90 hours.

There was another hunger strike when the Jews failed to receive a reply from their petition to the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine in Jerusalem to visit Cyprus. The acknowledgment of their plea arrived a month later—delayed by censorship.

The soldiers themselves did not invoke the quota cut or the censorship. His Majesty's forces ran the camps as best they could and retired to their bars in the evenings to apply their minds to other matters. "So I try to requisition more beds," an officer once confided to a friend. "I apply to my colonel. He goes to District, and District goes to Cairo, which, apparently, goes to Creech-Jones (head of the Colonial Office in London) and I bloody well wait for my beds."

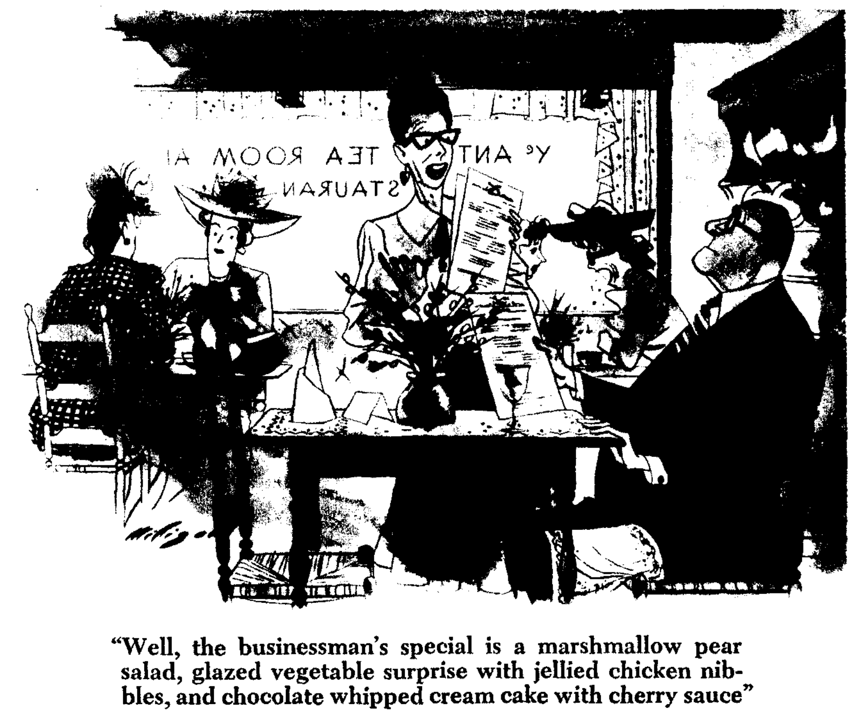
Moshe and Toba soon heard about the grimmest joke on Cyprus: a high, covered, wooden bridge which the British had built for the Jews over two barbed-wire barricades in Xylotimbu so that they could pass from one section of the camp to the other. This quickly became the refugees' Forty-second Street and the pedestrian traffic was endless, but none ever climbed the bridge without an ironic smile. "Do you remember the high bridge the Nazis erected in the Warsaw ghetto so that Jewish footsteps would not soil an Aryan street?" a friend had asked Moshe.

It was arranged for Toba to be taken to Xylotimbu for a prenatal examination. Moshe could not go because ordinary traffic between Caraolos and Xylotimbu was forbidden. This made the separation doubly hard, because when Toba was finally delivered in the Greek hospital in the town of Nicosia, there could be no communication between them. It might be days before Moshe knew about the birth and whether his wife was safe, barring a chance word passed by friends.

In Xylotimbu, Toba went to the main nursery, a whitewashed Nissen hut on a hill, to see what life would be like for her child. Nurses showed her the babies sleeping peacefully in improvised cribs covered with mosquito netting. In a near-by annex there was pandemonium. Anxious mothers and fathers, barefoot and in filthy clothes, crowded the place, ignoring doctors and attendants, hovering over the wizened bodies of their babies. "They are newcomers, off the last ship," a nurse explained. "It will take time to train these parents. So many babies died in Europe or on the journey. They are all they have left and the parents are afraid."

One morning shortly after Toba left Caraolos, a whirlwind of excitement spiraled through Cyprus. A huge steamer had been intercepted by the Royal Navy off Palestine. There were something like 4,500 Jews aboard, the largest number ever to attempt to run the blockade. It was the "Exodus 1947."

Would there be a fight? When would



"Well, the businessman's special is a marshmallow pear salad, glazed vegetable surprise with jellied chicken nibbles, and chocolate whipped cream cake with cherry sauce"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

• *This reproduction was made from a 4 x 5" Ansco Color transparency.*

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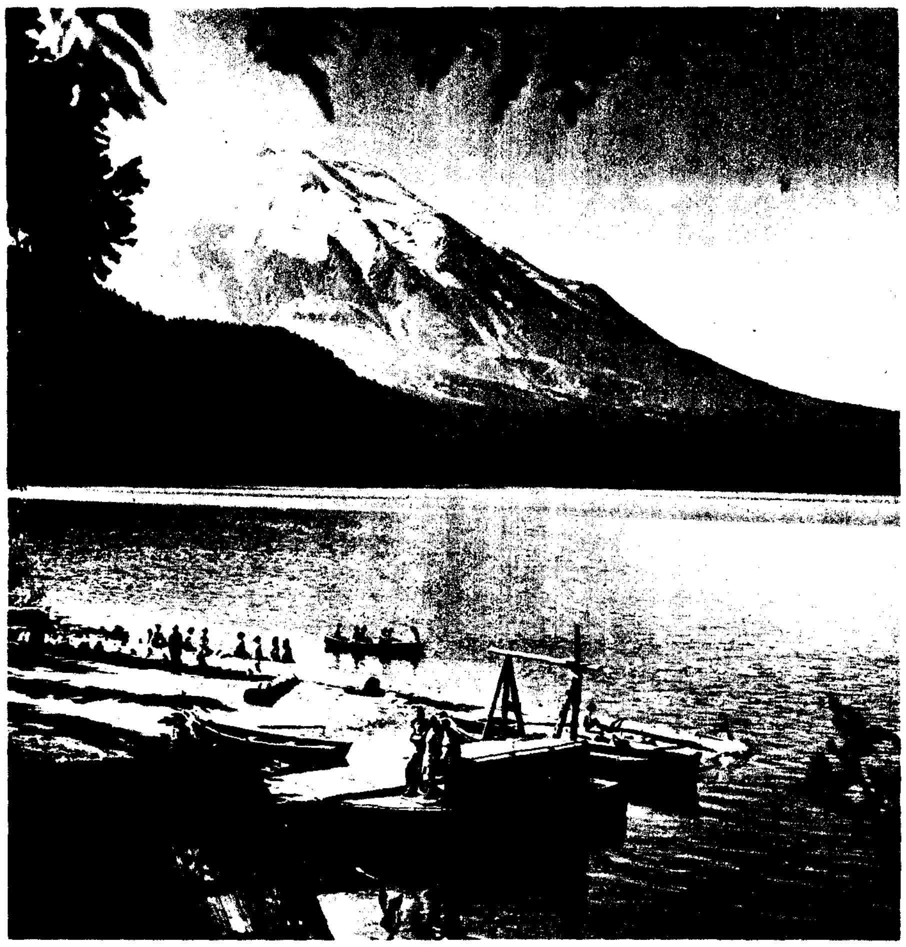

Spirit Lake with Mt. St. Helens (9,671 ft.) in the background.

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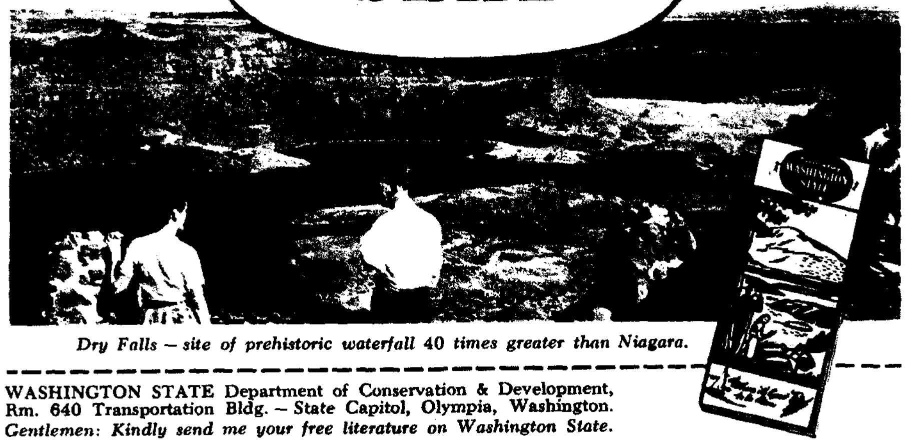

Dry Falls — site of prehistoric waterfall 40 times greater than Niagara.

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....

they be brought to Cyprus? Tomorrow, perhaps. So that was why work had been so rushed on a third campsite. I am sure my uncle is aboard. My sister wrote months ago it would be her turn next. What will this do to the monthly quota to Palestine? Merciful God, if they transfer us as they have been, it will be 1950 before the last of us are gone from here. If only they had been able to make it to shore!

The conversation eddied and swirled under the tent flaps, through the streets. Jews hurried to the barbed-wire barricades and stood waiting in the heat to catch the first glimpse of the new arrivals. A day of waiting stretched to three and longer. Then the staggering news. The British had loaded the Exodus passengers onto three transports and were shipping them all back to Europe. The bannered story in the Palestine Post was tacked up on the camp billboards. Pictures of Zvi, the fifteen-year-old orphan from the Indersdorf camp in Bavaria who had been killed in a boarding fight, were hung up in mourning. The spirits of the refugees were drowned in dejection. Uncle and sister had failed to make it, even this far.

Hungarians Display Ingenuity

With Toba gone, Moshe found a little oasis of companionship in the tent of some neighboring Hungarians. It was the most cheerful place in Caraolos; it seemed impossible that anybody could contrive to give a steaming tent anything of the freshness of a Budapest apartment, but these people had done it. Two girls had festooned the tent with gay paper flowers—made from toilet paper. Somebody else had fashioned stools and a little table (in whose center was placed a tiny spotless lace doily—memento of a prewar home) out of packing crates. Behind the tent was a shower bath—a piece of pipe and a tin can. Beside the doorway there was a patch of sweet peas.

Best of all, the Hungarians had challenged the monotony of endless days with industry. They had built, after the most expert scrounging in Cyprus, a small loom. The women unraveled threads from slashed tent canvas and wove towels and even a tablecloth. Two boys carved dominoes and chessmen from pieces of Cypriote rock gathered from the sand.

The army, unwittingly, had provided them a bonanza. Some well-meaning but unknowing quartermaster had laid in a mountainous supply of sanitary napkins. The excess, when unfolded, did nicely for curtains, and girls used pieces of the gauze as a base for embroidery work. A folded pad became a blackboard eraser.

The children's minds were hungry. In both Caraolos and Xylotimbu, rows of youngsters gathered around plank benches in a shaded strip between two tents in the mornings to learn their lessons from teachers recruited from the refugees or sent from Palestine. Sixteen-year-olds, crafty as animals and old as patriarchs in the bitter knowledge of existence taught them in the concentration camps or the far forests of eastern Europe where guilelessness meant extermination, were belatedly becoming rich in the intelligence that one plus one equal two.

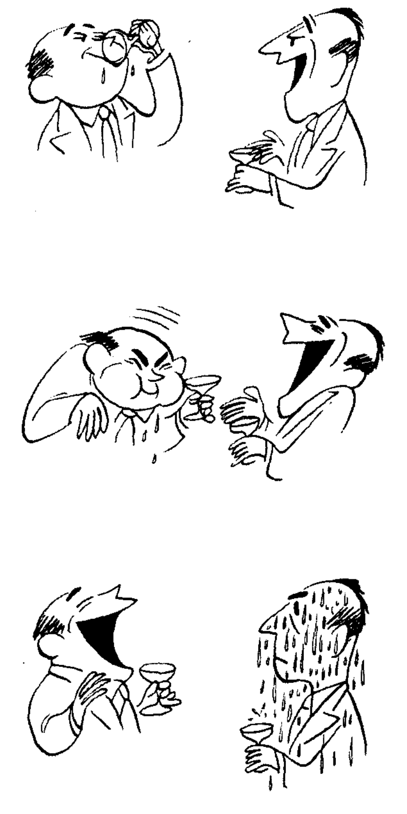
Almost ripe for marriage and children of their own, these bleak-faced aging waifs were learning now to read and write. They gave strangers narrow, furtive looks and went back to their sums. Two plus two equal four. What lay ahead for these old children?

Psychiatrists are repeatedly being shocked by what they find. One day in Xylotimbu, a New York social worker gave a group of orphan boys and girls a set of toy furniture and a pair of "father and mother" dolls. The parentless children were fascinated by the refrigerator, the gas range and bathroom fixtures—things they never knew existed. When they finished playing, they put the miniature toilet to bed and left the dolls abandoned on the floor.

One of the marvels of Cyprus was the population's physical resilience. There had been only two or three suicides and in a year less than a score of complete "nervous breakdowns." There was constant danger of epidemic. Once typhoid had flared up in Caraolos and two of the 14 victims died, but inoculation and quarantine stifled it there. "I used to believe in science," Dr. Walter Falk, pediatrician from Palestine, told his patients. "Now I believe in miracles."

Most of the refugees looked robust and technically their caloric intake was ample (a minimum of 2,200 calories per person per day), although there was often an inclination toward T.B. or other complications due to past experiences. "What all these people have," a doctor had once said, "is a kind of sickness of the heart, a homesickness, if you like, for Palestine."

ILL-TIMED JOKE



COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

The thread of life continued to be spun. In the first 12 months there were 800 marriages. Toba was only one of 500 pregnant women. Births have been averaging from 70 to 80 a month.

An Evening of Glad Tidings

While Moshe fretted for news from Toba he spent many evenings with the Hungarians. In the flicker of a kerosene lamp they would sit and speculate about the next allotment of certificates. Sometimes Imre, a wrinkled ancient from Budapest, would join them, after he had made his rounds playing children to sleep with his violin, and they would sing sad songs. One of these evenings brought a bounty of good news. A message arrived saying Toba had borne a daughter, and both were well. In the midst of celebration came the camp commandant's announcement that not only would the full quota of 750 be transferred to Palestine this month but an extra allotment of 500 children would be taken too, and old Imre, the fiddler, was to go along. Hosanna!

It was the major who had hunted the shoes who broke the news to the children. He called them all together and solemnly read them the wonderful announcement in a tense voice. Their faces were utterly

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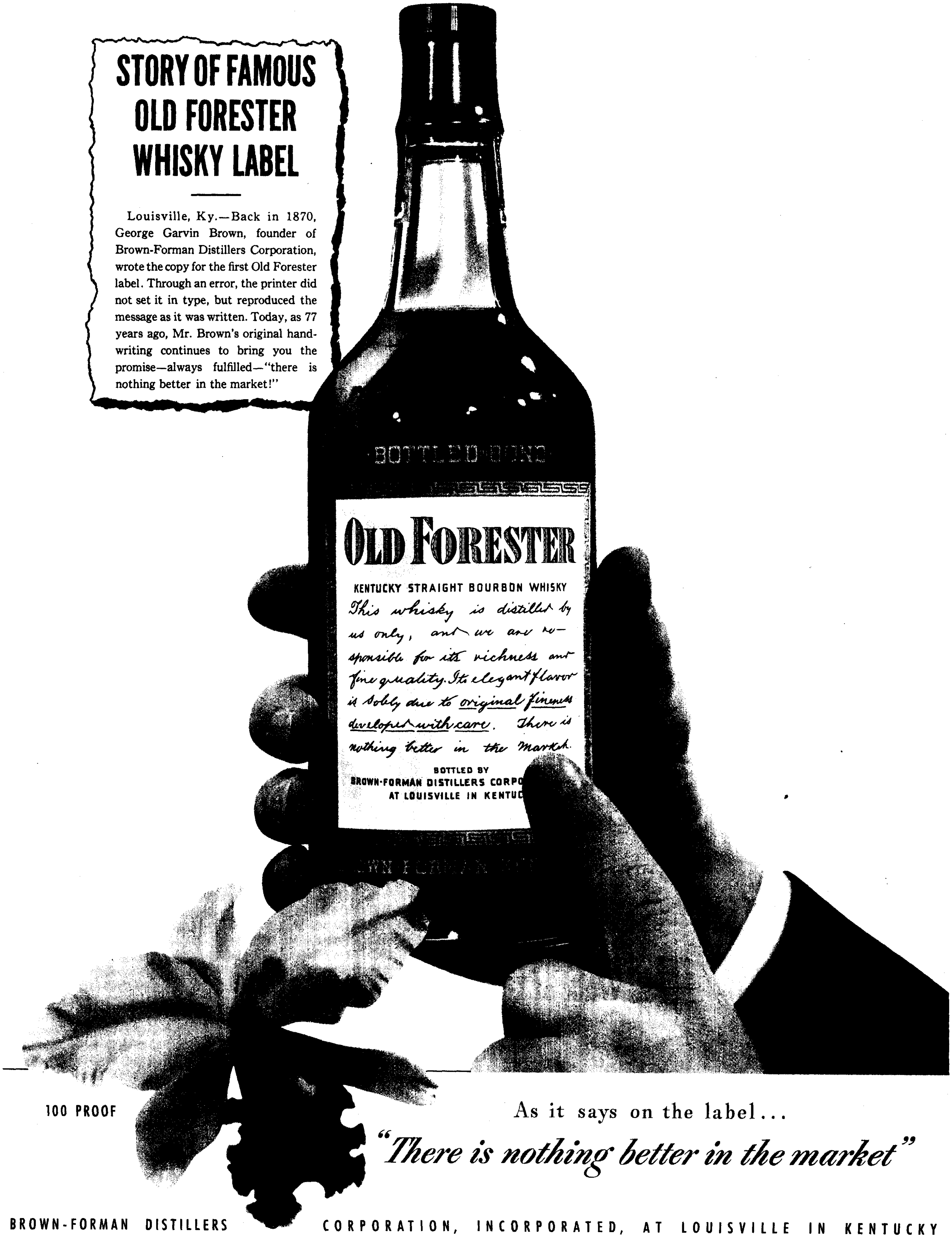
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Parties of farewell and rejoicing were held. People gave the youngsters precious little gifts, a photograph, a small candlestick. In the excitement nobody slept. At last at 4 o'clock one morning the time came to leave. The children returned their army blankets, their tin cups and plates. They stood in a queue and clambered aboard trucks which carried them to Famagusta. There were three ships. The first one, the Empire Lifeguard, had already sailed. The children and other adults were taken aboard the remaining two transports, the Empire Rest and the Empire Comfort. The major was at the dock. "Goodby, Major," the children sang back at him in their few words of hastily coached English. "You are good, Major." He waved and looked away.

Joy Turns to Uncertainty

Finally they were moving from the last suburbs into the heart of Palestine. The ships rang with shouts and singing. They remained at anchor long after sunrise but nobody paid any attention. There were always delays. This was nothing. But noon came and three o'clock and still the vessels had not upped anchor. It was whispered they would sail at sunset. Darkness fell and they stayed there.

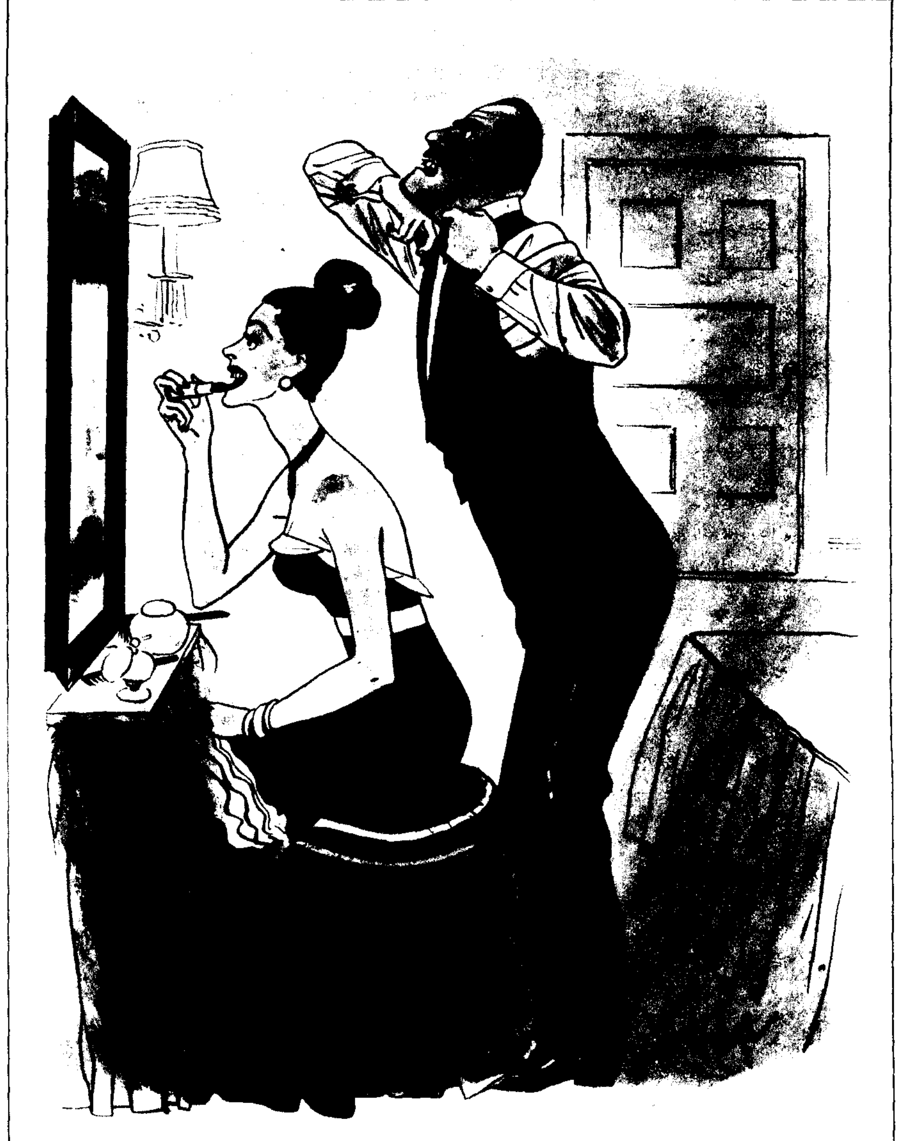
"What is wrong?" somebody shouted. "Why don't we go?" The guards said nothing. Two little boys sitting on a steel staircase began to whimper.

In midevening an officer appeared. "There has been a change of orders," he announced. "You will be returned to Cyprus tonight." That was all. The strings of hope snapped. The men and women wept and wrung their hands. Seeing them, the frightened children cried. Gradually by the grapevine's secret shoots the news came out. After the Empire Lifeguard had been cleared in Haifa, terrorists, following some twisted code of their own, had sabotaged her by exploding a limpet bomb on her hull. As punishment, there would be no more Jews received from Cyprus this month.

Exhausted and hungry, some of the Jews became hysterical. Nobody had eaten aboard ship. They screamed at the soldiers unloading them. Ashore their gear was searched again. A tired guard snatched old Imre's violin from his hands. "Whatcha got hidden in there, Jack?" he demanded. "Dynamite?" And he dashed the instrument to the ground. "You bloody fool," an officer said. "That was highly unnecessary." Imre knelt and gathered up the splinters of his violin and then climbed mechanically onto a truck with the rest.

It was nearly midnight now. At the camp gates there was food. Nobody touched it, not even the children. Their faces were drawn from crying. They still cried, but tearlessly and without making any sound. They couldn't go back to their old tents. No sooner had they left this morning than their cots had been assigned to other children. The "good major" was there, walking among them. "I think it may be for only a day or two," he said. "You need some sleep now." Nobody listened. Nobody stirred. The children stood there numbly just inside the gate in the glare of the searchlights from the watchtower and refused to move.

THE END



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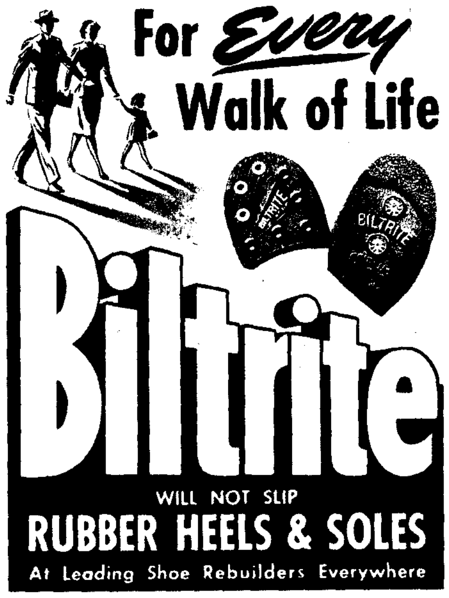
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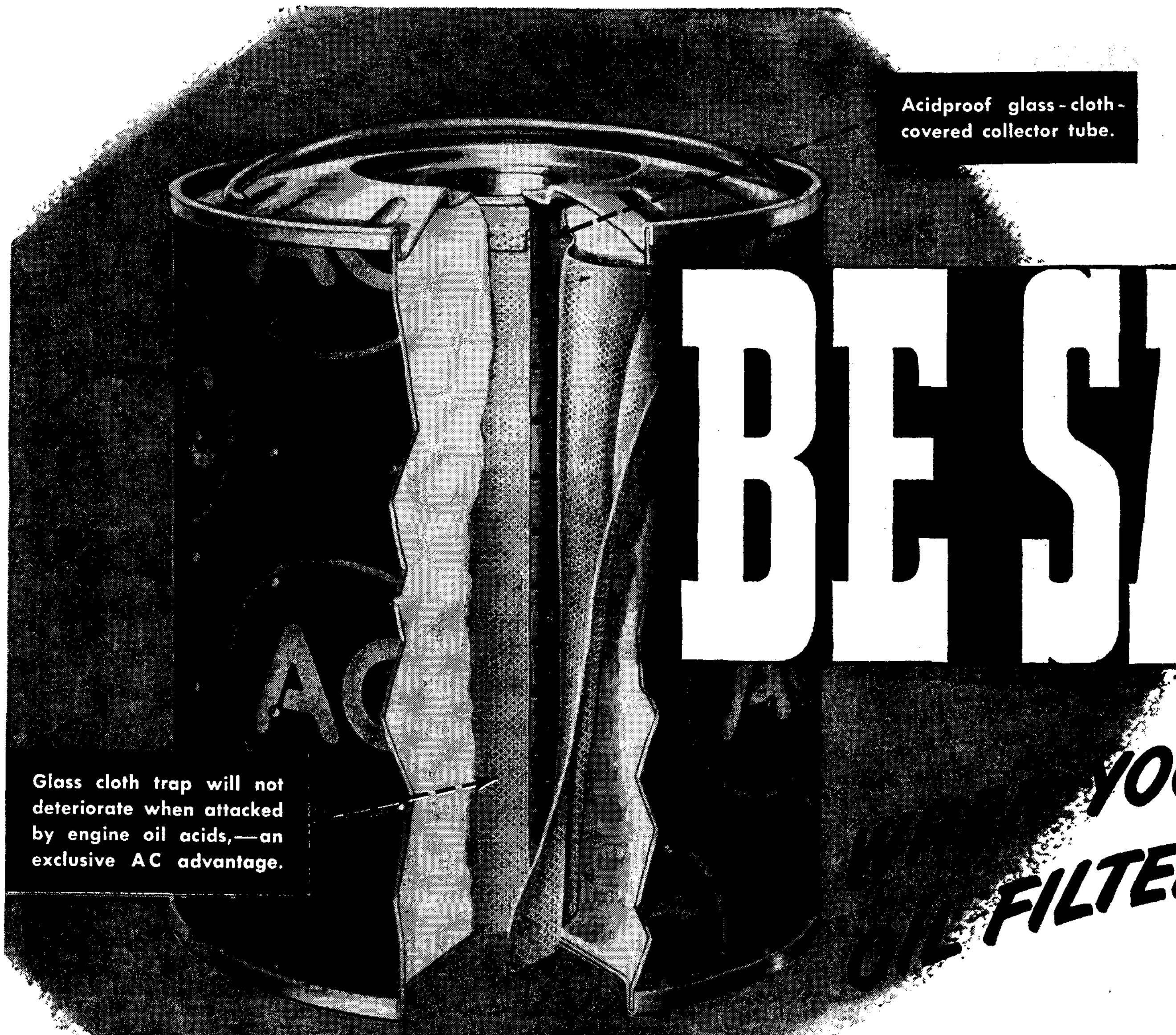
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WILL THE NEGRO ELECT OUR NEXT PRESIDENT?

Continued from page 26

vote-conscious than ever before in his history. This is due almost entirely to the epochal decision handed down in 1944 by the Supreme Court, which outlawed disfranchisement of the Negro in the so-called white primaries of the South.

The effect of this decision upon the Negro voter in both the South and the North has been far more profound than most Americans realize. Its effect upon the political thinking of whites in many sections of the South has been almost as important. The more enlightened states of the South have accepted the verdict of the court, although some of the more backward areas are still trying to find legal or other means of continuing to bar Negroes from the polls.

New Freedom for Negro Voter

In Virginia, Texas, Arkansas and Georgia, the Negro is now voting with comparative freedom, and for the first time in the history of those states his vote is being sought by Democratic candidates and political groups. Of course, as long as the South remains a one-party island, this new Negro vote can do little as far as electoral votes for the Presidency are concerned. It is unlikely that it will bring about a break of any sort in the Solid South within the measurable future. But it is conceivable that the Negroes in less hidebound states such as Virginia, North Carolina and Oklahoma, and perhaps even in Texas and Florida, may eventually unite with white voters who are tired of and disgusted with the Talmadges, the Bilbos and the Rankins.

When that happens the South will become a two-party region, the best thing, politically speaking, that could possibly occur. It will affect political thinking and activity throughout the nation. In any event, and in the near future, the new political freedom which the Negro has been granted in the South will put a damper on the Southern demagogue whose sole stock in trade has been racial hatred and friction. Even a Bilbo or a Rankin might think twice before attacking those whose votes he must seek.

Already the new freedom is being used, fortunately with wisdom and dignity. In Richmond, Virginia, a young Negro lawyer and war veteran, Oliver Hill, ran eighth in a field of 16 in a Democratic primary contest to fill seven seats in the Virginia House of Delegates. Hill lost out by a scant 190 votes. Of course, he received heavy Negro support, but to the dismay of the die-hards, a considerable number of white Democrats also voted for him.

In another recent election in Savannah, Georgia, two factions of the Democratic party fought a closely contested campaign. The Citizens' Progressive League campaigned vigorously among the newly enfranchised Negroes, promising that if it won the election Negro policemen would be appointed for the first time in the history of Savannah. The League did win and kept its promise, and the heavens did not fall upon Savannah.

It is very easy to overemphasize the significance of elections such as those in Richmond and Savannah, especially when one remembers the requirements exacted of Negro voters in the Democratic primary in Mississippi on August 5, 1947—that they swear opposition to antilynching, antipoll tax and F.E.P.C. legislation. This was done in blatant violation of the Constitution and defiance of the federal agreement.

Nevertheless, the fact that for the first time Negroes were permitted to participate in Democratic party elections in two Southern states helps enormously in the development of the new trend which is rapidly galvanizing Negro political opinion and action, and considerable white opinion as well. This trend already has the strategists of both major parties worried, and it is destined to cause them a great deal more concern before the ballots are counted in November, 1948.

The strategy of the Republicans is manifestly to make a great to-do over the antilynching, antipoll tax and F.E.P.C. bills now before Congress, and to force them through the House of Representatives with the aid of Northern Democrats. It is no secret, however, that most of the Republicans in both houses count on Senate filibusters eventually

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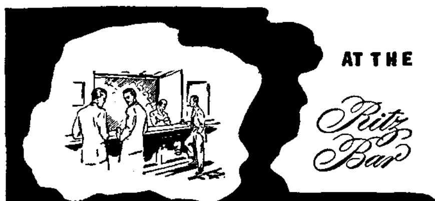

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killing all of these measures. Negroes realize perfectly that if this were not so, if the politicians really wished to pass the bills, the Republicans and the Northern Democrats would amend the archaic and complicated Senate rules to permit limitation of debate by a majority instead of a two thirds vote.

It is a gullible person indeed who believes that an antilynching bill, or any other measure of that character, will ever get by the Senate until the rules have been amended. Pious political pleas that "We would have passed the bill if it hadn't been for the Southern filibusters" will be greeted with stony silence at best, and more probably with hoots of derision.

As far as the Negro vote is concerned, the Democrats are in an even more serious plight than the Republicans. "Between the more liberal Democrats of the North and the race-conscious Bourbons of the South," said Harold L. Ickes, recently, "the poor Democratic party is suffering from a severe case of schizophrenia which the psychiatrists will have a difficult time in coping with before November of 1948."

Racial Prejudice Still Rampant

In this description of the situation Mr. Ickes is being remarkably temperate. South of the Potomac the political machines are still in the grasp of politicians whose chief asset is race conflict. In some states their power is being challenged, as in Georgia by Ellis Arnall, and elsewhere by veterans, churchmen and other Southerners who are tired of seeing the South made ridiculous. But all these efforts will hardly bear fruit in time to affect the 1948 campaign. The demagogues will continue to appeal to bigotry; it is the only method they know to perpetuate themselves in office.

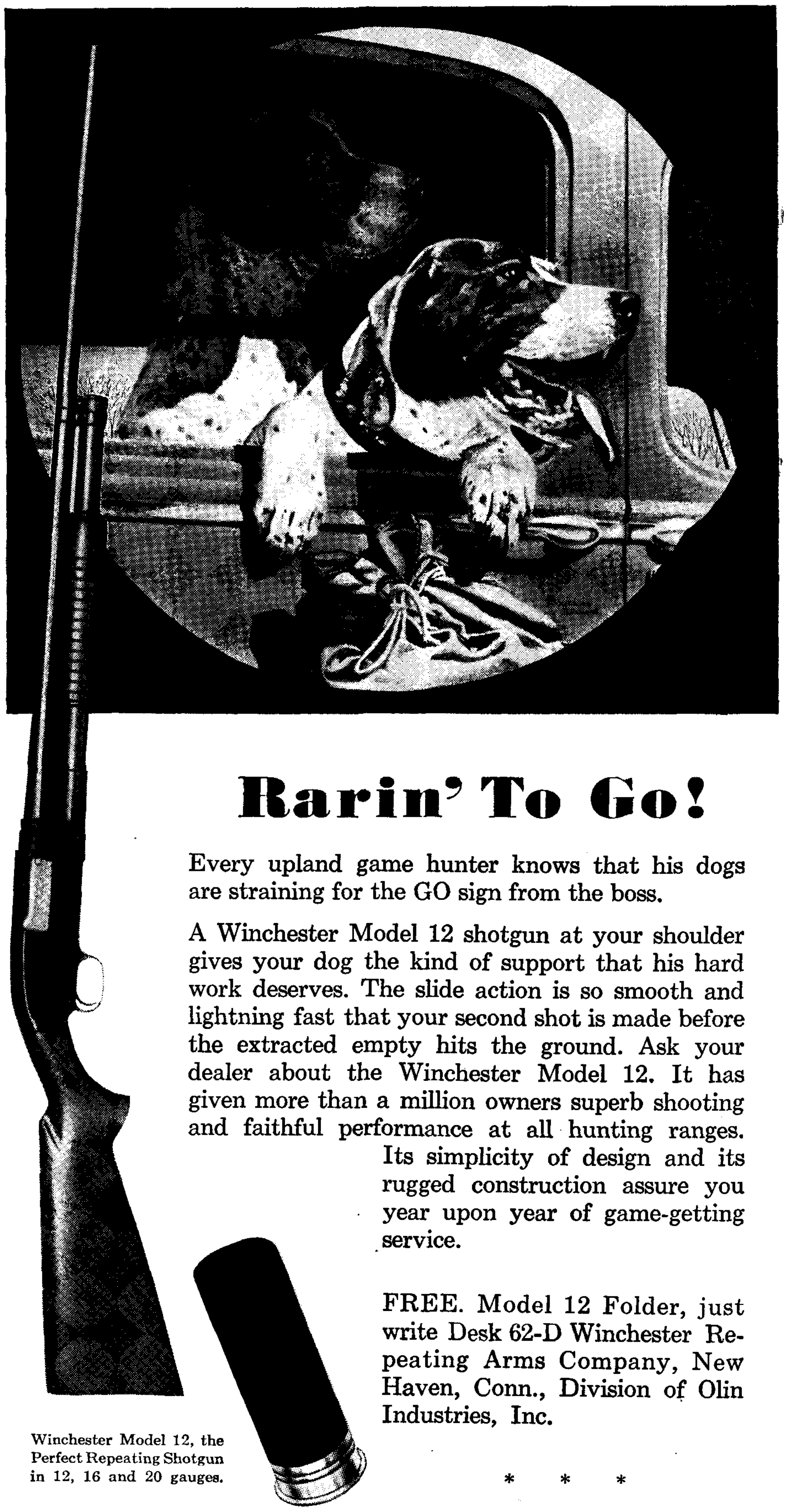
The Northern Democrats, who are not so numerous in either house of Congress as they were before the 1946 elections, are intimidated and outvoted by their Southern confreres. Several stalwarts, like Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York, who have fought against lynching and discrimination, have been silenced by illness, and none have taken up the cudgels they were forced to put down.

Some prominent Democratic politicians, knowing that their ticket cannot win without the Negro vote, are hoping for new Republican blunders. Others believe that the knowledge of how the Republicans have consistently played ball with the Bourbon Southern Democrats will be enough to keep the Negro vote in pivotal states safely on the side of the Democrats. But the wiser Democratic strategists know that such a policy of inaction may not be enough.

Wendell Willkie in 1940 came closer to breaking the support given the Democrats by Negro voters than any other Republican since Theodore Roosevelt. There was a great deal of genuine enthusiasm for Willkie among the Negroes, although they distrusted many of Willkie's backers. But there appears to be no enthusiasm at all for any of the current Republican candidates. And of course, as far as the Negroes are concerned, there is no comparison between President Truman and Franklin D. Roosevelt, despite the President's present popularity.

Hard pressed already by unemployment, cynical of politicians, and rapidly approaching political maturity, the Negro voter watches with a hard-boiled eye the antics of the would-be Presidents and lawmakers. He knows perfectly well that the most effective weapon he possesses at this critical juncture is the vote. And he is grimly determined to use that weapon on the basis of what happens between now and Election Day and not on the basis of what happened in previous administrations.

THE END



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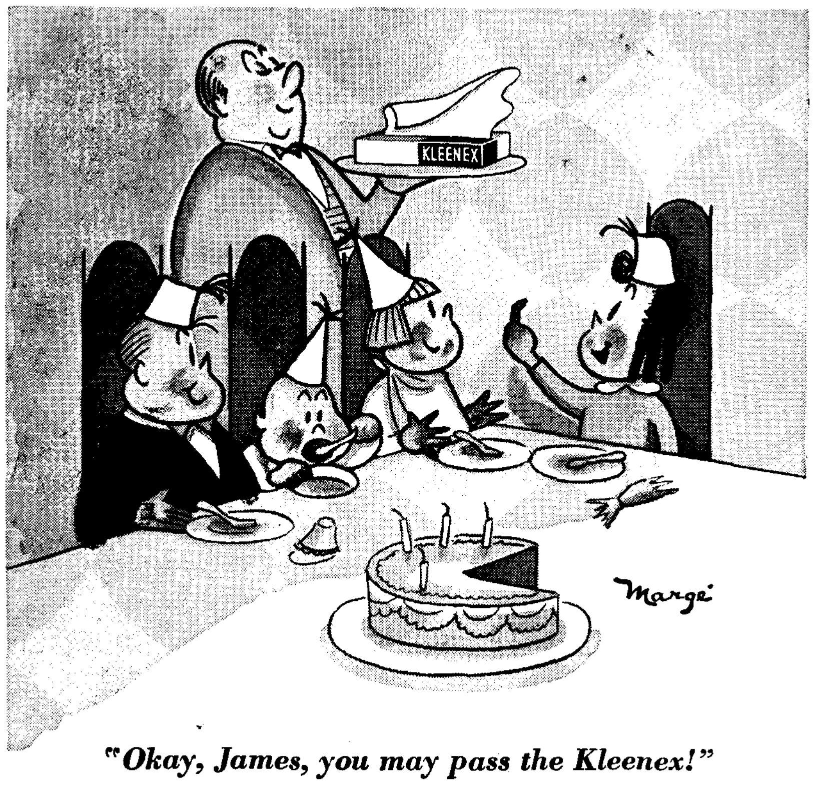

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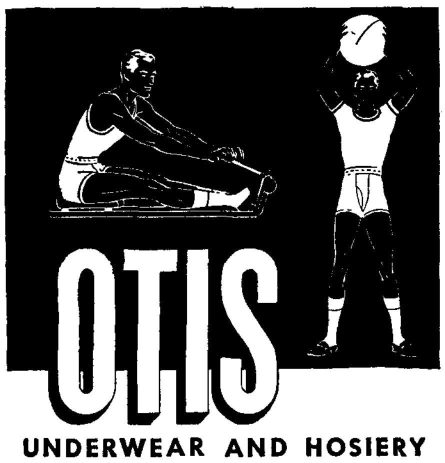

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

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C. E. FOLTZ, Warsaw, Ind.

CLOCK WATCHERS

SIR: Clock Hounds at the V.A. (Oct. 11th) concerning the stampede for the street at 5 P.M. is an editorial with which there can be no disagreeing. There is little doubt that many of the veterans now employed by the V.A. went to work with the idea of not only earning a living, but with the idea of doing a good job for the great group of veterans as a whole. Yet the background of government service in this agency is not good, for the worker is nagged with petty rules and regulations, strutting straw bosses, office cliques and petty despots.

J. ELLIOTT NOBLE, Secane, Pa.

... I cannot refrain from replying to such an untrue and libelous statement. I am a combat veteran of World War I, and I have been in the U.S. Civil Service for more than 28 years. I have never known any employee who would not work overtime, cheerfully, to help a deserving veteran get compensation. If there is a case where a postponement until the next day would work a hardship to a veteran we stay on until the claim is properly adjudicated.

E. FORREST FEWELL, Atlanta, Ga.

... As a veteran employed with the V.A. for almost two years now, I have observed that memorandums, such as the one issued by Francis Dryden, occur very frequently. I can state from personal experience that most of my days as a typist have been spent in typing copies of just such memorandums while cases sat piled on my desk awaiting action.

Is it any wonder that these employees rush for the nearest exits when the long day of reading so many unnecessary memorandums is over?

BELLA C. DOVER, Cincinnati, Ohio

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

DEAR SIR: What a coincidence! I have just finished putting Looking For a Wife? (Oct. 4th) into practice but it failed. I first met the girl about two months ago and proposed marriage three times. She said she didn't care to see me any more. Evidently she doesn't like me. I'm beginning to wonder if your principle is sound. One friend advised me to keep plugging after her—but I'm beginning to wonder if it's worth while. Another said to go find another girl—but this is not easy to do while you are still in love with the first. What's your advice? JOHN DEC, Seward, Alaska

Darned if we know. Maybe as the fellow said: "Whatever you do—marry or not—you'll regret it."

... Looking For a Wife? is just the kind of stuff I like to read, because it is spiked with good, old common horse sense, and age-old truths—how a good gal is always out to direct and help the man she has picked to succeed.

Give me a good gal and a Chinaman's chance and I'll give all the howling husbands and disgruntled batches a good start, and with *my woman,* as they say, I'll put 'em all in the shade.

The only trouble is *I never married.*

NED MAUSTON, Los Angeles, Cal.

Reader Mauston looking for a wife

APPOINTMENT AT WEST POINT

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: You suggest that if vacancies at West Point (Depression at the Point, Oct. 11th) are not consumed by the applicants of one congressman that they be *turned over to another congressman for* distribution. That will solve the present shortage of applicants but still the basic method of appointing cadets and midshipmen, I believe, is incorrect.

If we could put the appointment proposition on a complete competitive basis rather than cloak it in a political shroud I believe that the mortality rate because of physical disability and mortality by resignation would be cut down.

HENRY R. BREWERTON,
Lt. Col. U.S.A. Retd.,
Wayne, Pa.

... In your recent issue you state that a West Point education is worth about $50,000. For what? Having served almost 20 years in the Army, I consider myself a qualified critic of Army officers. (I was an officer for 5 years.) The most stupid officer I ever knew was a lieutenant colonel who had graduated from West Point.... What price education?

R. A. BRYAN, Boston, Mass.

CRUNCH, CRUNCH!

DEAR SIR: Mr. Crichton's Hollywood Headache (Sept. 20th) reminds me of Santa Fe. The loge seats were very elegant but were at the rear of the first floor under the balcony. Up in the balcony the native Spanish-Americans filled their mouths with piñon nuts, cracked them with their teeth and allowed the shells to float down into the loge seats. The gentry there usually saw the picture with their hats on and their coat collars turned up, but they had the satisfaction of knowing they had paid most for their seats.

OSCAR P. BLOUNT, Oskaloosa, Ia.

... In addition to the popcorn eaters, theaters are now faced with the menace of British films. Some of them are great but in a few the dialogue is so thick with the clipped Oxford and Cockney accents that our patrons have trouble.

Recently in Port Washington a boy of about twelve stood it as long as he could. He then got up and started for the exit. He waved a nonchalant hand and said, "Well, cheerio."

WILLIAM JACKMAN, Manhasset, L. I.

a signal of satisfaction

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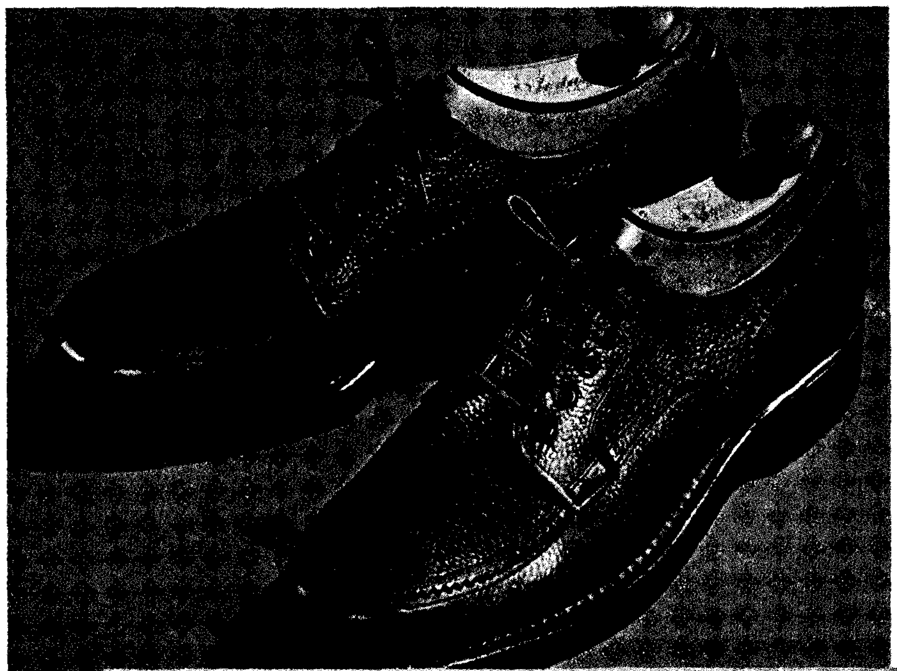
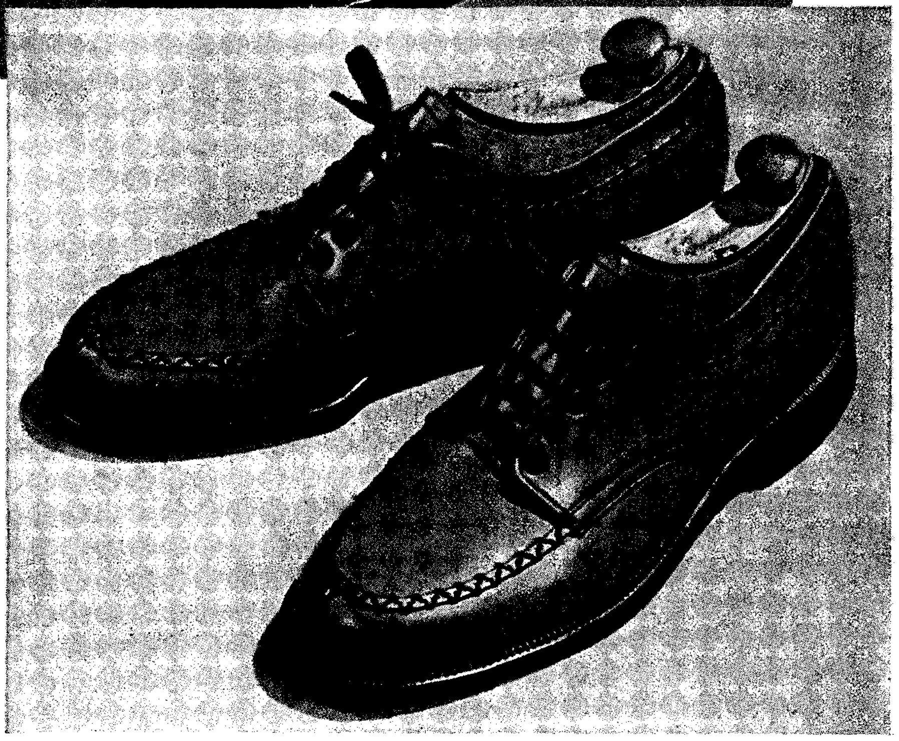
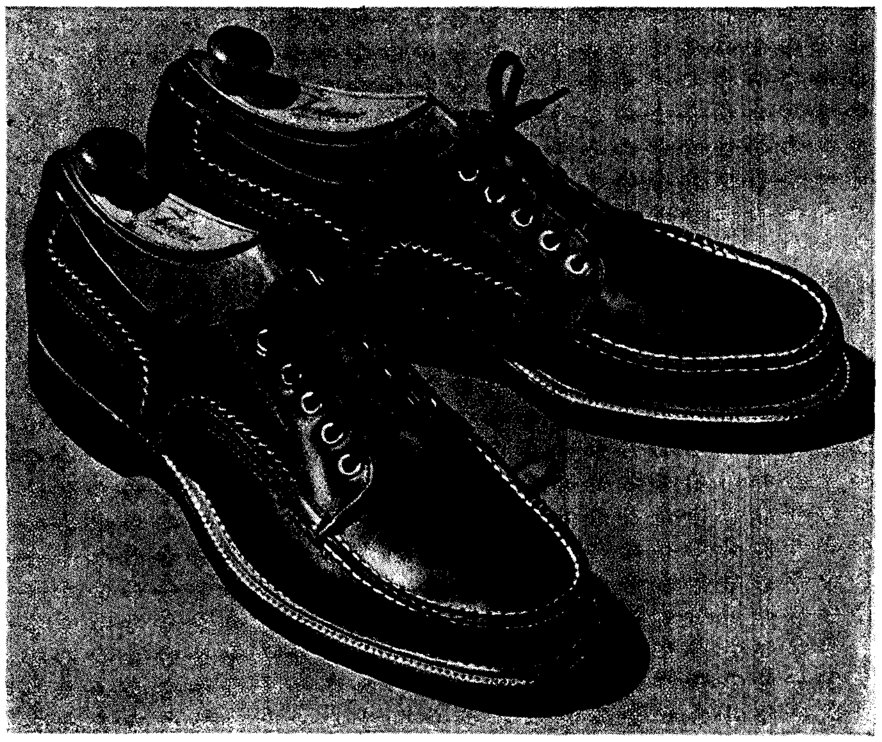


- ABOVE: Style 6716. Smart blucher, antiqued Scotch grain.
- RIGHT: Style 6188. Single piece vamp, zigzag stitching.
- BELOW: Style 6143. Natural storm welt, waterproofed sole.





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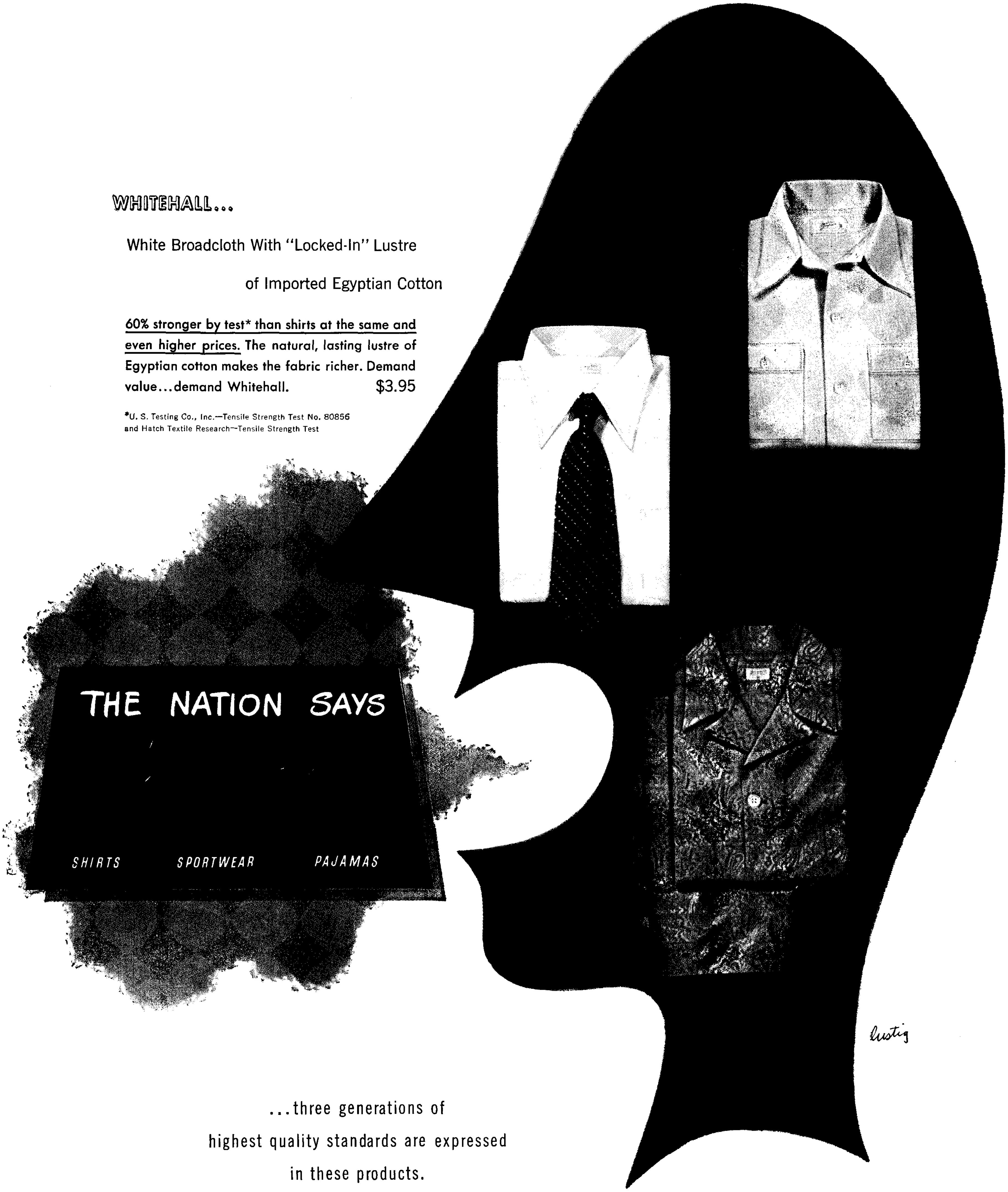

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How an Indiana boy named Steve Hannagan became a rajah of public relations, with a stable of wealthy clients who trust him, obey him and pay him fabulous fees. A far-from-modest success story

PRINCE OF PRESS AGENTS

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LOFMAN

IF THE well-known mind-pryer, Dr. George Gallup, were to poll the American people to see how many could identify Steve Hannagan, the chances are that only a handful would come up with the right answer. Hannagan's fame is uncommon—he is a sort of celebrities' celebrity. From the President down, anyone important enough to get his name in the papers and keep it there knows about Hannagan. And what he knows fills him with respect tinged with awe.

Steve Hannagan is probably the most unusual press agent who ever drew breath. His fees are gigantic, but he has fired more clients than he has employees. He turns away about $500,000 worth of business a year. At one time or another he has promoted such enterprises as Miami Beach, the Ford Motor Company, Coca-Cola, the Union Pacific Railroad, Willys-Overland, Gene Tunney, the Cities Service Company, Sun Valley, Jack Benny, Puerto Rico, Fifth Avenue busses and Pan American Airways.

He is a loud-shouting, belligerent, whip-smart press agent, who has never been known to pull a phony or a double cross. And if that isn't enough—he is the man judged most likely to marry Ann Sheridan!

People who meet Hannagan often feel, in that fleeting moment before he begins to talk, that he is surely a conservative man. He is handsome in a way that most Irishmen are not, with groomed graying hair and a healthful complexion, kept constant by sun and sun lamp. Only his wide grin, and his eyes, which smile, too, when they aren't backing you against a wall, indicate the infinite energy of his larynx.

When he talks, Hannagan talks all over. He uses his hands, his arms, his shoulders, his head, his feet—in frequent floor pacing—and, where subtlety is indicated, which isn't often, his eyebrows. At no time is the listener in doubt as to what Hannagan has on his mind.

Hannagan is the first to admit his sterling qualities, but his confessions to superiority are enthusiastically backed by the testimony of such witnesses as storekeeper Bernard F. Gimbel, air transporter Eddie Rickenbacker, babbletrap Walter Winchell, sports mentor Gene Tunney, moviebody Lauren Bacall, storkster Sherman Billingsley and several hundred others including Darryl F. Zanuck, Thomas E. Dewey, Roy O. Howard, James A. Farley, W. Averell Harriman, and the hat-check girls and waiters of several restaurants and night clubs.

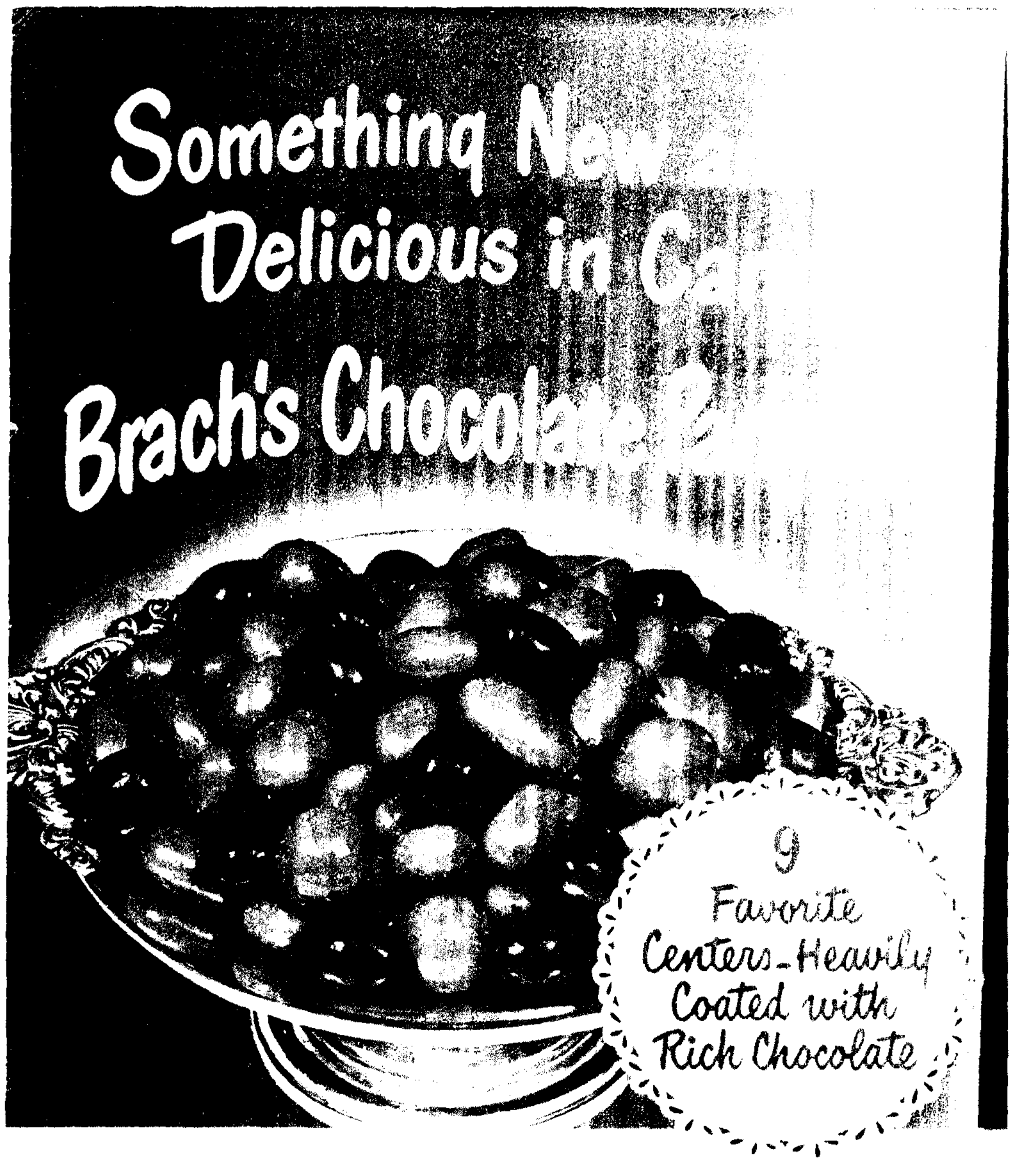
But Hannagan is not completely beyond human capacity for failure. When a friend twitted him about his long chain of acknowledged successes and asked if there hadn't been some minor failure somewhere in his career, Hannagan answered with some heat, "Whoddya mean, failure? If one thing doesn't work we do something else."

To oblige the curious, however, he will affirm that his best efforts to promote a popular brand of men's suits resulted in zero. He doesn't know why. "We just never seemed able to get going," he says.

Also to be obliging, Hannagan will describe as a failure his publicizing of the sensationally unsuccessful Roosevelt Raceways. This was an attempt made on Long Island about ten years ago to introduce European road racing to the United States. Hannagan filled the sports pages with advance news of the event, even crowding a Columbia University football game in New York papers into a single paragraph summary. But for various reasons the project laid an egg.

Hannagan missed a bet on electric razors. Some years ago, when they were new on the market, a manufacturer asked him to undertake their promotion. "I tried one of them for a month," Hannagan recalls, "and I couldn't make it work. I phoned the guy and told him to keep his damn' razor—and the account."

Nor did Hannagan succeed with Montauk Manor,



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YOU'VE NEVER had candy quite like Brach's Chocolate Party Mix—of such *superior* quality, in a new bite size! No wonder it's the smart candy for all occasions.

● **All nine delectable centers** are coated with bittersweet or milk chocolate made from choice Ecuadoran and Venezuelan cocoa beans blended in Brach's own chocolate mills.

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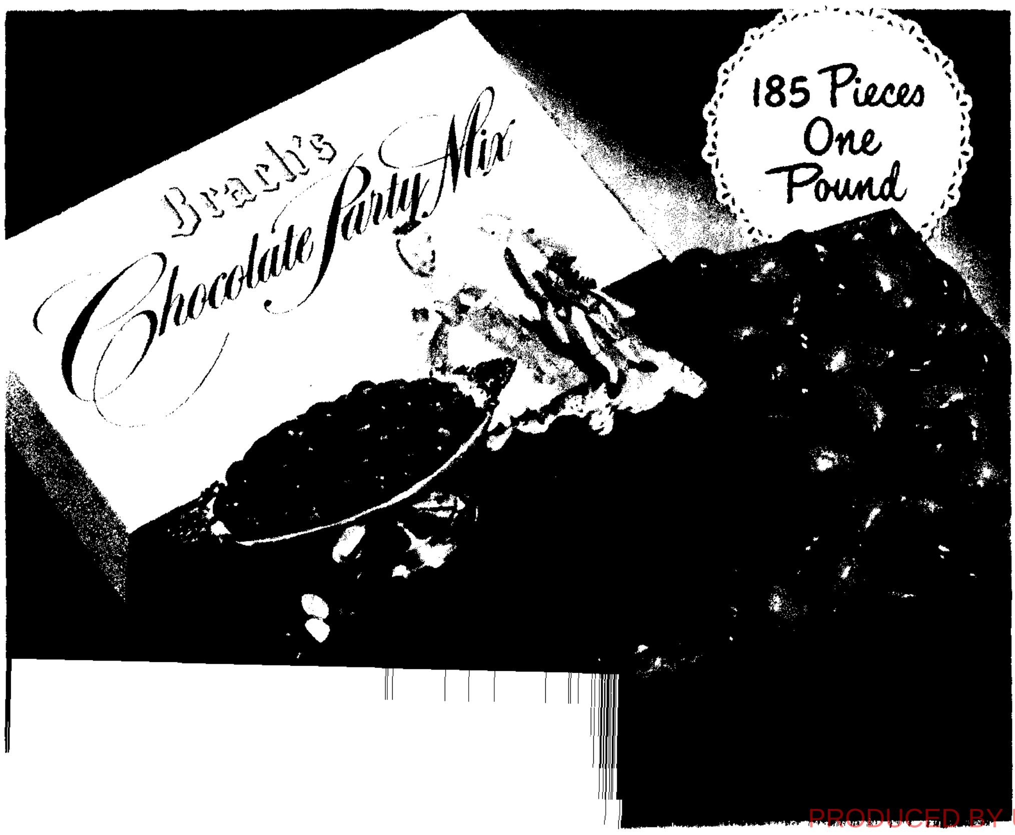


the $12,000,000 Long Island play place which Carl Fisher tried to develop as a sort of summer Miami Beach.

But these are only minor blemishes on what is probably the most impressive record in the publicity business. Hannagan's high batting average is due in part to the care with which he chooses his clients. Although he has failed to land one or two clients he would have cherished, he has in recent prosperous years screened those he has accepted with the care of a jeweler selecting pearls for a royal necklace.

Not long ago a friend who had dropped into his office heard him shout over the telephone, "I won't take it. If I can't yell at the top of my voice that the whole proposition is clean, I don't want it." When he hung up he said, "I just turned down a $50,000 account."

He refused to take over the second year of the Dallas Fair and similarly turned down the New York World's Fair. When he was asked to give the Treasure Island Exposition a shot in the arm he backed away from that, too. He has also refused to publicize chain dance master Arthur Murray. James C. Petrillo, the musicians' Fuehrer, appealed to him by telephone for a little public popularity, and Hannagan told him to go climb a violin.

Assortment of Would-be Clients

When the United Nations was pushing pins into maps blindfolded in an effort to locate a permanent site, a group of Westchester residents, fearful of an invasion by world government, unsuccessfully solicited Hannagan to handle their cause. A host of screwballs including mesmerists, fan dancers and night-club comedians have appealed in vain for a touch of the Hannagan magic.

Handling publicity for individuals is inconsistent with longevity, and Hannagan's prosperity enables him to pass up such clients. One of his former clients, Jack Benny, netted him $50,000 of American Tobacco Company money last year. But Hannagan regarded Benny not as an individual, but as the "world's greatest sales organization." Only a small portion of the $60,000 fee paid him by the Electric Auto-Lite Company is for the personal promotion of Dick Haymes, their radio singer.

Hannagan was named Stephen Jerome shortly after his birth, April 4, 1899, in Lafayette, Indiana. His father, William J. Hannagan, is not living, but his mother, Johanna Gertrude, a magnificent and sturdy pioneer from whom Steve draws many of the qualities that have made him great, is now 88. Several years ago she came to New York to visit her famous son. Hannagan determined to show her the town and he and his secretary Margaret Ray took her on in relays. She kept them both on the jump.

Arrangements were made to have her picture taken for publicity photographs demonstrating kitchen use of Libbey glass, which Hannagan promotes. When the photographer arrived, Mother Hannagan demanded to know how much models were paid. Fifteen dollars an hour, she was told. "Well, then, I want fifteen dollars," she said brightly.

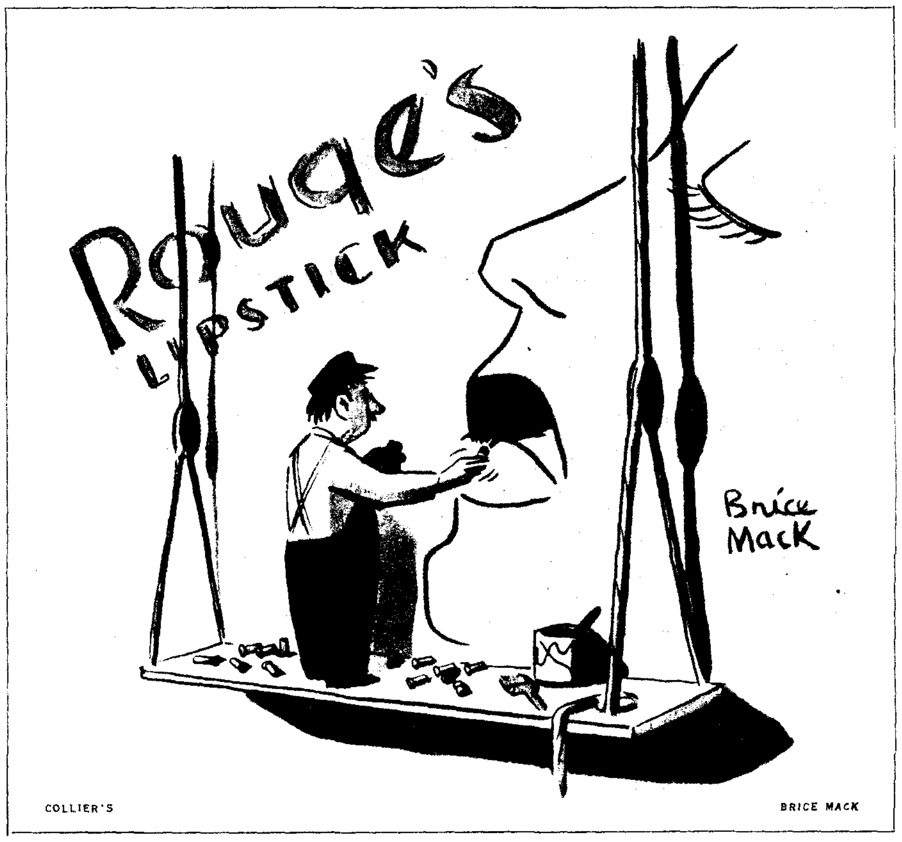
Mrs. Hannagan was registered at a small but luxurious hotel around the corner from Hannagan's apartment. She slept in the downy bed one night and then moved in with Steve and took over the couch. "A lot of nonsense," she said tartly. "All that money and all that room just for me."

His other-side-of-the-tracks upbringing is something Hannagan likes to brag about. Friends say he gets his business sense from his mother, who stretched her husband's $18-a-week patternmaker's salary to feed and clothe a family of six, and still put $2.50 a week in the Building and Loan. Hannagan had three brothers, only one of whom, Frank, is still living.

Twice married and twice divorced, Hannagan lives in a three-room Park Avenue apartment designed in the modern manner and illustrated principally with pictures of Varga-type girls and Ann Sheridan. In his king-size bedroom a huge low bed is backed up to a beige tufted headboard with curlicues at each end. In this, Hannagan has stashed—along with other gadgets—a bleak but highly efficient battleship-gray radio.

His bath has a glass-enclosed shower over the tub. The baby-blue toilet seat is embellished merely with his initials and not, as some wags have maintained, with a full facsimile of his signature. The signature has been a sort of personal trademark and was on his linen. But this year it was replaced with simple initials. The shift is an indication of Hannagan's close association with clients who identify success with conservatism.

Hannagan's frankness is not limited to his own virtues. He simply hasn't the art of beating around the bush. Before the last Presidential election Republican candidate Dewey asked him to handle campaign publicity. A good Republican, Hannagan pitched in, but he was neither



COLLIER'S BRICE MACK

happy nor effective. "Politics is a compromise," he says regretfully, "and I'm not a compromise man."

Twenty years ago, his boss, the late Miami Beach promoter, Carl Fisher, told him to make several specific publicity pictures. Hannagan replied that the ideas suggested were lousy; he could make five better pictures for the time and the money one of them would require. Fisher humbly withdrew his proposal.

When Sun Valley was about to be opened, Union Pacific officials were determined to name the glamorous resort Ketchum, after the nearest railhead. Hannagan pointed out that there were probably a few names with less sex appeal than Ketchum but he couldn't think of any. He held out for Sun Valley, one of many suggestions evolved in his office. The U.P. people were adamant but Hannagan was adamanter. W. Averell Harriman, then chairman of the board, finally broke the deadlock and chose Sun Valley. Both Hannagan and the Union Pacific now regard this felicitous name as the most important of his contributions to the resort's prosperity.

Approves Resort Site

Indeed it was Hannagan who put the final okay on the site for Sun Valley. In March, 1936, he was in Hollywood when he received a telephone call from Harriman. "I've had an Austrian ski expert combing the country for a winter sports resort—one to match anything in Europe. He thinks he has found such a place. It's up in Idaho near a town called Ketchum. I want to know what you think of it."

Catching a plane to Pocatello, Idaho, Hannagan transferred to a train which took him to Shoshone, where he met William M. Jeffers, another Irishman, now vice-chairman of the board of Union Pacific. The next morning at five, Jeffers routed Hannagan out in the bitter cold. Hannagan was wearing a light tweed suit, his inevitable camel's-hair polo coat and galoshes borrowed from a trainman. Jeffers took him on a motorized handcar to Ketchum. There they transferred to a horse-drawn sleigh with a potbellied stove in the front of it, and set out over a vast expanse of snow.

By this time Hannagan was ready to believe they had long since passed the jumping-off place of the world. When they finally stopped the sleigh at a ranch house, Jeffers insisted that they go farther on foot. Hannagan was ready to give Harriman the bird when suddenly the sun popped over the edge of the mountain, flooding the tremendous amphitheater of the valley. Hannagan basked in its warmth. Soon he loosened his coat; a half-hour later he had taken it off. An hour later he was down to his shirt and beaming. "Why, a fellow could take a sun bath in the nude right out here in the snow," he said happily. He was sold.

Bookings were heavy for the opening of Sun Valley, December 21, 1936. Only one thing was wrong: For the first time in 54 years there was no snow. Hannagan telegraphed prospective guests that they would get free transportation to the nearest snow ten miles away and could stay at Sun Valley Lodge free until there was skiing in its front yard. On December 26th—St. Stephen's Day, Hannagan likes to recall—the snow came along with the first trainload of Hollywood celebrities and Sun Valley was in.

Hannagan's most colorful successes are of past years. Nowadays he is certainly no less effective, merely less dramatic. Currently he is trying to get people to return milk bottles, for example.

A classic example of his public-relations skill was his job on the late utility baron, Samuel Insull. Insull sold the widows and farmers of the Middle West an empire that crashed with enormous losses. With several hundred thousand people anxious for his hide, and with indictments yapping at his heels, he fled to Greece, where he lived until persuaded by the United States government—which threatened to send a piece of the Navy after him—to come home and stand trial.

Despite the extent of the disaster, Insull's son, young Sam, was convinced his father was innocent of any malice and begged Hannagan to help change public opinion about the old man. Hannagan had just joined the advertising agency of Lord & Thomas as vice-president, and was well on his way to fame, and also had just refused a money-no-object offer from a group of Middle Western utilities to undertake the job. But young Sam was so persuasive that Hannagan was finally convinced. However, he refused a fee and insisted that he remain entirely in the background. He would not even meet the old man.

The only press release Hannagan wrote was the statement read by Insull when he arrived in New York on his return from Europe. His son made it clear to Insull that Hannagan was in complete charge of all except the legal aspects of the case and had stipulated that his instructions must be followed to the letter.

When Insull arrived in Chicago he lived modestly in an inexpensive hotel, rode a bus to his trial, went to neighborhood movies and told reporters that he hadn't a dollar to his name; he was living, he said, on what his son had saved from a small salary. When reporters reminded him that he had chartered a steamer in Greece trying to escape extradition, ordinarily an expensive means of transportation, he said that friends had supplied the funds. He was genial with reporters, patient with photographers and benign with everyone.

Hannagan is aware that these tactics helped. But he agrees that what really acquitted Insull was the stupidity of the prosecution in demanding $100,000 bail, and when Insull failed to raise it, putting him in jail. Americans don't like to see repentant septuagenarians go to jail until they're convicted.

Insull expressed his appreciation tangibly two years after his acquittal. When Hannagan opened his own business, several corporation executives came to him and said, "I understand from Sam Insull you're a clear thinker. How would you like to handle our publicity?"

Holds Confidences Sacred

Hannagan meticulously refuses to reveal information about his clients which might be considered confidential. He will admit, however, that he never spends more money than they authorize and often spends less.

Probably his best financial record was made on his campaign for the Centennial of Baseball in 1939. The late Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, then commissioner of baseball, called Hannagan, whom he'd never met, on the telephone from Chicago. "Some damn' fools in the baseball industry want to spend $100,000 on a 100-year celebration. They've given me the money. I understand you're honest and won't try to steal it or throw it away. You probably won't be able to do any good, but will you take this money off my hands and spend it?"

After the final event in the celebration, the game at Cooperstown, New York, Hannagan and Landis met on the train. The judge put his arms around Hannagan and congratulated him. He had been wrong, he acknowledged; the money had produced splendid results.

"I've got some money left over, Judge," Hannagan announced. "I'll send it back to you."

Landis looked startled, then smiled. "If it's as much as $500," he said, "that's good."

Hannagan paused a moment for dramatic effect. "I'm going to send you a check for $35,000."

It was a full minute before Landis recovered.

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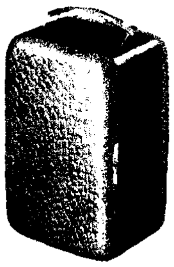

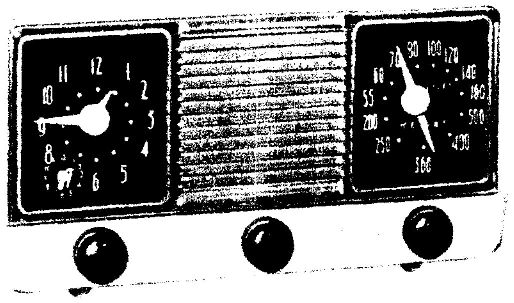

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clients is too small for the Hannagan organization to oversee. The original script of The Lost Weekend, for example, called for Ray Milland to stumble over paper milk containers as he entered his apartment. Since paper containers are anathema to Hannagan's valued client, Owens-Illinois Glass Company, a man from Hannagan's Hollywood office, learning of the impending tragedy, rushed to the studio with a quantity of glass milk bottles and finally persuaded the property man that they should be substituted in the scene.

Hannagan occasionally renders unusual services. Before the war he promoted a series of minor epic motion pictures produced by wealthy sportsman John Hay (Jock) Whitney. When the war started, Whitney was commissioned a captain in the Air Forces and assigned to Public Relations, a subject on which he had extensive unfamiliarity. Whitney enlisted Hannagan's help after he was sent overseas. He received from Hannagan regular analyses of news published about the European air war, along with suggestions as to what type of stories would interest readers in the States. Whitney's rise from captain to colonel was smooth and rapid, but Hannagan doesn't think he had any part in Jock's progress. "He had a very good war record," Steve remarks.

During the war Hannagan was kept busy explaining why some of his clients didn't produce war materials as fast as the happiness boys in Washington announced they would. When Henry Ford's dream figure of 1,000 planes every 24 hours failed to materialize as many as ten bombers a day at Willow Run, a national scandal threatened. Edsel Ford sent for Hannagan and told him to take the curse off the plant.

True Reports on Progress

Hannagan's approach to this problem was typical of his method. Instead of attempting to explain away the failure to produce as many bombers as some guesstimator thought they should, he sent out news stories on what actually was being done. "We set up a simulated press association office in the plant," Hannagan says, "and covered Willow Run as if it was a newspaper beat. If something happened we got it out." Soon Willow Run began to register in the public conscience as a source of considerable material, though it never at any time reached the bomber production expected of it.

After Edsel Ford's death, however, his father refused to have a hired publicity man. That was the end of Hannagan's association with the Ford Company.

Although Hannagan operates informally—his associates are named Joe, Larry, Bill, Don, Leo and Art, and not William, Joseph, Lawrence, etc.—he is not casual. He arrives at his office by 9:30 in the morning. He works rapidly and with great concentration, telephoning to clients and staff in branch offices in New Haven, Hollywood, Sun Valley and Toledo, sometimes several times a day. His telephone bills run around $15,000 a year.

Hannagan is an omnivorous reader and everything published which might remotely concern his clients is clipped for his attention. Radio programs are transcribed or summarized. Hannagan whips through this material shouting questions as he does so to members of his staff, who trot into his office with the answers. Wasted time makes him unhappy and he refuses to arrive early for anything. This gives his secretary, Margaret Ray, some problems, since it is her responsibility to see also that he doesn't arrive late.

Once when traffic was especially heavy, he had to catch a train from a cross-town terminal. Miss Ray started him, over his protests, with a safe margin for delay. In one of those quirks of traffic, Hannagan wasn't held up a moment, and arrived at the terminal early. Rushing to the phone booth he telephoned her, "I've got ten minutes before the train starts," he complained. "What the hell do you expect me to do now?"

There is no employee in his organization Hannagan doesn't value, but he claims he is absolutely dependent on Larry Smits and Joe Copps, who have been with him more than twenty years, Paul Snell, his Hollywood executive, and his secretary Miss Ray, who has been with him nineteen years. Hannagan owns his business outright but he likes to think of these four, he says, as his partners. Whatever the benevolence of this attitude, Hannagan remains the boss.

Staff members going out of town on a job used to be given a stock lecture before leaving. When in doubt they were to call Hannagan, but if they couldn't reach him and immediate action was required, they were to retire at once to the privacy of the men's room, where they were to engage in thoughtful contemplation for fifteen minutes. "Then come out and do the honest thing," Hannagan told them. According to Hannagan it never failed.

Conscientious as to Results

He often tells his employees, "If you can please me, I don't give a damn what the client thinks." And he means it literally. Several times he has resigned from an account when he didn't think he was doing a good enough job. Astonished clients have tried to assure him that they are perfectly satisfied. "Yeah, but you don't know how lousy we are," Hannagan tells them.

The contract which Hannagan makes with his clients is merely an exchange of letters covering fee, method of payment and a thirty- to sixty-day cancellation clause by either party. One new client who thought the contract ought to be a long and legal affair was stopped dead in his tracks. "Don't worry about that," Hannagan told him. "I'll tire of you long before you do of me."

Salaries in the Hannagan organization are good, but he is a careful bargainer. His top men are said to make around $25,000 a year, plus a bonus, which every employee draws in accordance with his accomplishments. Junior staffmen draw about $150 a week. Hannagan has but one principle on salaries: He pays his help more than they earned before they came to him.

He seldom gives free advice, except to his friends. Sherman Billingsley, owner of the fabulously profitable Stork Club, acknowledges Hannagan's counsel has been a tremendous factor in his success. On Hannagan's advice Billingsley kept the club open during July and August, when practically all other places closed. Billingsley got their business. Hannagan told him to stay open Sunday nights for the same reason. Again Billingsley was rewarded with steady customers. Hannagan advised him to cater to pretty girls; Billingsley encouraged their patronage with gifts of champagne and other favors. The result was a large, free-spending male clientele.

In eighteen years Billingsley has never paid Hannagan a fee, and Hannagan, who dines regularly at the Stork when in New York, pays his own check. However, Billingsley has named one of almost every kind of dish he serves for Hannagan, and only two other men have been honored with even one dish named after them: Walter Winchell and the late Damon Runyon.

Hannagan does not, as many people believe, own part of the Stork, though he sometimes assumes a proprietary interest in its affairs. Once Billingsley summarily fired four or five hat-check and cigarette girls. Several hours later he found them still working. "Didn't I fire you?" he said to one of them.

"Yes," she answered pertly, "but Mr. Hannagan hired us back."

Hannagan's climb to prominence has

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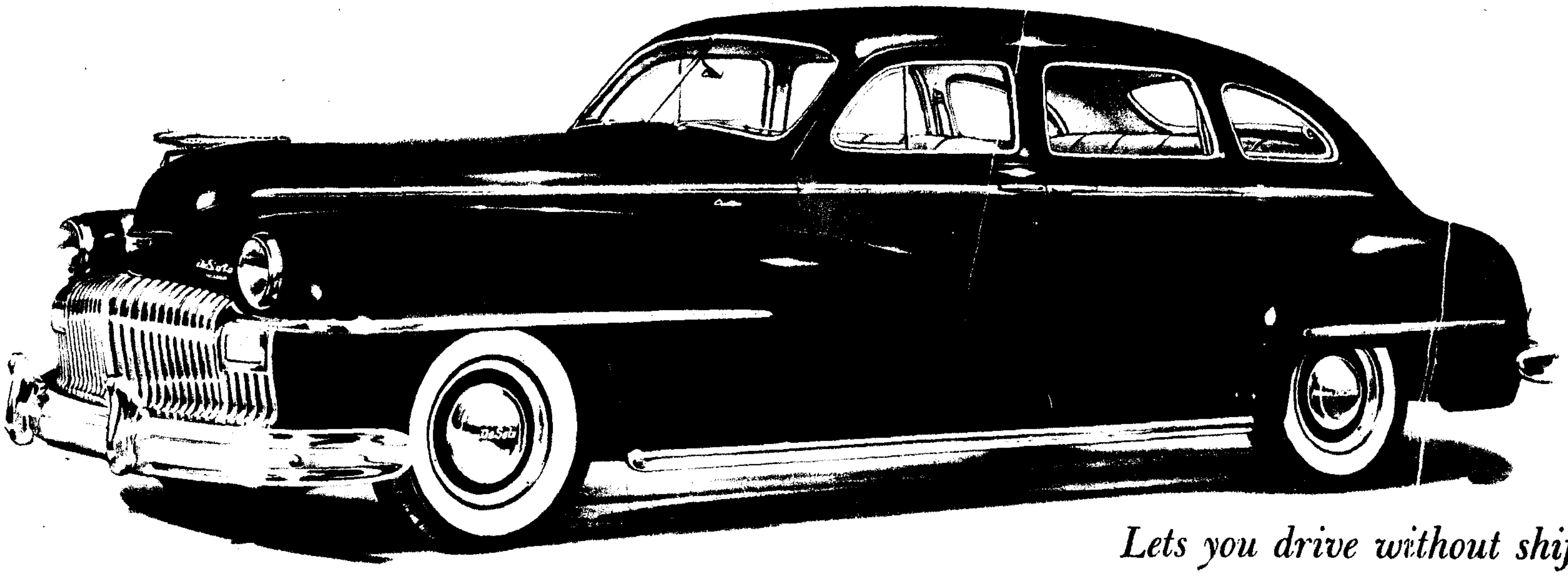

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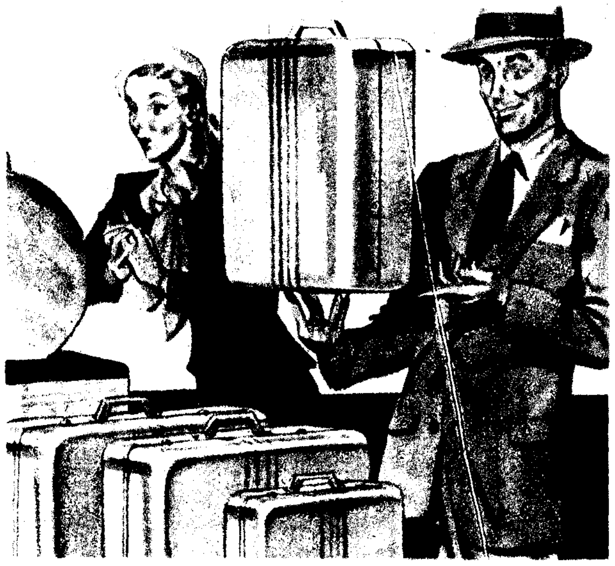

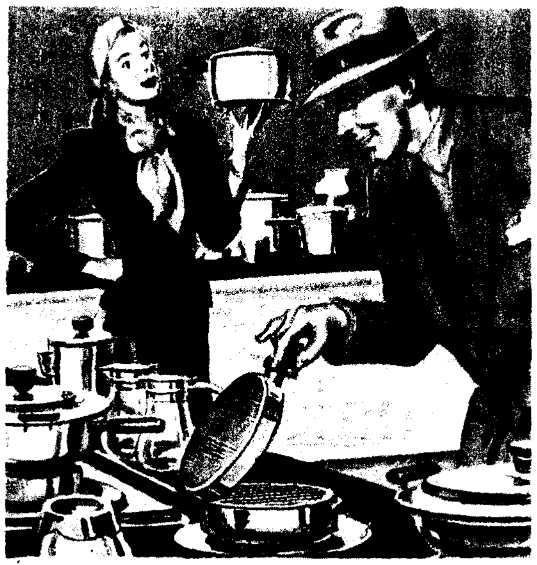

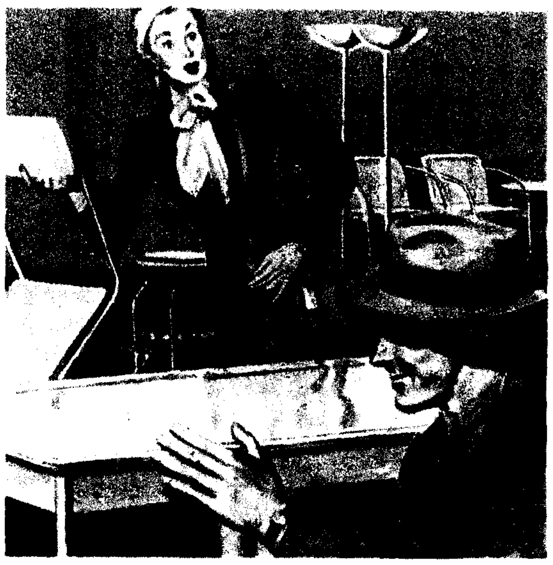

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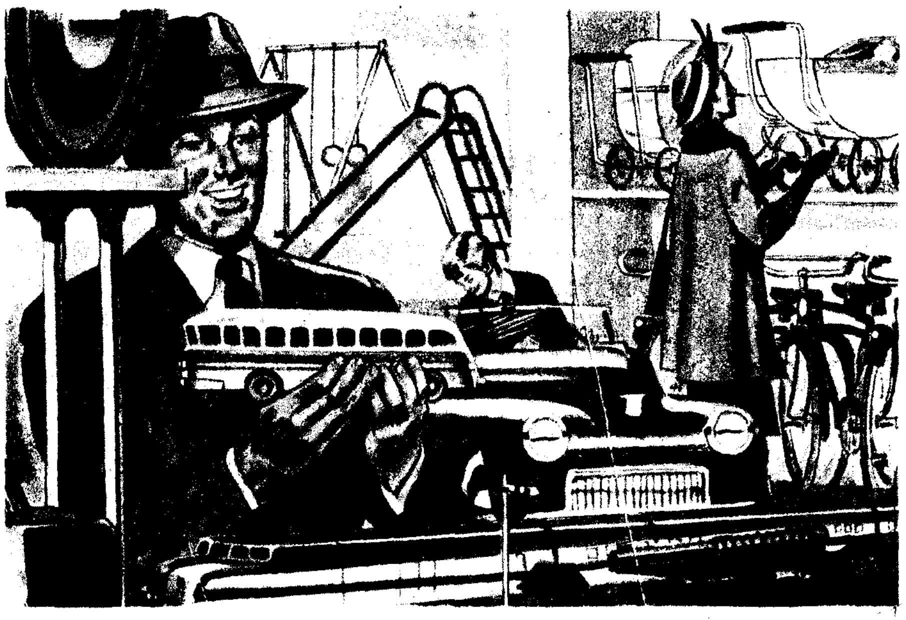

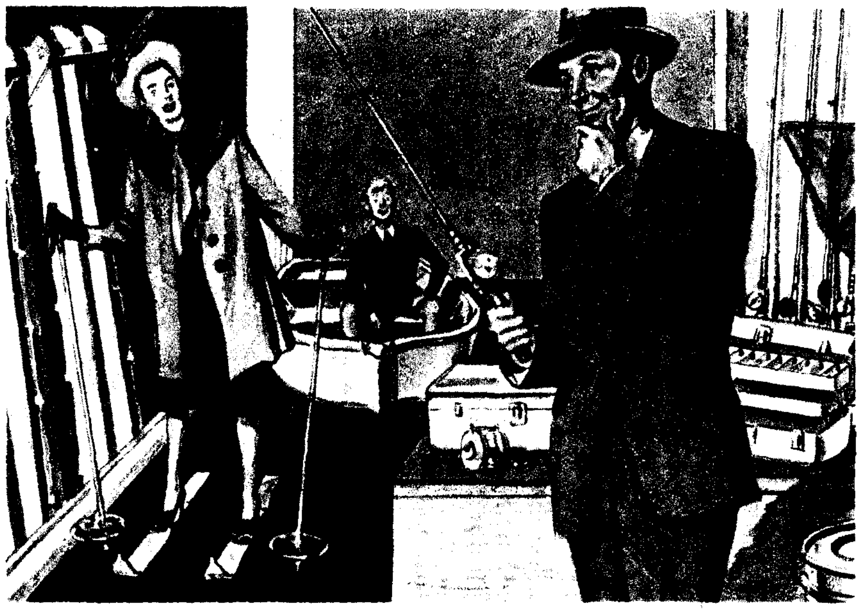

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More and better aluminum products—*today*...with

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Consumer Service Division, Kaiser Bldg., Oakland 12, California been due in some part to pluck and luck.

At fourteen he applied for a job on his home-town newspaper, the Lafayette Morning Journal (now the Lafayette Journal-Courier). The managing editor turned him down cold.

"Do you own the paper?" Steve asked.

"No."

"Well, who's the boss?"

"Henry W. Marshall," said the managing editor, pointing to Marshall's office.

Steve asked the telephone operator to announce him to the publisher, and with some amusement she did, as "Mr. Stephen Hannagan." This was also the name of Steve's uncle, who was a saloonkeeper with considerable local political weight, and Marshall said to send him right in. When he recovered from his surprise, he was not impressed by the fuzzy-faced youngster. Steve called on Marshall thirteen times before the publisher finally hired him at $1 a week. "It's worth it," he said, "to keep you from pestering me."

By the time he was seventeen, Steve was the Journal's city editor, earning $25 a week. After graduating from Jefferson High School, Hannagan enrolled as a special student at Purdue University and became a local correspondent for the Indianapolis Star. Soon he was making nearly $55 a week, considerably more than most of his instructors. This seemed incongruous to his logical mind so he left the university.

DANCING SCHOOL

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

It was about this time he got his first lesson in the practical aspects of press-agentry. One of Bill Pickens' barnstorming auto races came to Lafayette, and Steve was hired to handle the local publicity on a straight salary plus a percentage of the gate. Some time after the race he learned he had been short-counted at the box office. Later he found Pickens holding court with Barney Oldfield and other celebrities in an Indianapolis hotel room.

"I've been gypped," said Hannagan. "I was short-counted on the gate of your Lafayette show."

"How long did it take you to find that out?" asked Pickens.

"Several days."

"You'll be a great success as a promoter, son. Usually they never find out."

In 1919, Hannagan bumped into a pot of luck in the person of Carl Fisher, one of the shrewdest real-estate operators who ever lived. Fisher, after selling his Prest-O-Lite Company to Union Carbide and Carbon for $5,000,000, had sunk a large part of his fortune into developing the Indianapolis Speedway.

Hannagan had been hired as a publicity assistant for the Memorial Day race. At that time news emphasis was on the mechanical features of the racing cars. These were a complete mystery to Hannagan, so he wrote about the drivers themselves, men like Tommy Milton, Ralph De Palma and Howdy Wilcox. His stories were successful and he asked the man who had hired him for a raise. When he got turned down he sought out Theodore E. (Pop) Myers, track major-domo, and made his demands, describing at some length his merit and achievements. In the midst of his monologue a man entered the office, and Myers told Hannagan to beat it.

"What's it about?" demanded the newcomer.

Hannagan didn't know the man but was glad of a receptive audience. He went through his whole story again. When he finished, the stranger said, "All right, son, from now on you're publicity boss around here. My name is Carl Fisher, what's yours?"

This meeting with Fisher was doubtless the most portentous in his life. As press agent for the Speedway he was spectacularly successful and he has been given major credit for its development as the world's most popular one-day sporting event, drawing up to 170,000 people.

The real pay-off with Fisher began five years later, however, after Hannagan had served an apprenticeship on the United Press. In the fall of 1924, Fisher asked him to come south to help promote Miami Beach, which Fisher was then endeavoring to create by pumping sand out of Biscayne Bay onto a mangrove swamp. Hannagan accepted after convincing Fisher he was worth $300 a week, plus all expenses including board and lodging.

During Hannagan's twenty subsequent years in Florida, he made a pretty girl in a bathing suit stock newspaper art every winter in every city in the country—and every picture carried a plug for Miami Beach. He lost no opportunity to plug the name. His first dispatch to press associations after being hired was, "Flash, Julius Fleischmann dropped dead on the polo field here this afternoon. Don't forget Miami Beach date line." This classic example of press-agent enterprise hung framed for years in the U.P. office.

The backbone of Hannagan's campaign, however, was the simplest device of all, the home-town story. If Mr. and Mrs. Jones from Kalamazoo came to Miami Beach, a picture of them having fun got back to the Kalamazoo papers. The Kalamazoo papers ate it up; the neighbors were envious and determined next year to do likewise; the Joneses were flattered and felt compelled to brag about what a wonderful time they had.

News services frequently called on Hannagan to cover stories for them. In 1930, Time magazine wired him for a summary of how the season was going. Hannagan wired back a detailed account of how it had slumped 20 per cent and was generally lousy. Time publisher Henry R. Luce saw the wire and asked its source. Told that it came from the Miami Beach publicity man, he said, "Cancel that story. Let's do one about an honest press agent," and Hannagan got a flattering write-up.

Hannagan was unjustly accused of planting an attempted assassination of Jack Dempsey in order to promote the highly successful Sharkey-Stribling fight in Miami Beach. Dempsey, front man of the enterprise, was spending the night as a guest in a strange house and heard a commotion downstairs. Investigating, he surprised a burglar, who fired a shot at him as he came down the steps. A reporter heard of it hours later and the story got heavy play.

Such a planted story, though bold enough for Hannagan, lacks the Hannagan integrity. If he had been behind it, it wouldn't have been exclusive; he would have found some means of giving all the reporters an even break on the story.

The rivalry between Miami and Miami Beach for the tourist trade was very bitter. There is no published score of the result, but Hannagan treasures in his numerous scrapbooks a clipping from the editorial pages of a Miami paper which sadly complains that all the good news of the area somehow got out on a Miami Beach date line and all the bad news was date-lined Miami.

Breaks With Beach Crowd

His twenty-year honeymoon with Miami Beach broke up, Hannagan says, only when the boys on the Beach got to misbehaving in such un-Hannagan ways as gouging the customers and sending them back up North yelping bloody murder. As this violated Hannagan's Client Requirement Number One—honesty—Hannagan filed for divorce. Besides, he adds with disarming candor, there wasn't any profit in the account any more.

Like a well-kept balance sheet, the total of Hannagan's detractors almost precisely equals the total of his competitors. Many of them claim that he hurt Miami Beach as much as he helped it. They grow vehement about Hannagan's "unrestrained" publicity. Such vehemence is a compliment to Hannagan, in a mild way, for it has replaced the attitude of tolerant indulgence with which the brass hats of the trade greeted him when he opened his office in 1935.

Hannagan was then looked upon as a good publicity man who knew what to do with a girl in a bathing suit. But critics pointed to his unhappy relationship with Lord & Thomas, a big-time advertising agency. Steve was vice-president in charge of new business for this firm but parted company with them after less than two years. There were too many important executives in the outfit; Hannagan found himself without anyone to give orders to. His detractors insisted that he couldn't play in the major leagues and handle big corporation clients.

Today, however, Hannagan has fifteen big-league clients each of which pays him anywhere from $25,000 to $75,000 a year. Among them are Coco-Cola, Union Pacific Railroad, Olin Industries (Winchester Arms and Western Cartridge), and the Owens-Illinois Glass Company.

Because of the celebrated success of his enterprises, Hannagan is romanticized by fledgling press agents and graduate journalism students, who seem to believe he has mysterious or magical endowments.

Once a student, pressing him to describe his brand of alchemy, drew out the revelation of his real secret. "All you gotta have in this business is newspaper training and common sense," he said in some exasperation. "Now I ask you where the hell is there any magic in that?"

THE END

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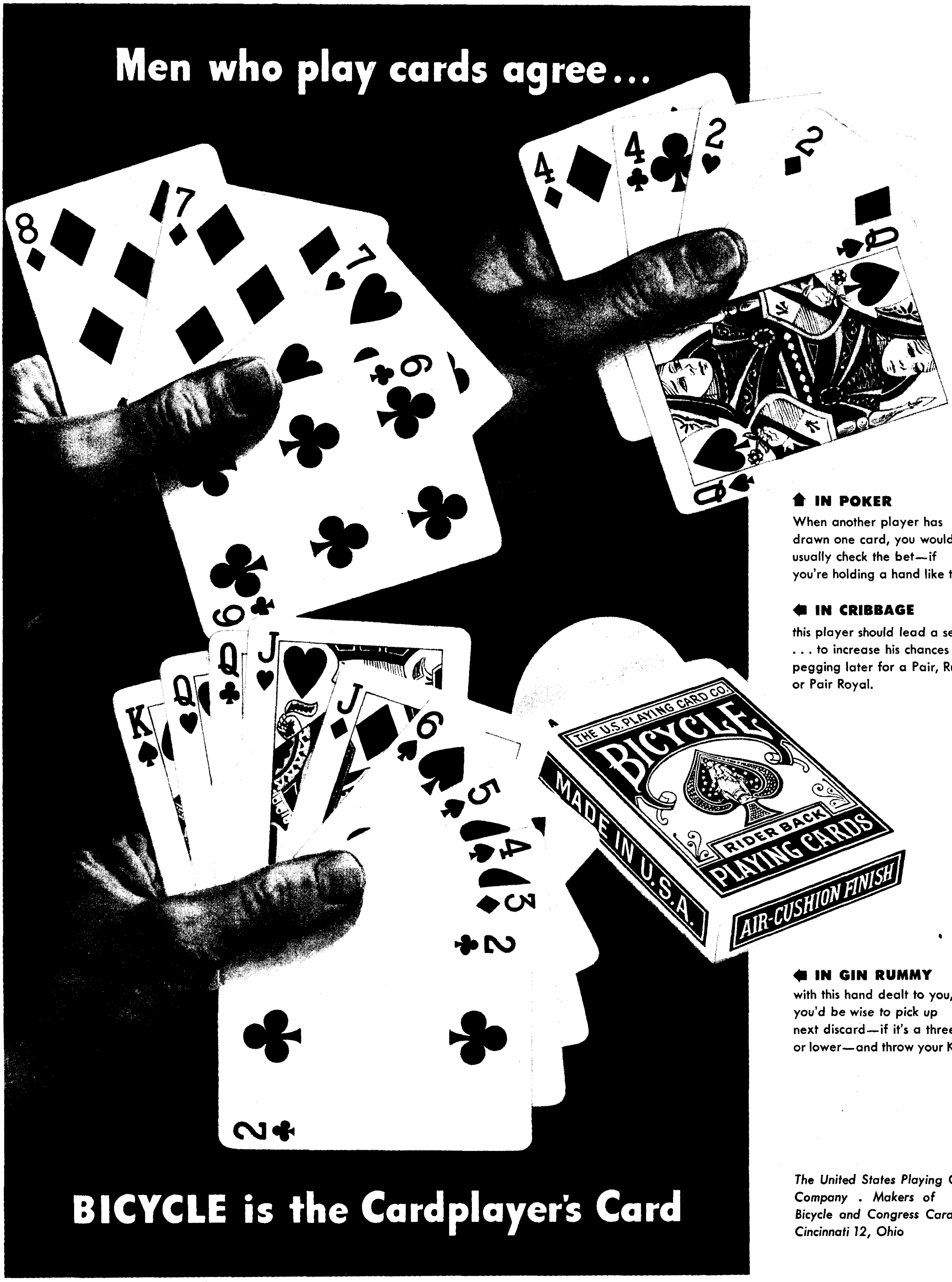
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THE PIGSKIN HEART

Continued from page 17

best Ivy League team in years, but there was that tackle weakness. Hinkel, Colley, Sharp were good Ivy League tackles, but not great.

The rest of the team was pretty great, Willy thought. Even before Degraw had come to Kings, last spring training, the aroused alumni had seen to it that there were good men at Kings. Not professionals, not thugs. They were smart boys, reasonably high in their classes. But they could play football. They were big and brawny and quick, and their brains were quick, too.

Degraw was big time, of course. His record in the Middle West proved that. He was a tall man, about forty. His eyes were burning brands during a game. He was a cold man, but his eyes burned. No one on the squad liked him; but they respected his know-how, his ability to teach them football. He had taught Willy that cutback. He had made Willy a big offensive threat.

Willy was too small for the big time. He never weighed over one fifty. He would have been a sprinter had it not been for the knee. He was a blond boy with light eyes and a large, friendly mouth. He had a love for football as deep as Degraw's; he had always loved the game.

Sharp was saying, "It was fun under Pop, but Degraw is a jerk. You can kill yourself out there and Degraw won't notice. But if you slip up once, you're murdered."

Willy said, "Vale's going to score."

"What of it? We'll freeze the ball and the game'll end."

Willy said, "Degraw's thinking of Eastern next week. That Bolton—"

"You sure hate Bolton, don't you, Willy? It's funny—you even have a good word for Degraw, but you hate that Bolton."

Willy did not have to reply, because a Vale back ran through tackle and scored and everyone hollered and jumped and acted as though it were awful, except the Vales, who began slapping one another on the back and yelling defiance. He did not get off the bench. He sat there and wondered if he really did hate George Bolton because of that old incident, and if he would be able to repay Bolton next week when Kings met Eastern.

KINGS was going a bit out of its class in playing the big university. George Bolton was getting a free ride and fifty dollars per month for attending Eastern, Willy knew through home-town gossip, and others on the team were getting the same. Eastern spent—and made—a lot of money on its football teams. It was Degraw who had angled for that Eastern game. Degraw was always shooting the angles, putting his teams up top, getting publicity for the school, which Kings needed like it needed another library to go with the six it had.

Vale failed to convert. The score was 20 to 13. The Blue went back and lined up, still waving arms, still determined to take the ball away and tie it up. Vale teams never quit. There was tradition in that.

Degraw said, "Garth."

Sharp said, "No!" The dirty son—your knee—"

Willy tried not to limp. The Vales would be watching and he must not let them know about the knee. Degraw did not look at him.

"Tell Lancey to use 91."

"Yessir."

The cold voice said, "I want another touchdown."

"Yessir." That was all you ever said to Degraw when a game was in progress. The corners of the coach's square mouth turned down. He was angry.

"Sharp."

He was taking Bud Hinkel out. The captain had played only about a quarter of the game. Degraw was riding him, all right. Willy went in and White came off. Vale kicked a deep one.

Yancey caught it and went back to the twenty-five. He saw Willy and winked, and Willy did not have to tell him the play. Yancey was a sophomore, but he was one of the boys they had got for Degraw's coming to Kings.

It was a stripper, from the single wing. Everybody faked right, with Yancey cleverly concealing the ball. Then Willy had it; he checked. Then he was running left, without cover.

It was his speed which made it count. He got outside the end, who was looking the other way because of the fakery and then he was trying to outrun the safety man. His knee did not feel so good.

He waited, timing it, then used the cutback. The knee almost buckled, and he cursed George Bolton savagely under his breath. The safety man closed in. Willy put on speed, somehow forcing the bad knee to pump harder.

Two of them caught him on the goal line. They pinched him, but he managed to fall forward. He was over, all right. He got up, stumbled a little and saw his relief coming onto the field. He managed to walk off.

DON'T BE A CRUMB-
SAVE A SLICE!
SAVE FOOD!

Degraw did not look at him. Degraw was sending in a green tackle for Sharp, to give the boy experience, now that the game was sewed up. Willy wished he could go to the dressing room and have his knee baked, but he had to wait for the game to end. It did, very soon, with Vale filling the air with futile passes. Willy got up and dragged himself to the lecture.

Degraw believed in correcting mistakes while they were fresh in the mind. He stood there—tall, cold, accurate—telling them. He even ran a short clip of a movie of Eastern's great team, with Bolton crashing through inside tackle. Willy forgot his weariness, staring at the big figure flashing with the remembered high knee action, cutting back, gaining, always gaining.

Degraw ended, "They'll beat you to death if you don't improve."

"That's our thanks for beating Vale for the first time in years," muttered Bud Hinkle, as they went to the showers. "The bum."

"You've been talking to Sharp," said Willy. "Degraw's just a footballer."

"Yeah. Heart of pigskin. Win, win, win. You see any of the fellows celebrating a Vale victory? You know what that would've meant under Pop." The big captain's face was lined with anger and futility.

Willy said, "We've won every game. If we beat Eastern, we're going down in Kings history as one of the great teams. You're captain. It should mean a lot to you."

Hinkel stared at him. "You're a funny guy, Willy. You like everyone, you see good in everything. Maybe you're right—but Degraw's a bum."

The water cut off further conversation, roaring down, steaming away the aches and pains from hardened bodies. While they were dressing they began to remember they had at last beaten Vale and there was a lot of horseplay, but it was not like last year, when old Pop had been coach.

DEGRAW scrimmaged them Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. It was brutal work, with the scrubs impersonating Eastern players and the tackles getting hell. Bud Hinkel caught most of it. The big man never faltered, but Degraw drove him until Willy thought Hinkel would collapse.

Willy got off easy, because of the knee. Eph Gear, the old trainer, was a whizz at knees, and the baking machine was the newest and best. Degraw never even looked at Willy's knee.

Friday he showed them the pictures again. George Bolton ran the tackles until everyone knew him better than they knew their brothers. Degraw believed in the pictures. His sharp, cold voice went over it again and again, scoring the tackles. Eastern had a great team, they were undefeated, they would beat Kings if the tackles failed. Degraw never raised his voice, but the big men of the line began to cringe whenever he spoke.

It was over at last, the preparation, and Saturday came, bright as a new silver dollar. Willy walked among the ancient elms and Gothic towers and came to the club house. The team assembled there in the morning, on orders from Degraw. This was to keep them away from the old grads, drunk and full of bad advice. Degraw's face grew colder and narrower as game time approached. He lashed at them harshly, the intensity of his voice and his words betraying his nervousness. He was a cold man, all the way through, Willy conceded.

Bud Hinkel appeared to be paying no attention. Willy went close to the captain and saw that his face was flushed, his eyes were unnaturally bright. Willy put his hand on Hinkel's forehead. He said, "Hey! You better see Doc before you go out there."

Hinkel brushed him away. "G'wan. Shut up."

"Bud, my father's a doctor. I know a fever when I see it."

"Shut up, damn you!"

"But, Bud, you can get bad hurt out there!"

"I'm all right, I tell you. Shut up!"

Willy went away. Degraw had gone into his office, where he always schemed last-minute stratagems. Willy knocked on the door. There was no answer. Frowning, Willy slipped outdoors. The Eastern bus was unloading at the visitors' dressing-room door. He watched, motionless.

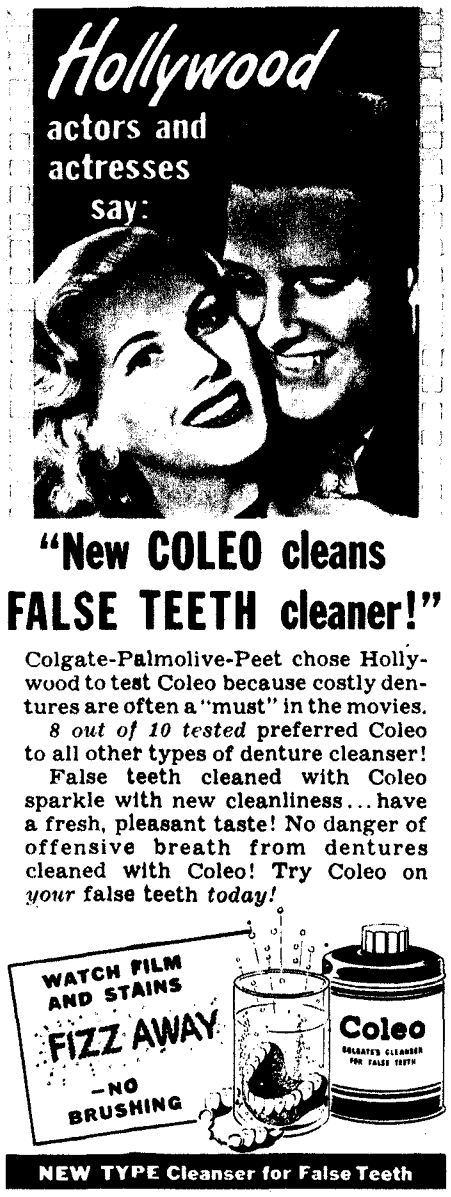
A long-legged, sport-coated figure squinted in the cold November sun. Willy made a motion to retreat, but it was too late. The Eastern player moved toward him and he had to stand his ground, his face flushed, head back.

George Bolton was a round-faced, tough-looking boy, with a reckless mouth and green eyes. His hands and feet were big, in proportion to his body, and he had an awkward, rolling way of walking. He said, "Hi, Willy. How about shakin' hands?"

"I wouldn't like it," said Willy.

The big man stopped short, his smile fading. "Still sore? Now, that ain't like you, Willy. I don't get that. I ain't sore at you."

"You haven't got—" Willy stopped. He had almost mentioned the knee. It would be murder if they knew about the



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knee. He ended weakly, "You can say it on the field."

"I don't get it." The hard, round face was honestly puzzled. "Everybody back home says you're such a nice li'l guy. I'm sorry I gave you the twist, away back there. Hell, it didn't hurt you much. You been goin' good. I've been proud of you. Hell, a little guy like you, scorin' touchdowns like crazy—"

"Save it, George."

"You won't run wild against us," George said, without boasting, without rancor. "But that part's all right. I just thought home-town guys should be friendly. I know I'm from the other side of the track—"

"It's not that and you know it," snapped Willy.

"It's because I gave you a twist," nodded George. "And we won that ole city championship. I'm sorry, honest I am."

Willy said, "You must've got religion." He was actually sneering at this big, red-faced young man.

"Ahhh," said Bolton. His face got even redder. "Ahhh. All right. The hell with it. Look out for yourself, then. Thassall. Look out for yourself out there."

Willy turned and almost ran to the dressing room. He tore off his clothing furiously, hating George Bolton as he stared at the knee, the slight inflammation, the swelling. Eph came with the brace and fastened it and Willy remembered the high-school game, running against the tough kids from the other side of town.

He had been a star in high school, and Bolton had been his opposite number. On this play, Willy had got away. He was going for the side line, looking hopefully for a blocker. Slowing down for the blockers was what had given George the shot at him. And George had taken it. He could still feel the big hands on his leg, twisting.

He could not run after that. George's team had won. George had made All-State and got the scholarship to Eastern and Willy had come quietly to Kings to take his premed course. But the knee was always bad.

Eph finished with the brace and Willy put on his pants. He carried his cleats over to where Bud Hinkel sat alone. He said, "You all right, Bud?"

"Cert'ny I'm all right."

Willy went back to the door of the coach's office. He called, "Coach, it's me, Garth."

"Come in." The voice was menacing, it seemed to Willy.

Degraw sat behind the desk and now his cold eyes fastened upon Willy. "I was about to send for you, Garth. I saw you consorting with Bolton. You know my rule. You know what I think about consorting with enemy players."

Willy said, "Consorting? With Bolton? Why, Coach, I hate that guy."

Degraw's eyes narrowed. He surveyed Willy closely, one hand tapping out a rhythm on the desk. "You hate Bolton? I never thought you could hate anyone, Garth. I've noted in you a certain lack of— Why do you hate Bolton?"

"Why, Coach, he gave me this knee, back in high school."

Degraw's eyes burned a little, like during a game. He said, "So. A dirty player."

"Well, that was in high school. . . . Coach, I wanted to tell you about Hinkel. He's got a fever. You'd better get Doc to check Hinkel. Playing with a fever's dangerous."

Degraw said, "So you hate Bolton? Well, you may get your shot at him today. He's their big gun on the ground and their passing attack is not too good. It's all in the tackles. . . ."

"Hinkel's speech is thick, he isn't himself," said Willy desperately. "He'll insist on playing, but you know what a fever will do—"

"You've got this streak in you, Garth. Weakness. You're all right on the field, but you've got this weakness. Hinkel is all right, do you understand. I *made* Hinkel all right." The cold eyes had really begun to burn now. "Garth, let me give you one lesson: A small man cannot afford to be weak."

Willy said, "Hinkel is not all right. . . ."

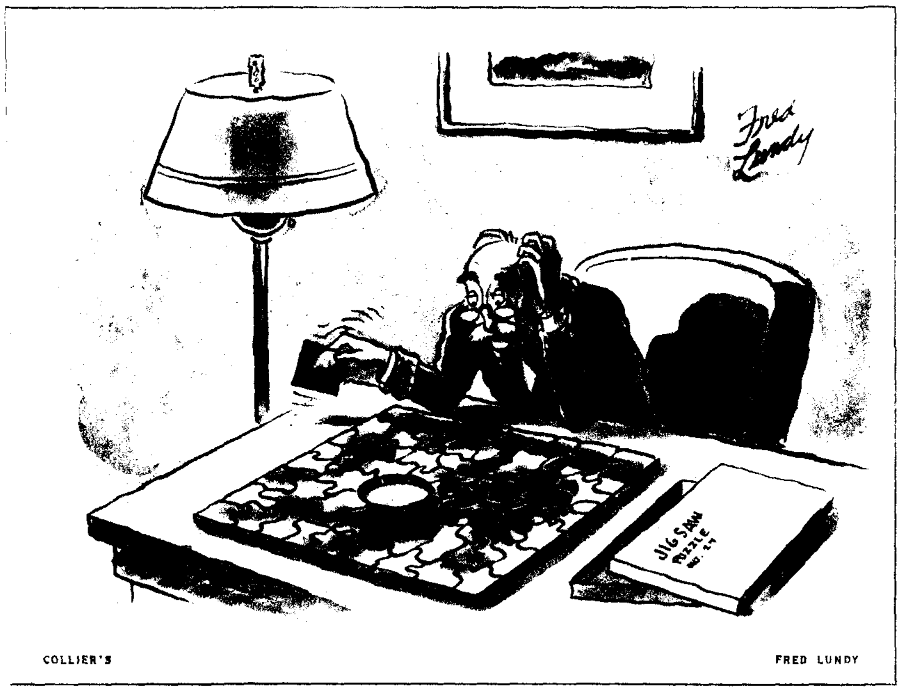
"That's all," said Degraw. The corners of his mouth turned down, not petulantly, but with grave harshness. "You may go now."

It was like leaving the office of the principal, after a bawling out, back in high school. Willy felt that if he had owned a tail it would be between his legs. But he went out of the office. There was nothing else he could do. He looked for Doc, but could not find him. He stared at Hinkel, and the big man scowled back at him.

THE concrete horseshoe was lined with humans in fur coats, in cloth coats, in the colors of late autumn. Mostly it was green this year, Willy thought. Trees planted two centuries ago towered over the top of the stadium; a plane hummed against the blue sky. On the white-barred turf the two football teams gathered.

They came together, they came apart. They lunged, ran, threw the ball, kicked it as thousands cheered. The wires of the nation were busy telling the story. It became late in the second quarter of the game and the story was amazing, because there had been no score. Eastern had failed to spread the line. Bud Hinkel was playing like a wild thing.

Willy kept watching Hinkel. The cap-



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REFRIGE [illegible] HOME HEATERS • HOME & FARM FREEZERS tain was playing over his head. Colley, on the other side, was playing well too, but Hinkel was way above anything he had ever displayed before. It wasn't right, the way Hinkel was spending the afternoon in the Eastern backfield, messing up plays before they got started. Hinkel was not that good.

Eastern had thundered, with Bolton, Nogalski and Kerr, their great backs, but Kings had stood firm; there had been no lightning. Yancey kicked a beauty out of bounds and on the exchange Kings came up with the ball on their thirty-five.

Degraw said, "Garth." His gaze never left the field, but inside the long overcoat he was taut as a viol string, Willy knew. "Use 91, Garth." He paused, then his voice cut, warning, almost spiteful, "And watch yourself out there, Garth."

It stung. It meant Willy was weak, it meant Bolton was in there, waiting to get him, it meant Willy was not to say anything to Bud, or about Bud. Willy went in. White's face was bruised from the hammering and he looked happy to get relief.

Willy stared at Bud Hinkel. The captain's eyes were half closed, his jaw drooped a little. He was a big, full-blooded fellow. There had been a man like him at home, one of his father's patients, and he had overdone it on the tennis court and now he was partially paralyzed. A brain lesion, they said. Willy gulped and listened to Yancey give the signal for the 91 play.

Yancey had a cheerful, competent voice. He said, *"Hep!"* and they hepped, and the play came, with the faking and the line play and all the Kings players surging right. Willy counted, then spun and ran outside the Eastern left end, cutting back, picking up speed.

They had been fooled, as everyone was fooled by this simple but effective weak-side run. Willy saw them, all headed the wrong way, completely reversed—except for George Bolton.

ON THE other wing, George had not been bamboozled. He had to cross the entire field, but he was yelling and running and his legs were long. He could not outrun Willy and he knew it, so he was cutting the angle. He was going downfield, picking a spot inside the goal line where he could head off Willy and stop him short of a touchdown. Kings had not been able to do anything with the Eastern line, and anything short of a touchdown would satisfy George.

Willy fooled the safety man and ran away from him. He was running easy inside his knee brace. He watched Bolton from one corner of his eye and it built up inside him. It built big and hot, the memory of that other time, his knee, the lost championship in high school, Degraw's driving demand for victory, the things Kings football meant to him, the team, the way Hinkel was playing his heart out—all the things built up big inside him.

He knew Kings was loyally mopping up behind him. Yancey came and took out a pursuing end. Hinkel stumbled and fell at mid-field. The stands were up, arms waving, screams rending the air. Only Degraw was motionless as the reserves came off the Kings bench leaping and howling. Willy ran.

He estimated Bolton's speed. He figured the spot where Bolton would catch him. It was about the five-yard line. Bolton was giving himself plenty of time, cutting the long angle. He was running faster than in high school, and Willy was slower, because of the knee. Willy tried to hurry, but the knee hurt.

They came closer together. Bolton's face was very red, set with determination. His face looked fat under the helmet. Willy noted the strong legs, driving like pistons, the long arms and big, cruel hands.

He let Bolton come very close. Then setting his teeth, he jerked into the cutback Degraw had taught him. It meant crossing his legs and changing direction on a dime, but he tried it.

He saw Bolton's dismay and almost laughed. His timing had been right. He had Bolton faded.

Then the knee buckled. He was right down there and he had Bolton fooled, but the knee buckled. Bolton reached out. Bolton's hand clamped onto his left knee. Pain shot into his groin.

He spun, his nice, humorous face contorted, his eyes full of stinging tears, teeth showing between lips parted in agony. He spun, using all his lean agility and strength. The knee was in Bolton's hands, but Willy spun and staggered and fell over the line, with Bolton hanging onto him.

He saw the referee, panting, kneeling, squinting, saw him leap into the air, arms outstretched. He sighed and mumbled "Okay, George. Okay. . . ."

It was a touchdown. He did not have to get up. Eph came to get him and there was a tremendous ovation as he limped off, hopping on his right leg.

But Degraw was not even looking at him. Degraw was looking upfield. Willy twisted his head and saw the trouble at once. Bud Hinkel was still lying on his face. He had not arisen after the tumble at mid-field. Degraw's face was like stone, staring.

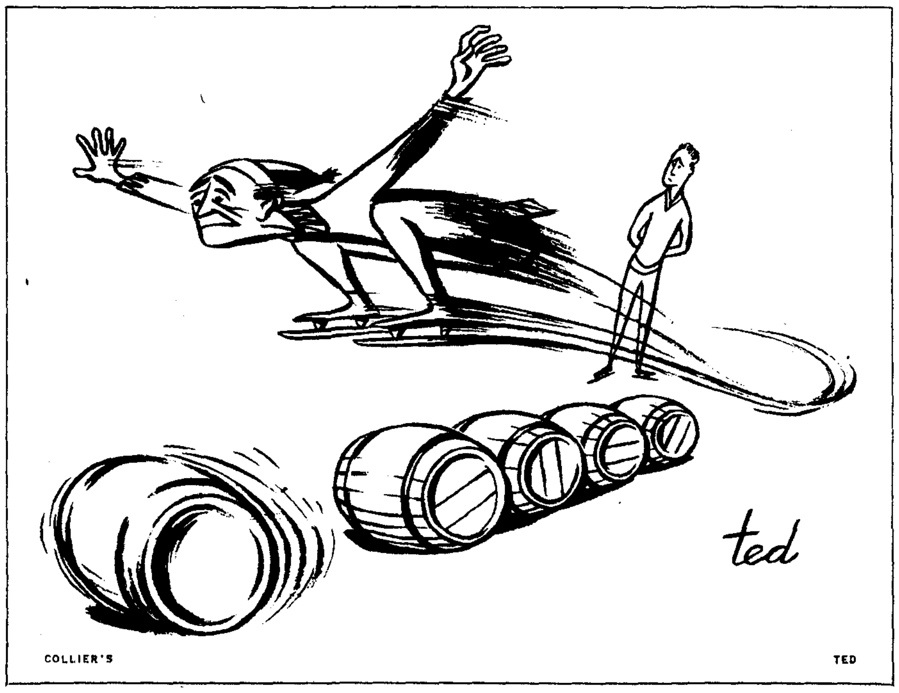
wondering about Bud and about his own knee and then he got thinking about Degraw. He kept wondering what kind of man Degraw was. He had never thought of him as a man, only as a coach.

He could not decide. Degraw was not a man, he was a machine, a football machine. Yet football was a game. Willy had always enjoyed football more than anything in the world. Winning or losing, he had enjoyed it, even in high school. Except for that time George had hurt him. He had not enjoyed that. . . .

NOW it was Degraw who was spoiling it. Dislike for the cold, overbearing coach grew within him. He moved restlessly and Eph Gear came back and said, "Quarter's over. Still seven-nothing. Sharp's playin' almost as good as Hinkel. But Sharp can't last."

Willy said, "I can get out now." He got down and tried the leg. It was not much good. He made the trainer replace the brace. He hobbled about until the joint oiled up and he could walk pretty well. But he limped badly going to the bench. The crowd saw him and howled bloody murder, but that did not make his knee any better.

Degraw's eyes slid around to him, but the coach made no other sign. Willy sat down. The men on the bench made a fuss over him, covering him with blankets against the wind which had risen.



Sitting with his leg in the baking machine, just before the second half began, Willy overheard the doctor. "Garth cannot run on that leg today. That is final."

Degraw's voice was thick with rage: "Garth is my climax back. Furthermore he is a football player, all the way through. I must have him!"

The doctor said, "You've sent one boy to the infirmary today. Hinkel is in serious shape, Degraw. He should not have played."

"I refuse to accept responsibility," Degraw said coldly. "There was nothing wrong with Hinkel. He was excited, that was all. He is a hysterical type."

"I blame myself," said the doctor. "Had I not been detained—"

"It is no one's fault," snapped Degraw. "I want Garth in there, Doctor, if the occasion arises. You will remember that I am athletic director as well as head coach here. If I need Garth—I want him."

The doctor said, "You shall have my resignation tomorrow. But if Garth puts the strain of a long run on that leg, I will not be responsible and my report will show it."

That was all Willy heard. He sat with the knee under the heat during the third quarter. He kept sending Eph Gear out to see what was going on, but he kept

Bolton was still in the game. The teams changed goals and Eastern had the wind with them. An exchange of kicks gave them the ball on their own thirty-five.

They started moving, then. They ran in a couple of fresh linemen and started at the tackles. They went over Sharp. They got five yards. They went at Colley, but he stood them off with two, so they went back at Sharp.

It was so like the pictures it was nightmarish. The big linemen would spread Sharp and Alger; Frey would be blocked and then Bolton would come through, knees high, gloriously charging. White would hit him, or Grayson, the center, or Young, the fullback, but Bolton would have his gain. Sometimes it was four, sometimes five, sometimes six. He just kept rolling along. He got over mid-field in a hurry.

It took time. Once someone stole the ball and Yancey kicked into the wind, a poor kick. Degraw's jaw muscles twitched then. He had taken Sharp out for a rest on offense, and now he sent him in again. Sharp looked awful. He was reeling from weariness, but he went doggedly to the task. Eastern rolled again and Willy began watching the clock. There was plenty of time for a touchdown to tie it up. Maybe they could score twice. Kings was so beaten

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up that the whole defense might fall apart.

Bolton alternated with another big back, now. They came on and on. It was like a steam roller going down the road, slow but sure. Eastern was trying to smash them, to break the back of the defense and pull the game out of the fire by brute strength. It was not pretty, but it was very solid football.

Bolton crashed for fifteen, getting away from Young; Yancey tripped him just as Bolton was about to break into the open field. Yancey called time out. The ball was on Kings' fifteen-yard line.

It was only a question of time. Everyone knew it. The Kings men on the bench were silent, suffering. Degraw did not turn around. The stands were restless with the rustling of sullen Kings adherents, eager but restrained Eastern fans.

Degraw said, "Garth." Willy stood up and put on his helmet.

THE doctor was up like a whippet, moving to where the coach stood. Degraw said coldly, "Garth will not have to run far. Garth has a chance to stop Bolton."

"A man his weight, on defense?"

Degraw's voice was remote, Olympian: "Garth. You know Bolton. You know the play they are using. Could you get in there faster than White? Could you plug that hole?"

"No! This is murder," said the doctor.

Degraw said, "I am leaving it to Garth."

"Don't do it. Bolton weighs two hundred. He's fast—"

Willy was looking at Degraw, but Degraw was not looking at Willy. The coach was staring at the field, estimating the chances. It meant an undefeated season, it meant headlines, it meant money and fame to Degraw. To Willy it meant a bum knee for life—

He thought of George Bolton, hammering through, gaining All-America at the expense of the Kings tackles. He thought of Bud in the infirmary, captain of Kings, sick and delirious. He thought of his father, who had warned him about injury, cautioned him against heroism misplaced.

He said, "All right, Coach."

"No," cried the doctor. "You can't—"

He was on the field. They stared at him. White, his face pale and etched with fatigue, did not want to go off. The Easterns stared at the two backs without understanding. Yancey shrugged, his mouth twisting in a wry, understanding grin.

George Bolton stood apart, hands on hips. His round eyes followed Willy. He watched Willy limp—there was nothing Willy could do about the limp now. Then Bolton turned and stared long and hard at Degraw, standing on the side line like a lighthouse on a rocky shore, alone, stark, impersonal.

Time was called in. Bolton's face was perplexed, hard, eager, all at the same time. He was tough, Willy knew, from a long, tough line of longshoremen. He was ambitious and smart and tough.

The play formed. Willy, unaccustomed to playing the wing, had to think hard. It had been genius which sent him in here of course—Degraw's genius which recognized a football brain. What had made him come of his own accord was something he did not fathom as yet, but Degraw had been smart. Willy could diagnose a play, and he knew Bolton. He could close his eyes and see it all, remembering the pictures. He played back a little, as though expecting a pass, wanting them to think he had been sent in to stop a possible pass.

Then the play came. It was Bolton, running over poor Sharp. It was the play inside the tackle.

But Willy had got his start on his good leg. When he picked up the speed, he forgot about the bad leg. He went in there, took off. He flew through the air.

Tucking in his head, he made no attempt to evade the head-on collision. He was in there for a purpose. He saw Bolton coming into the hole, then his flying, small form was in there.

The crash was earth-shaking. Willy went down and down, floating a little, it seemed. Yancey was helping him up, too soon. Yancey said, "No gain."

They tried the other side and he got a rest. Colley would not be moved and they got only two yards. They had to come back to Sharp, because Sharp was about done.

They came. They tried to get a man ahead to block Willy, but the blocker was not fast enough. Willy made a projectile of himself. He slammed into the hole and he slammed into Bolton.

They were down and Bolton's face was near his. When Willy could see again, there was a funny look on Bolton's face—as though he were asking a question. Not angry, not baffled, just asking. Willy shook it off and got up.

It was fourth down. The clock was running low. Eastern took time out to confer. Willy stood very still, so that he would not shake. He was bruised from head to foot and now his knee was a raging lake of fire somewhere below his waist. He was afraid to look down at it, for fear the pain would somehow be visible through the silken pants, through the brace.

Yancey said, "You all right, Willy? This is hell. Degraw is a dog."

Sharp said through broken teeth, "A dog. Willy, you shouldn't—"

"I'm all right."

Sharp spat out blood. "What the hell is this, a world war? Bud was damn' sick. Your knee—"

Willy said, "Kings hasn't had an unbeaten season in twenty years. Bud will like it."

"Nuts," said Sharp. "You're soft. We're all dopes, to let Degraw—"

"And we'll do nothing about it. Exactly nothing," said Yancey softly. "Okay. We're on again."

THE whistle blew. Eastern had a play. It was one they hadn't used before. Willy sensed it at once. He saw them line up in a slightly different way; Bolton was not in the slot.

But Willy knew football. He stood, resting his knee, thinking. The Easterns deployed, and the weary Kings men tried to figure it out. But Willy sensed it, thought he could see what they'd do. He knew it would be Bolton, who had brought them down there, he knew they would give Bolton another chance.

He shifted over at the last moment. They had Sharp spread wide. Willy took off and got to the hole. Bolton was already coming through, from close up, his long legs digging turf.

Willy hit him. He hit him head on, with everything he had. He felt his leg go, but he shoved on with his right leg, one arm grabbing, twisting, throwing Bolton. The big man came down atop him. Willy lay there and the tears would not refrain from pouring down his cheeks, and he held onto Bolton.

There was a gun somewhere. Bolton got up. He stood, his face screwed up, staring at Willy. He shoved Yancey aside. He bent and lifted Willy and got Willy's arm over his shoulder.

He kept talking all the way over: "You can be sore at me. But I'm not sore at you. I never saw anything so dead game. I never saw anything like it. A light kid like you—stoppin' us. They couldn't get a block on you! I was never hit harder—" His red face was earnest and his eyes were a very deep green and he was not smiling. His rough voice went on, "So we lost the game, so what? Our guys ain't killed, like that poor, babblin' captain of yours. What kinda guy is this Degraw, anyway?"

They were at the side line. Eph was

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there, and the doctor's face was pale and accusing. Degraw never moved from where he stood; his face was triumphant, the cold eyes full of glory.

Eph and the doctor took hold of Willy. George Bolton said loudly, "Here's the man won your game. Ain't you even gonna say somethin' to him?"

Willy's leg collapsed. He sat down between the doctor and Eph Gear. He sat, stupidly staring. Degraw's face had not changed. He said merely, "They'll be looking for you, Bolton. Don't be a sorehead."

Bolton took a step. He said, "Sorehead? Why, this kid mighta killed himself, winnin' that game for you. Why, you big jerk—"

Degraw said to a couple of the players, "Take him away."

Willy started to get up. He clung to Eph and got to his feet. There was a sudden surge of emotion in him. He actually took a step, crying out, "Leave him alone. Don't touch him! He's all right—"

Then George Bolton had taken another step. He said, "They call us pros at Eastern. They call us other things. But we don't have to play under—"

Degraw said, "Take him away, the mucker!"

George Bolton took another step. The reckless mouth grinned a little. He feinted with his left fist. Then his right shot out. It was a thing of beauty, George's right hand. It was a hitter's long, straight right.

It landed on Degraw's nose. It sent Degraw back, knocking off his hat, dropping him to earth. He sat there, dazed, his nose awry, the blood streaming.

George said, "That was for you, Willy. See you back home." He waved nonchalantly in his tough way and trotted across the field to where a few of his teammates curiously awaited him.

NO ONE raised a hand to stop the going of George Bolton. Willy would always remember that. Staggering off, between Eph and the doctor, he was strangely happy. It would have been a bitter ending to his football career, without George, without the last, reckless deed. He twisted his head to see Degraw getting up, his sparse hair disarranged, the wild look of disbelief in his eye, his dignity shattered forever.

It would be good, going home this year, knowing George was there. It would be different, and it would be very good.

THE END

FIRST CHOICE

Continued from page 25

Dida sat down opposite him and poured the coffee.

"What are you doing here?" he asked almost pleasantly.

"Papa's home."

"Oh." He didn't ask for more explanation.

"He has a wart. In his throat." She pointed with her butter knife.

"Malignant?" he asked hopefully.

"I don't know. Listen, George—you're taking me out tonight."

"Oh." He looked at her. "Am I?"

"I told Papa you were."

There was a silence. George put on his red tortoise-shell spectacles and thumbed through the script. After a bit, he began to whistle lightly between his teeth. Finally, he closed the script and brought his palm down on the table. Very carefully, he said: "I'm going out tonight with some friends of mine."

"Well, you can take me along."

"No."

"I won't be left alone with Papa, George. Not tonight of all nights."

"And just what's happening tonight—of all nights?"

"It's tomorrow. Peter's coming home."

George flushed so that his freckles got lost. "Good," he said stiffly. "Now maybe you'll leave me alone."

DIDA looked at him. Ever since Papa had first brought him home to dinner, George had been telling her he was Papa's friend, not hers, and that anyway he wasn't so much a friend as Papa's slave. He said it so often that she felt sure he was hiding behind economics.

"Sometimes," Dida said, "I wonder why I put up with you."

"You put up with me like the bloodhounds put up with Liza," he pointed out. "Now will you go wait for Peter somewhere else?"

The telephone rang.

George went to answer it and Dida umped up and followed him into the iving room. "If that's your friends, remember you're bringing me tonight."

He looked at her. "You're spending a quiet evening with your family. I'm playing gin rummy." He picked up the phone. After a second, an odd expression settled on his face. He said, "Yes, sir," a couple of times and hung up.

"Damn," he said, and turned on her.

"That was Papa, wasn't it?" Dida said. "It's lucky I told you about our date."

George gave her a slow terrible smile. "Date," he said. "He's decided I'll have to rewrite part of the script. He's going to tell me about it. Tonight. Saturday night."

"Just because you asked me to the ball game?"

He took her by the shoulders and turned her around to face the front door. Something in his manner told her the best thing to do was leave with quiet dignity.

Papa was very cheerful at dinner. He ate his vegetables without a fuss, and did not develop any new symptoms until he had finished two helpings of mocha cake and coffee ice cream. Then he sank down on the sofa with a stomach Thing. When Dida refused to take his pulse, he muttered pathetically. In his last illness, he was deserted, thrown to the mercies of the evening paper.

He raised it before him and kept it there, occasionally turning a page and emanating waves of martyrdom until the door chimes rang. He glanced at his watch.

"George is half an hour late," he announced. "Don't answer the door. He'll go away and we'll walk down to the picture."

Dida groped for a reply deadly enough. Finally she turned and went down the hall.

There was a coolness in George's greeting. She had put on her most childlike blue dirndl and now she tried an expression of innocence. "He's waiting for you in the living room," she said.

"You mean the serfs haven't cut him down yet?"

"Really, George—I'm terribly, terribly sorry," but he brushed past her.

"Hah!" he said to Papa. "The smiler with the knife."

Papa looked up at him; there was something about the set of George's wide mouth that made Papa cautious. He stared thoughtfully into the fireplace across the room for a moment and when he glanced back his black eyes were glistening with benevolence.

"Sit down, my boy."

George frowned.

Papa's face formed a smile. "Nice of you to join my lonely evening. Would you like a bit of Scotch?"

Slowly, George sank into a striped

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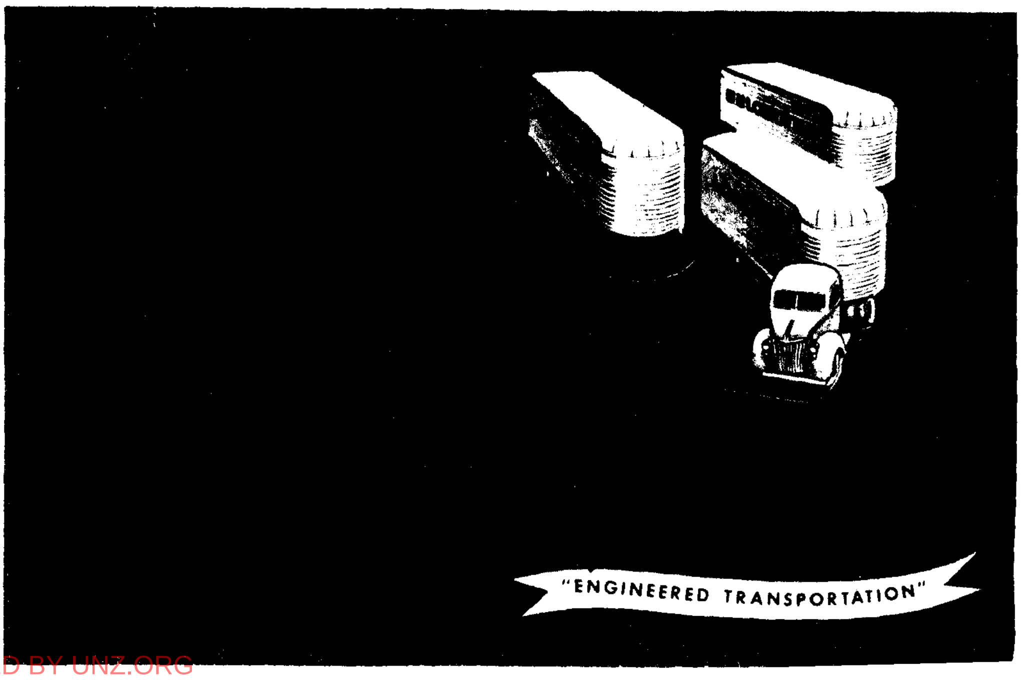

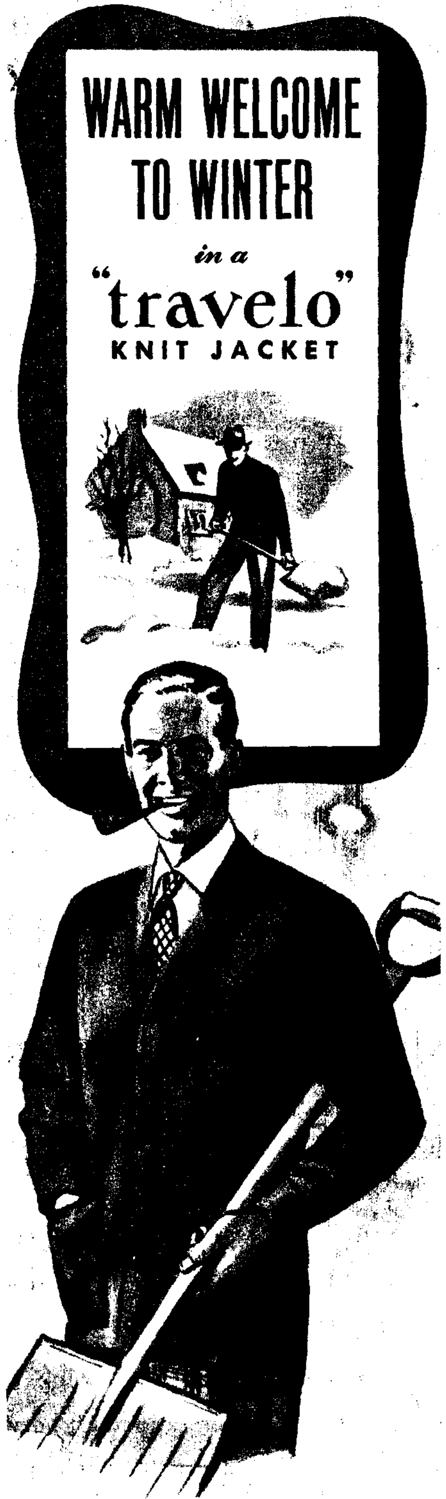

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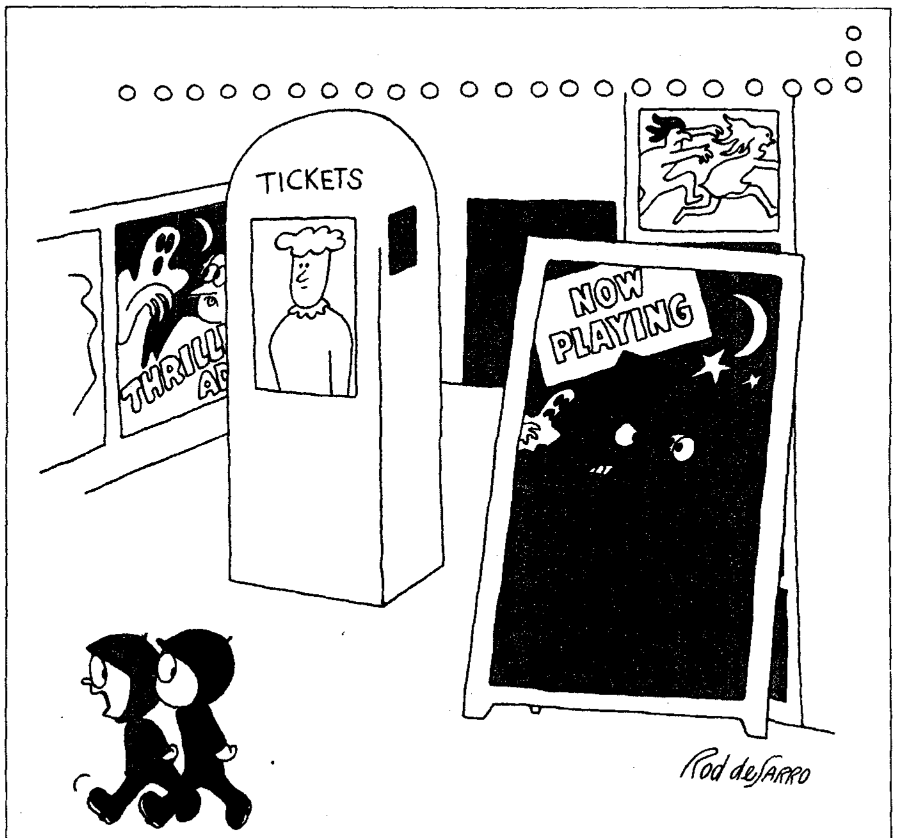


COLLIER'S "It didn't hold my interest. I walked out right in the middle of seeing it the third time!" RODNEY DE SARRO

armchair. "No, thank you." His voice was still thorny.

"Bourbon, then? I got hold of some fairly decent stuff."

"I guess not, thanks. I had a couple of drinks before dinner."

But Dida could see it working. Papa's ghastly parody of a kindly old gentleman was taking hold; George was already beginning to smooth out. They would all go to the late show and Papa would sit between her and George—but that was better than nothing.

"About the script, sir," George said tentatively. "Just *what* was it you didn't like?"

Papa waved his cigar at him. "It's good, George."

"But this afternoon—"

Papa smiled with the gentle charity he showed toward errors he committed himself. "I was wrong," he said. "I had things on my mind. I wouldn't change a word. We'll shoot just what you wrote."

George made a noise halfway between a sigh and a snort of satisfaction. He slid down in the striped chair and began to play lazily with his gold key chain.

It was all over but the kill, Dida knew. She sat on the leather hassock beside George's chair and watched Papa assemble his syntax for the *coup de grâce*.

"George," he said slowly, "I've been meaning to ask you something."

George's square face moved a little, falling into lines of thoughtful judgment.

"I value your opinion. Dida values your opinion," Papa continued. "In some ways, I think she respects it more than she does mine."

GEORGE glanced down with a modest show of confusion and his eyes fell on Dida sitting at his feet. She wasn't too sure yet where Papa was carrying the ball but she had nothing against running a little interference. Returning George's look with rapt devotion, she moved a little nearer. He turned away quickly, and changed the position of his feet.

"Dida and I," Papa murmured, "have been discussing marriage. Early marriage."

There was a long careful silence.

"Well, sir—" George began, and Dida watched him delightedly. A flush was moving up from the neck of his sport shirt, flooding his face. Even his hair seemed to flame more brightly. He ran his fingers through it and left it standing in tufts. "It depends on what you mean by early. In some states—"

"I wasn't speaking of law, George," Papa said smoothly. "I wanted a personal opinion. Dida thinks she's old enough to marry now."

Dida had never seen a man look as beautiful and uncomfortable as George did right then. He examined the freckles on the back of his hands as if he had never run across them before. "Well—if the man was responsible, if he could take care of her—"

Papa said, "I'm perfectly able to take care of her myself."

Dida plunged enthusiastically into the discussion. "Look here," she said. "Go take care of Mother, if you're feeling protective."

Attacked by his own troops, Papa was thrown off his strategy. He made the error of picking that moment to drive home a little discipline. "Dida," he said quietly, "I'll thank you to show more respect for your elders."

"Elders!" Dida said quickly. "That's a fine way to talk about one of my dates." She had tried to make George act like a date, but he'd always read his lines like a staid elder brother or a bachelor uncle. But now he'd started blushing and things were looking up. She said, "You'll make George feel like a cradle snatcher."

"George?" Papa was a little stunned.

"Certainly. George. We're very well suited."

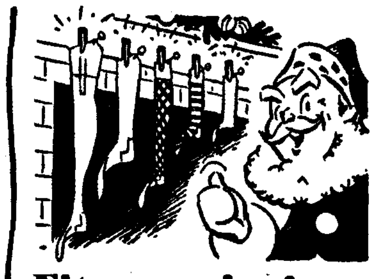
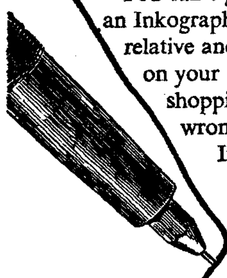
George made a low strangling noise of protest, but Papa was lost in a sense of outraged betrayal and did not hear. Dida knew what he was thinking. He'd been worrying about losing his treasure to Peter and all the time George had been undermining the vault—

Papa's eyes sparkled like ice. "George is almost my age. He's practically a Red. And he gambles."

Dida knew Papa had made a grave mistake. In the tense silence that followed this personality sketch, George rose slowly from the striped chair, put his hands in the pockets of his plaid trousers and stared down at Papa coldly.

"I'm fifteen years younger than you are. Seventeen, counting the two years you cheat," he said. "I'm a member of the Democratic party. And I'm a very conservative gambler."

Dida had played gin with George and she would have seized the last statement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as his weakest point, but Papa's logical faculties had jammed. Those two missing years were his dearest secret.

"I'm forty-nine," Papa said.

"You're fifty-one and a half."

They glared at each other.

"Your contract is up next Monday," Papa said.

George stood firm. "So it is."

"I don't think we'll take up the option."

"That," George said, "is just dandy. Good night."

Before Dida could get up, he strode down the hall and slammed the front door behind him.

Papa sat chewing the end of his cigar. "The old wolf," he muttered. "You should have told me he was forcing his attentions on you."

Dida ignored him. This was a fine way for a girl to discover that a man had suppressed desires, she thought—and that George's spirited defense had been in behalf of his eligibility as a husband, she hadn't the slightest doubt. But now she'd let him get himself fired. She considered telling Papa that maybe in the heat of battle she had exaggerated a bit about George's passions, but it wasn't quite the right moment.

"You're well rid of him," Papa went on. "He has a bad temper. And a stubborn streak."

She could make a good thing out of George's stubborn streak, she told herself. If she hadn't been so modest and retiring she'd be a married woman this minute. Now she'd have to take steps. She doubted that George would take a bright view of matrimony when he wasn't working.

"Papa," she said thoughtfully, "there's one of your pictures on the corner."

"Why didn't you tell me?" He brightened. "Is there still time?"

She stood up. "I'll get your coat."

"There's a fog," he called after her. "Get my muffler too."

NEXT morning at breakfast, after his fourth egg and his third waffle, Papa leaned back and stared accusingly at his coffee cup.

"It's too strong," he said. "It's overstimulated my heart."

Dida examined herself in the mirror above the buffet table and decided she looked her best. Her light gray suit was well cut and the pleated blouse had the correct touch of femininity.

"Dida, you aren't listening," Papa said sharply.

Sunday was the maid's day off. Dida heard the sounds of Mama and Papa's sister washing dishes in the kitchen.

"Maybe they've finally poisoned you," she said.

Papa frowned. "I don't think that's very amusing." He thrust his arm at her. "Here. Take my pulse."

Dida got up slowly. She had planned this carefully and she had to do it right.

"Papa," she said. "I'll take your pulse if you'll drive me down to the station."

"The station? What do you mean, the station?"

"Peter," she reminded him. "I want to be there to meet him."

There was a brooding silence while she watched the barometer fall in Papa's eyes. "That's very undignified," he said stiffly. "Let him call you when he gets in."

"I'm going down to the train."

"I have a heart Thing," Papa said.

She sat and waited.

THERE was a long pause. "What about George?" Papa asked.

"George is a sweet old trout. I had to be nice to him for your sake. Because of the Mogul Studio business."

"*What* Mogul Studio business?" he demanded.

Dida looked surprised. "Oh, I thought you knew." She hesitated. "Take me to the station, baby dog."

"I want to know about George and Mogul," Papa shouted.

"We'll be late."

"Dida—"

She got up gracefully, skirted the table and went to the front door. Papa came scowling along the hallway, the car keys jingling in his pockets.

Papa swept to a stop before the Union Station. "For the very last time, Dida. What about the Mogul thing?"

She smiled blissfully and hugged his arm. "I'm so excited. Just think—in a month I might even be married."

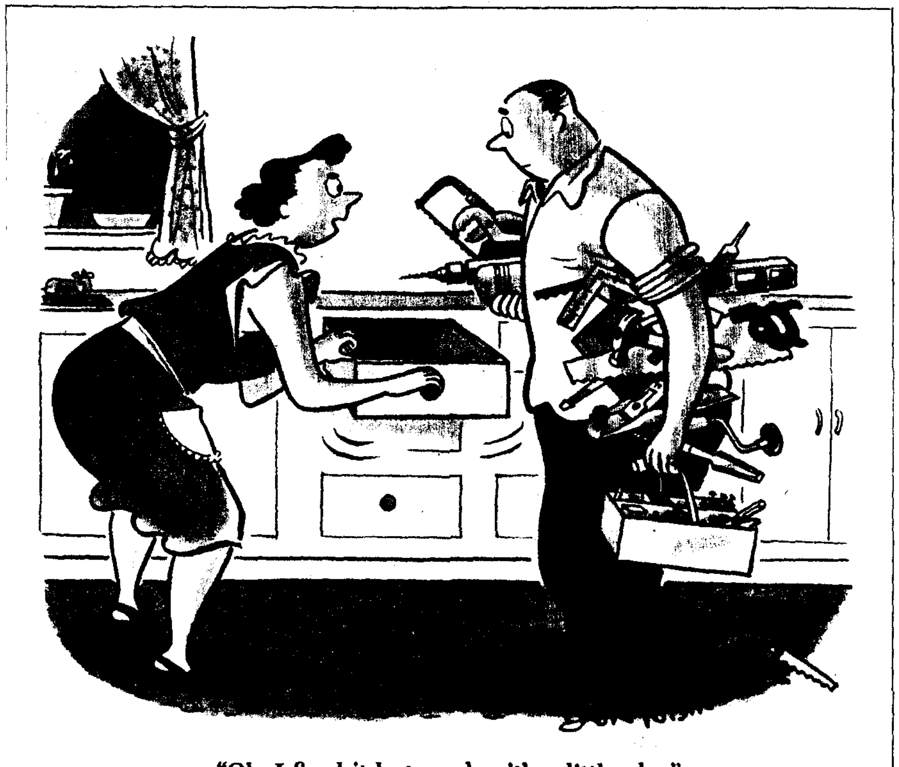
Papa disengaged his arm and glared at her. "Will you stop this infantile babbling and answer my question?"

For the first time since they had left the house, Dida looked at him squarely. "I don't know why you're so interested in George," she said. "You bawled him out and fired him only last night."

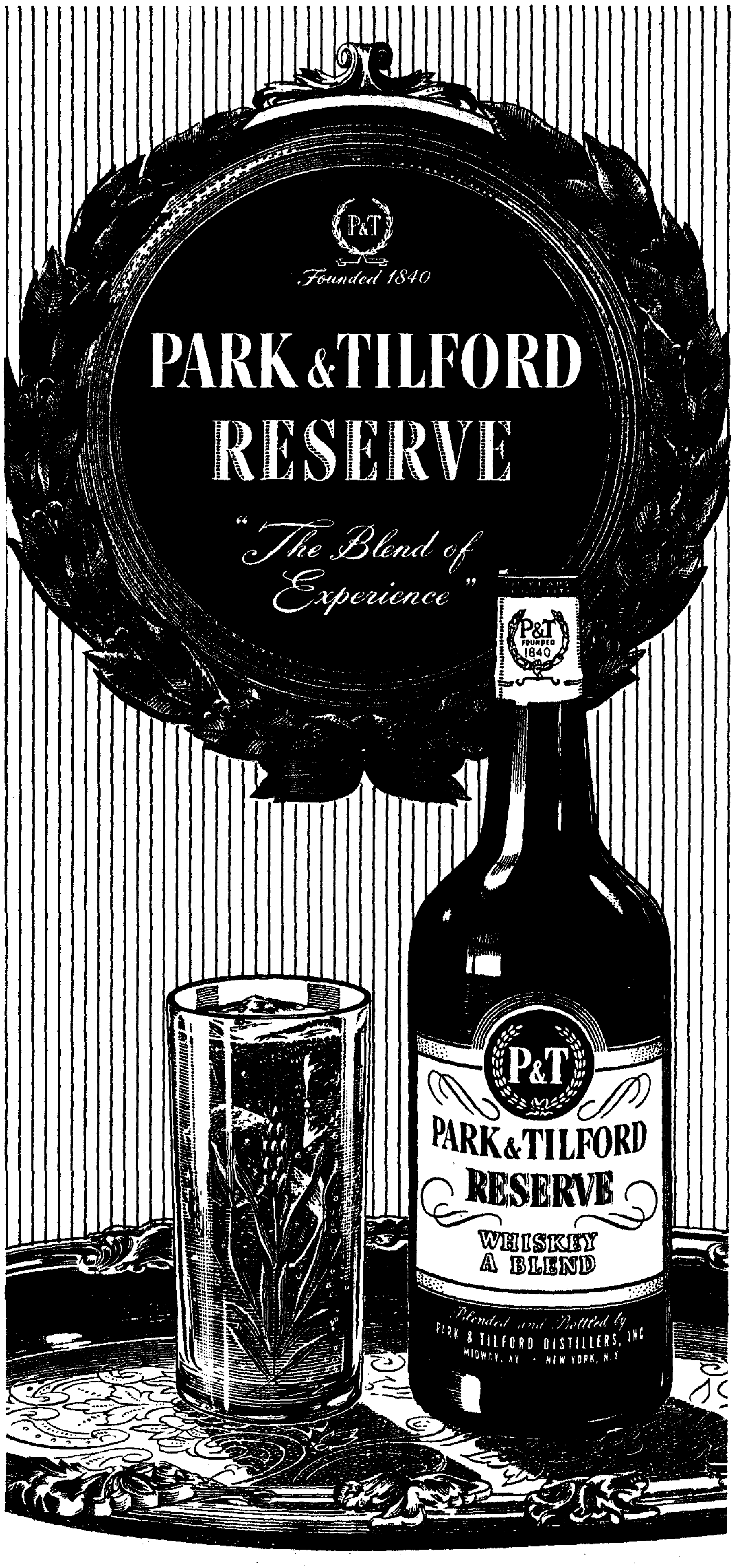
There was a loud impatient honking behind them but Papa tried to ignore it. "I merely suggested that his option might not be renewed."

"It amounts to the same thing," Dida said. "And you were awfully rude."

"I spoke with honesty due a friend," Papa yelled. "There are three cars be-



COLLIER'S "Oh, I fixed it last week with a little glue" DON TOBIN



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hind us. And I've had enough of your nonsense. I'm *taking* you home."

As he moved his hand to throw the car into gear, Dida opened the door and jumped out. "All right," she said. "Mogul's been after George for months. They'll sign him first thing in the morning. If I were you—"

"You're not me!" Papa shouted. "If you were, we'd all starve to death."

He drove off, clashing the gears to the accompaniment of a blast of horns, and Dida watched him go.

"If the truth were known," she thought happily, "I ought to be in pictures."

SHE remembered Peter, glanced at her watch, and hurried through the waiting room to the gate. It would hurt to look. She arrived just as the passengers were coming down the ramp.

She saw him at once—all six foot two of him. He was just the same as ever. His black hair was a little longer and fell over his forehead, but he still had a tan—he must have had a sun lamp in his hotel—and his dark eyes were very gay. A tall blonde had just rushed past the guard and, as Dida watched, she ran to Peter's side and kissed him.

He was just the same as ever, all right. He *is* pretty, she admitted. Not beautiful like George when he blushes, but very pretty. Then she turned quickly and walked toward the telephone booths. You are twenty-two, she reminded herself, and in this climate a girl can't waste time on fripperies. She had fifteen cents.

George's phone rang seven times and when he answered he sounded sleepy.

"Hello, darling," she said. "I'm broke and stranded. Come and get me."

"Where are you?"

"Union Station."

There was a silence. "Give Peter my love," George said, and hung up.

He's angry, Dida thought happily. She went out and caught a cab and when she drove up in front of George's terrace, George was watering the nasturtiums.

Dida told the driver, "Wait here. I'll go get the money."

She ran up the steps and poked George between the shoulder blades. "Four dollars," she said.

He turned around. "Go drop dead."

She waved at the taxi. "Look, George. All you're doing is running up the bill."

He dug his hand into his pocket.

When the taxi went away, she came slowly back up the terrace steps. "Has Papa called yet?" she asked.

He frowned and bent to turn off the hose. "How did you know?"

She sat down in the grass at his feet. "He'd never let you go to work for Mogul," she said.

"Mogul?" He stared at her. "Who said anything about Mogul?"

"I did," she said. "I hope you stuck him for more money."

George glared at her. "What's it to you?"

Dida inspected a large red nasturtium. "I was just thinking. If you had a nice responsible person to take care of you—" She picked the nasturtium.

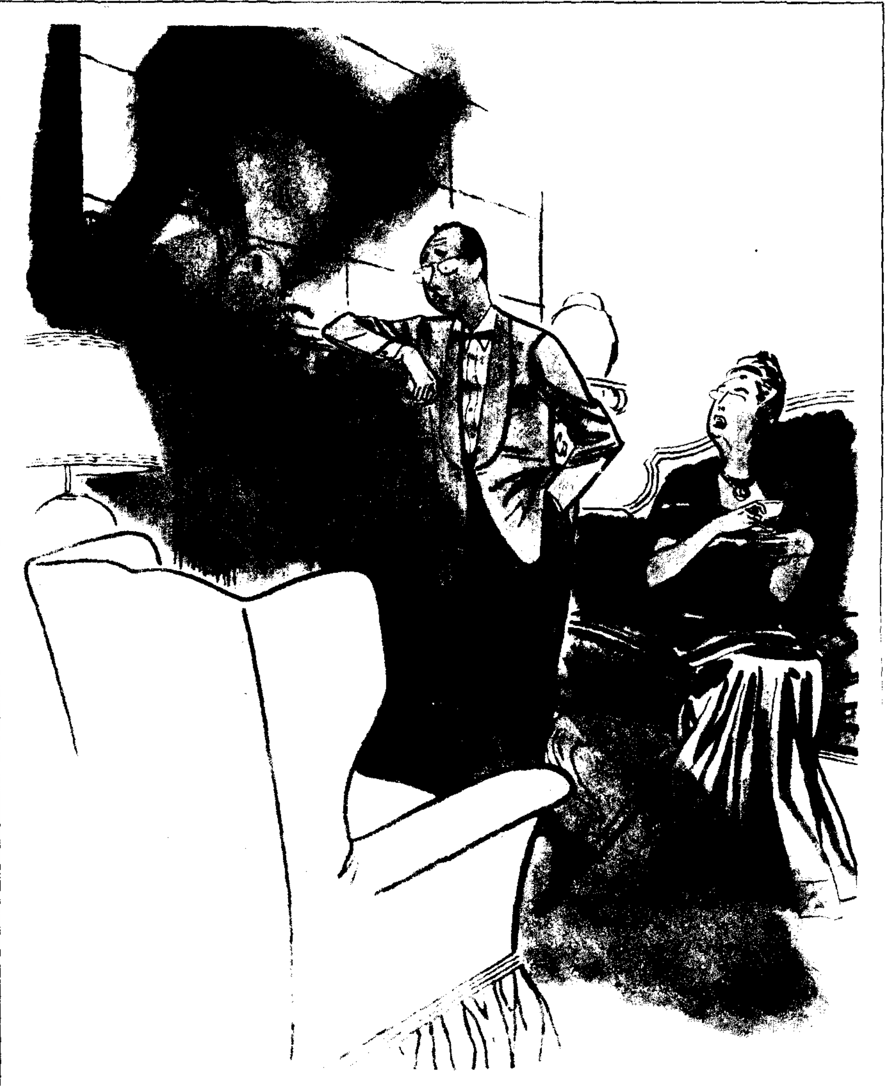
"Don't pick the flowers," he snapped. "What's the matter with Peter?"

"Oh, Peter—" she said vaguely. She let it drift away like a soap bubble.

"Now, look here." George began to shout. "I don't know what you've got in that criminal brain of yours. But if it concerns me you can forget it right now."

Dida stopped listening and let the sun play lazily over her face. George had turned red as the nasturtium and now she loved Papa very much. He was a brilliant man, a great man; except for him she'd have been so shy she'd never have found out that George was just shy too. Papa was a genius, and they'd be married on the back lawn under his window. He'd have a Thing, but he wouldn't miss a word of the ceremony.

THE END



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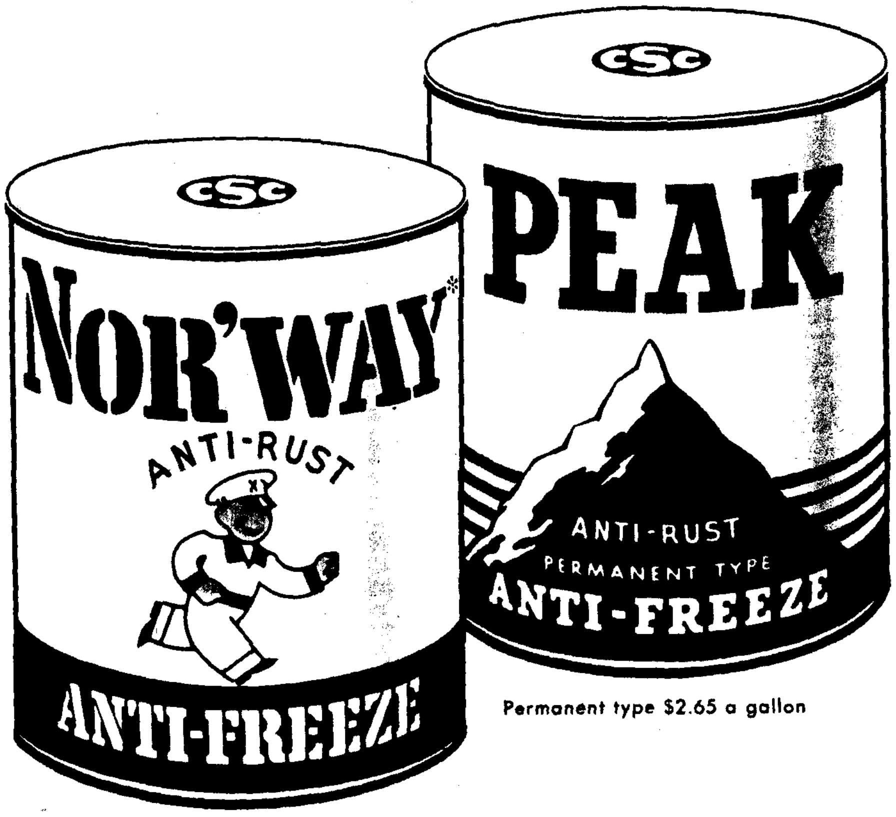

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CRIME AT YOUR FRONT DOOR

Continued from page 37

support for her two children was an allotment of $100 a month from her husband, an Army private in Europe.

The point of the story is that ration books and draft cards were offered for identification of forged endorsements on checks cashed in neighborhood grocery and liquor stores. The same ration books and draft cards were used over and over. Ink eradicator obliterated the previous signature; it was such a crude dodge that the books and cards were falling to pieces after a few weeks. Anyone with half an eye in his head could have seen that the proffered identification was a barefaced fraud, but evidently not one storekeeper went to the trouble of glancing at it.

Postal sleuths, confronted by the accelerated increase in thefts, are concerned by the many women and juveniles rifling mailboxes. Letter thieves, like criminals in all categories, once conformed to a general pattern. They were male, white, and past twenty-one, but now all sorts of odd, divergent types are having a go at the "profession."

Juveniles Used in Schemes

Mmes. Czarnecki and Pritchard already have appeared in our rogues' gallery. Another fallen sister was Mrs. Sarah Petoff, twenty-eight, who also left three youngsters behind her when she went into the penitentiary. Mrs. Petoff deliberately implicated her sixteen-year-old niece and two girls, both fifteen, in her scheme. Operating in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn, the female Fagin made her niece an unwitting accomplice when she asked her to sign a check, assuring her it was just a joke. The aunt then terrorized the girls by threatening to turn them over to the police unless they continued to sign checks.

Manuel Duff and LeRoy Davis are similar specimens. Nabbed last May, they admitted that they had used "Baby Sis," a ten-year-old girl, to endorse checks fraudulently.

The seriousness of the situation was emphasized in October, 1946, when six young Chinese were arrested after having stolen 130 checks in five months. That was perhaps one of the most significant of the recent cases, for the Chinese traditionally are the most law-abiding group in the United States.

This is not to imply that the old pros, and specialists in the field, have been driven out of business by amateurs. They continue to work at their nefarious trade. Charles William Savage, described in court as "tops among big-time mail thieves in this country," currently is a guest of the government at McNeil Island, Washington, for twelve years and eleven months. Los Angeles papers further described him as one of the best-dressed men in an overdressed city. Among other items in his wardrobe was a $365 overcoat. Savage, who has a record going back to 1918, could well afford to dress well. In two weeks he made a haul that would command interest even in Hollywood.

Mail thieves are not noted for the high quality of their cerebration, even among criminals. They usually are caught red-handed with enough evidence to prompt a quick confession. If they were bright, the idea presently would permeate their skulls that no one ever has tampered with the mail and gotten away with it indefinitely. Some people never learn, though.

William Walter Wheatly, thirty-one, who had been serving a two-year stretch, was released on parole August 13, 1945, from McNeil Island, trailing a record extending to 1928. A few days later he was back in action, posing as Major C. D. Tomlison. Wheatly led inspectors a dizzy chase from California to New York and from Texas to Utah. He finally was nabbed by sheer happenstance in the bar of a St. Louis hotel when an MP sergeant off duty thought the major's language was unbecoming an officer and gentleman. The suspicious MP called his superior and was given permission to take him into custody. He once again is enjoying government hospitality in the pen.

First of all, the post office advises, make sure you have a good lock on your mailbox and keep it closed. Get a box that is not so shallow and short that two or three letters will jam it, spilling the overflow on the floor.

These obvious measures are disregarded flagrantly as revealed by a recent statement of a thief who has operated in various parts of the country: "All the mail I have stolen from house letter boxes has been removed from receptacles which were left open, unlocked, or had openings large enough to permit me to use my hands in withdrawing the contents. At no time have I used an instrument of any kind."

You say it's impossible to buy new letter boxes or that your landlord, griping about rent ceilings, refuses to make improvements on his property? There's a lot in what you say. You still can cut thefts sharply by picking up your mail as soon as it is delivered. The postman's routine seldom varies; be there to meet him if you're expecting a check.

The most important co-operation you can give the postal people is to report immediately to the local postmaster the loss of any piece of mail you have expected—any mail at all, regardless of its apparent insignificance. The theft of an unsolicited advertisement is seldom related to a bogus check that pops up weeks later, but such skulduggery often is the answer to a forgery. Several types of mail diverted from you can give a clever thief all the information he needs to swindle you or an innocent bystander.

For example, an intercepted bank statement, accompanied by canceled checks, tells a thief your balance, gives him copies of your signature and leads him to firms with which you do business. That's too obvious. Take a bill which you have neglected to pay for several months. Don't be too happy if its delivery is delayed. In unscrupulous hands, it can be a jimmy to plain and fancy fraud.

Fraud in a Department Store

The thief takes the bill to a department store, let's say, and announces he wishes to pay the debt. He offers a forged check made out to the name of the customer, always for a larger amount. The credit department is very happy to settle the account. The thief pockets the difference between the bill and the check and then, if he is an audacious rascal, frequently proceeds to make purchases all over the store, using the receipted bill to charge the items against you. Another favorite dodge is to use stolen letters for identification and to turn names, gleaned from personal correspondence, into tiny little confidence rackets.

Merchants often are incredibly gullible and downright stupid about cashing checks for anyone who comes along waving a piece of paper.

"Inadequacy of identification always has been our big headache in trying to stop check thefts," James J. Doran, the post office's chief inspector, says. "We'd have little trouble if it were difficult to pass a stolen check. There'd be no sense for the criminal to stay in the racket if he couldn't cash in on his loot."

Doran, a wiry, fast-moving veteran

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who has been in the department 39 years, has cracked some of the most sensational postal crimes of the last quarter century. He was the inspector who broke the daring $1,500,000 robbery of bonds and currency from a mail truck at gun point in broad daylight near New York's City Hall in 1921. After ten months of intensive investigation, Doran apprehended Charles Loeber and obtained the confession that led to the arrest of the notorious Gerald Chapman and George Anderson.

In addition to exercising care before cashing a check, you should also know what constitutes adequate identification. At this point we must tell you no absolutely foolproof system has yet been devised to spot a phony check.

It is admittedly impossible to set up rigid rules governing the acceptance of checks because commonly used credentials can be—and have been—forged. Bank-deposit books, auto registrations, birth certificates, draft cards, licenses, insurance policies, printed business cards and receipted bills can be faked or stolen. Social Security cards? Don't be silly. More than 50,000 worn-out or lost cards are replaced every month over the counter, just for the asking. Some scoundrels take extreme measures to set up a false front. Hansel Jack Seay of Cleveland gave a pint of blood to the Red Cross and used his blood donor's certificate to pull a series of fast ones.

Now the authorities have no desire to burden tradespeople with more work or to inconvenience travelers who may be stranded in a strange city with nothing but a personal check. One of the best procedures is to require strangers to endorse it in your presence. This is a good psychological block, for fear of consequences is the best possible preventive to crime.

Diligent Employee an Aid

Have all employees initial checks they cash. This fixes responsibility when a bogus check is palmed off and further helps to establish an identification, vague though it may be, in the employee's mind. It also is a good idea, if feasible, to have the employee jot down a brief description of the person to whom he gives the money. The flimsiest lead can be invaluable to inspectors.

Caution should be exercised before cashing a check for a relative or an immediate member of a family. You don't know what goes on in the home or who is having trouble with whom. Husbands, wives, fathers and mothers have been known to swipe checks in the heat of intramural battles.

It's a cinch such rules would be observed more zealously if there were greater familiarity with the law. Most folks think it's no loss to them if, acting in good faith, they cash a phony government check. They believe somebody, somewhere along the line, most likely the government or a bank, is stuck for the money. A rude jolt is coming to these starry-eyed dreamers. A person who accepts a bad check is liable for the full amount. The rightful recipient of the check will collect in court every time.

Post-office employees are deserving fellows who can use a break. No other government agency buys more loyalty and efficiency so cheaply. The postman, like a baseball umpire, never has been found guilty of dishonesty; he never has stolen a check or acted in collusion with thieves. His is a grinding, wearying job that pays a maximum of $3,100 a year—the average is $2,900—and it is getting more arduous all the time.

Postman a Discreet Person

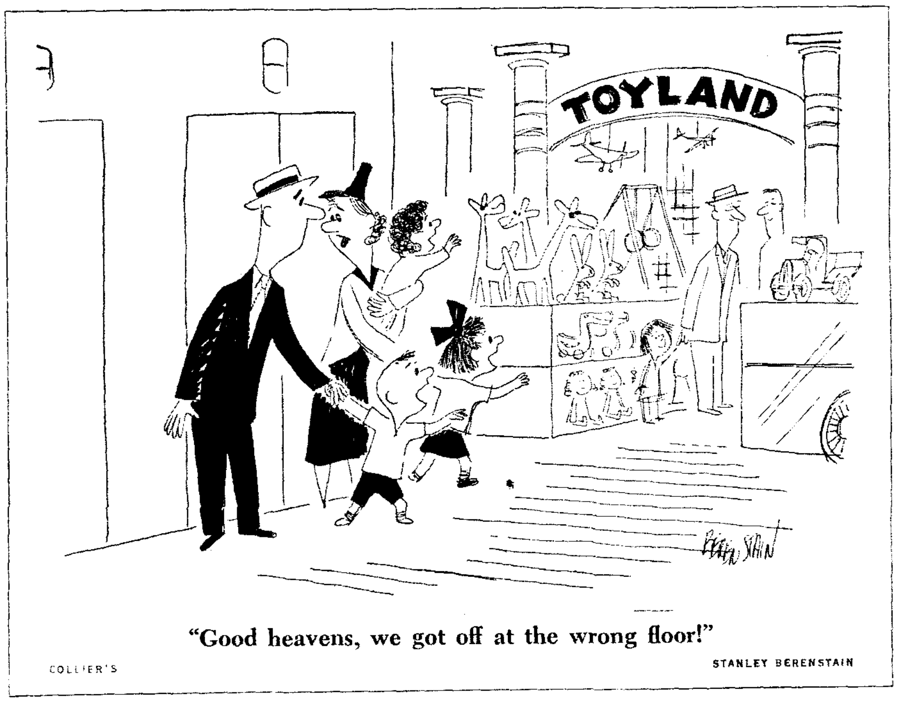
Ten billion more pieces of mail were added to his load between 1940 and 1945, but routes have not been reduced proportionately. From the character of the mail he delivers, he knows more about you, your business and your interests than you suspect, but his code of ethics is as rigid as a doctor's. Inquisitive persons, such as bill collectors, get splendid training for interviewing clams when they try to get information from the postman.

Delivering the mail is only one of his duties. During the war he kept tabs on suspicious people on his beat, turned in aliens to the F.B.I. and tracked down registrants for Selective Service. The Department of Agriculture depends mainly on rural carriers for its livestock census, and the country postman is required to report forest fires. The Army and Navy recently made a nation-wide survey of all personnel who served in the last war, a job entailing an enormous amount of tracking down lost addresses. That meant 15,000,000 added individual assignments for the department.

There would be enough chores to keep the Inspection Service hopping if its customers—which includes everyone in the United States—took the trouble of protecting their mail. At present, too many thieves are exposed by the sheer coincidence that befell Charles A. Smith on April 17, 1945. Smith stole a $50 check in Seattle made out to one Malvinia Bagley, promptly repaired to a tavern and borrowed a pen from the barmaid to endorse the check. Imagine his consternation when the barmaid hollered for the cops.

Seems that the barmaid was Malvinia Bagley.

THE END



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• • •

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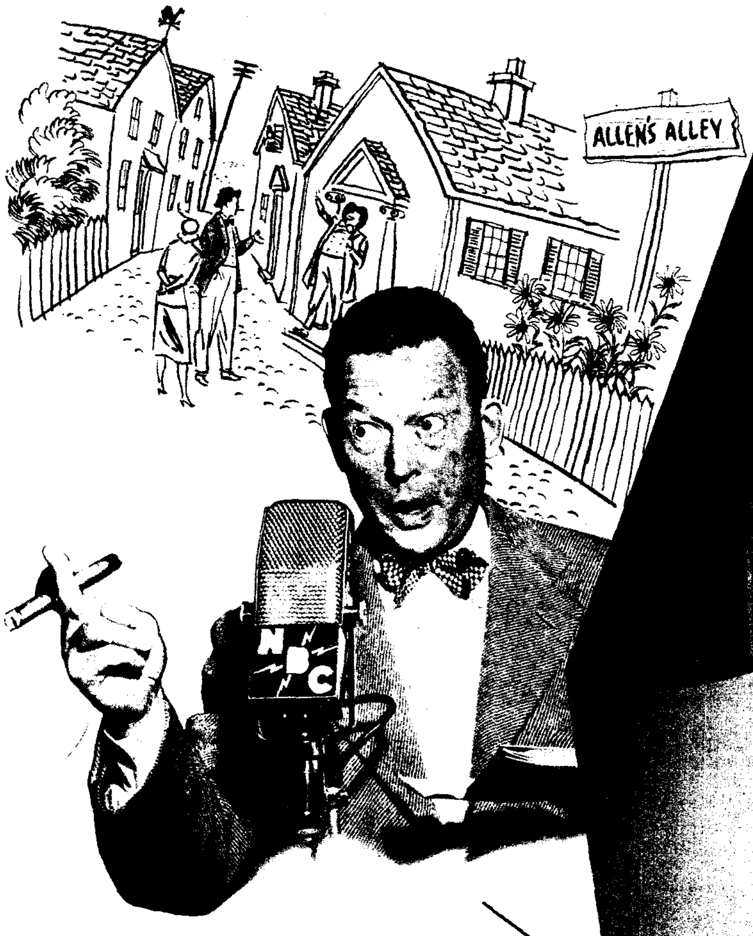

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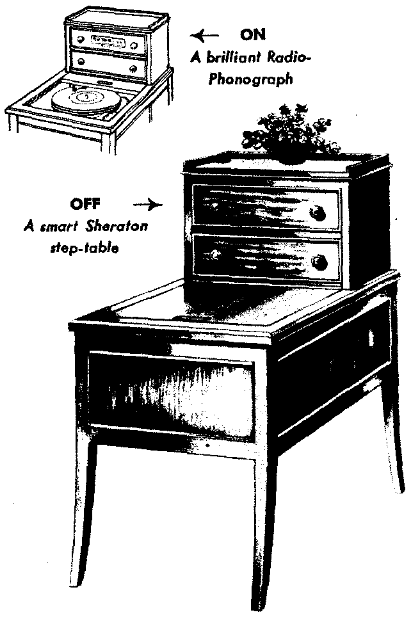
Model 1531 at better dealers everywhere for only ***$179.95****

**Prices slightly higher in Western States*



THE EXCITING BENDIX INVISIBLE RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

A miracle happens when you turn the drawer pull on this authentic period step-table. Like magic the Bendix Phantom Dial glows through the mahogany grained panel and the world of radio and records is yours at its brilliant best. It's new and only Bendix Radio dealers have it. Model 697A.

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PINK PILLS AND PIN-UPS

BY PAUL GARDNER AND ALLAN GOULD

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD

How "Doc" Webb has managed to make the drugstore business as sensational as everything else in Florida. A success story with overtones of sweet publicity

IN THE summer of 1946, eight of the most beautiful young women in Florida flew to California to measure their charms against eight of the loveliest gals on the Pacific Coast. National picture magazines, syndicates, newsreels, newspapers, all mentioned the titanic pulchritudinous struggle. Most of them mentioned also that one James Earl "Doc" Webb was sponsoring the eight Florida Poster Girls.

Those who know Doc Webb are not the least bit astonished that a druggist should be promulgating beauty rivalries thousands of miles away from his own heath. The slim, dynamic, unorthodox Webb who, at 48, owns the world's largest drugstore down in St. Petersburg, is the most unusual druggist to come along since Adam and Eve first sought a cure for snakebite.

Webb is a drugstore Barnum who was never even a registered pharmacist. Many of his promotions have been attacked as undignified; his business methods have been assailed; and, by all normal considerations, he should have been broke shortly after he opened a cut-rate drugstore, scarcely larger than a telephone booth, in St. Petersburg in 1925.

But Webb ran a drugstore as none was ever conducted before, and a phenomenal growth occurred. That first season Webb's gross was $38,000. In 1946, it was almost $12,000,000. Since the average year-round population of the town is approximately 100,000, this would mean that every man, woman and child who stepped into St. Petersburg in a year spent about $120 at Webb's.

It is no longer a shrinking violet of a store, either. There are thirty-eight stores of every description—the section itself has come to be known as Webb City. But the drug area still accounts for more than 60 per cent of the volume, with a score of well over $6,000,000 for 1946. Webb's fame has spread throughout the state, and far beyond it, chiefly because of his publicity stunts.

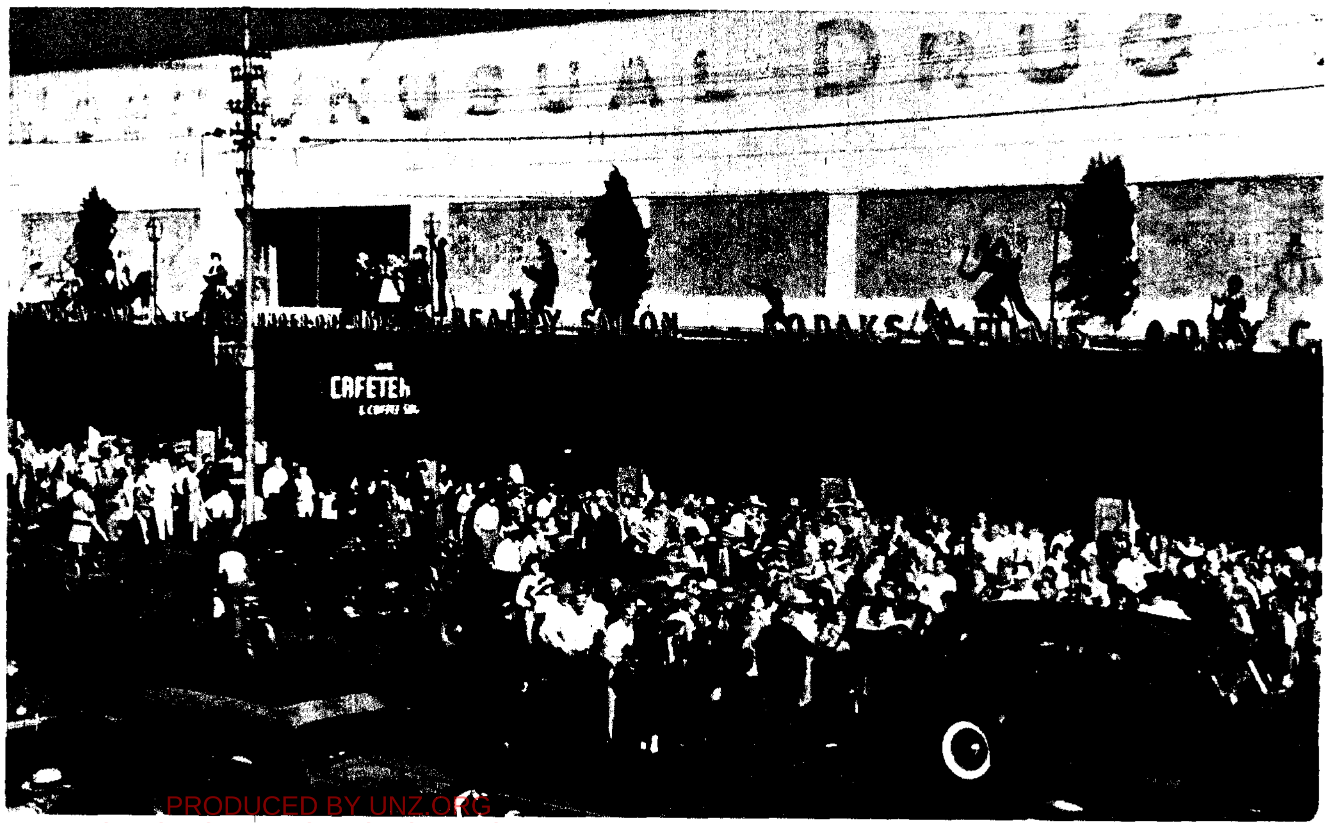
Webb actually employs a circus act during the height of the season, paying as much as $1,500 a week for routines in the adjacent parking lot. He is a good gymnast, poses freely for pictures athwart the Loyal Repenskys, a famous equestrian act. He is probably the only drugstore proprietor selling whisky with the aid of rattlesnakes.

Harking back to his old native Tennessee days when he informed hesitant customers that Old Indian Remedy had come from a snake farm out West, the Doc hires a specialist to milk a rattlesnake for the edification of the St. Petersburg curious. The last demonstrator was bitten and lost a finger, but the crowds came in droves. Webb's liquor store sold $1,000,000 worth of the pleasant stuff in 1946.

Webb runs radio shows from his cafeteria, using many of his help on the program. He claims that he himself is bashful before a microphone. However, he was prevailed upon to appear on a We, the People program with Madeleine Carroll and Ted

Items like these have helped "Doc"—James Earl Webb—to make his drugstore in St. Petersburg the largest in the world. Last year he grossed almost twelve million dollars, and beautiful girls helped a lot. Doc is a brilliant showman—he knows how to get the crowds. On one occasion the jam at a cut-rate sale was so great an ambulance (below) was needed. Sometimes police riot squads are called out

Doc is a busy man. In his elaborate home he has seven telephones—four of the ordinary type and three connected with his store. Here is a snapshot of him making a phone call from his bathroom



Lewis last winter. Webb said later, "I thought I was best, even though there were professionals on the program. And there was I, just a pore country boy."

Among his other odd distinctions is the fact that Doc Webb is probably the only drugstore talent scout in history. He takes long buying trips in his car, meanwhile keeping his eyes open for talent. He snatches up help for his establishment the way Hollywood casts about for potential Ingrid Bergmans or Cary Grants.

While in New York recently, Doc hired an elevator operator from the Hotel Ambassador and a clerk from Macy's. Within the past few seasons he has brought in a crack ice-cream maker from Havana, Cuba, a chef from Birmingham, Alabama, a counterman from Detroit.

"I describe what a wonderful place it is," Webb explains in detailing his talent-scout conversations. "I tell them of the oranges, the sunshine, the healthy life. And, oh, yes, I offer them more money."

Webb's Florida Poster Girl promotion costs him $30,000 annually. The girls are selected from 300 to 500 candidates in the state. They are fitted out in style, given all-expense-paid trips to Hollywood or New York. Some of them are considered as movie material. As might be imagined, they all managé to allude to Webb's drugstore some time during an interview.

Unusual sales are a commonplace at Webb's, as he does anything and everything to get people into his store. Several years ago he brought in the world's largest cheese—2,480 pounds of Wisconsin cheddar, especially manufactured for Webb's—and sold all of it inside of eight hours. Before the war he disposed of 80,000 pounds of sugar in one day. The trick here was to sell five pounds of sugar for 25 cents with any sale of 75 cents or over. During a price war, Webb gave away packs of cigarettes free for two full days as people stood in line three blocks long. Needless to say, he won the battle.

Webb's price-cutting is well known but the government once stepped in when he tried high jinks with a post card. Doc, a small man who deals in superlatives, created the world's largest post card—ten by sixteen inches—with pictures on the card showing the interior of his store. All that the giant card required was a one-cent stamp. After 50,000 had been sold, the Post Office Department informed him that he would have to use a three-cent stamp on the card.

"First time they ever had to do anything like that up in Washington," chuckled Doc.

Nobody could have foreseen twenty-two years ago that the Webb store, with forty feet of floor space and two employees, would sprout in time to 200,000 square feet of floor space and 950 employees. And that as many as 30,000 customers daily would be accommodated in a store which, like Topsy, has just grown. Webb has no secretary and no real office save a little makeshift room right off the cafeteria in the basement.

A Surprise for the City Manager

The Doc is always shifting and rebuilding his place and he races around constantly with an architect at his side. A few years ago the city manager left unsuspectingly for a vacation. When he returned, Webb had suddenly built over two buildings to create an arcade. He had not even considered whether he was violating a city ordinance. One councilman quipped, "We'd better watch Doc or he'll be tunneling under the railroad and coming up in the center of the town." If Webb could do that with the proper attendant publicity, he would.

He once shifted the barbershop in his store to another location while guys were sitting happily in the chairs. All were politely asked to arise. Then the incumbents all trooped willingly to the new location, towels, lather and all.

Doc Webb apparently understands the psychology of his customers. He even permits them to post ads in his store—ads which in many cases compete with the sale of Webb's own products.

There is a bulletin board right in the center of the store. Here, for anyone to read, are such items as the following:

"Will swap prism binoculars for fishing tackle, lady's bicycle, or what have you."

"Electric heater for sale. Cheap."

"Will trade electric toaster or sell old pistol, 1854-model Colt."

Webb's chief concern is to bring them in—he knows that he can handle them after that.

Shortly after he went into business he put up a sign, two blocks from his store, that was almost twice as large as the store itself. The sign said boldly that the "World's Most Unusual Drugstore" was near by. New visitors to St. Petersburg would hunt for the store, expecting a combination of Macy's and Gimbel's. When they spotted the hole-in-the-wall they would demand indignantly where the store was that went with the sign.

"This is it," Webb would reply blithely. Before the fast-talking, serious-miened druggist was through, he would have them hooked for remedies, or anything else, at cut rates.

At no step in his career in St. Petersburg has Webb done anything the easy way. He opened his drugstore in between two railroad tracks in the worst part of town. Then he started battling everybody in sight, except potential customers. He fought established merchants, he fought chain stores, he practically fought himself if he had any dull moments. He fought fair trade practices, and price-fixing laws. Eventually, he hired lawyers wholesale rather than retail. He has had as many as six firms representing him, to enable him to escape the web of injunctions and counterinjunctions. He has business enemies by the dozens.

At first, rival merchants sent their wives down to Webb's in an effort to buy out the place when Doc advertised ridiculously low prices. They tried every trick in the book but Webb successfully parried. If Webb ever took a stroll on a beautiful day and noticed other merchants smiling at him he would dash back to the store to think of a new tactic. Friendly, eh? Maybe he was slipping.

Some years ago, executives of a drug chain came to town. They threatened to put Webb out of business for violating price-fixing codes and alleged they were ready to drop $1,000 a day in the process. Webb outwitted them at every turn, finally forcing them to give up the struggle. Webb still defiantly maintains, in loud print, that he sells for 10 per cent less than any other advertised prices. This he accomplishes by operating a retail store on a wholesale basis; turning over his stock fifty-two times a year; allowing no credit and converting merchandise into cash at a rapid rate.

Oddly enough, it was work at two Tennessee drugstores which prepared Doc Webb for his career. He was born in Nashville in 1899, had some high-school education. He was never a pharmacist but no man could brew better Old Indian and other concoctions of caramel-colored water, bitters and Epsom salts, which were sold to the true believers as panaceas. Doc learned here of human gullibility and of the need for the personal touch with customers.

At the age of twenty-six, after seven years in drugstores in Nashville and Knoxville, Webb decided it was time for him to go on his own. He selected St. Petersburg, which then had been more thoroughly cleaned out by the depression than by any hurricane. Webb started from scratch with $2,000 and a partner. After a year or so, he and his partner agreed that Webb's methods were unprecedented, indeed, and that it would be best for Doc to travel alone. He did.

He proved, as he worked his way up, that he could excel not only in spectacular one-day deals or promotions but that he had a knack for the long promotional pull, too. He put over the impossible, a basement cafeteria in Florida, and people still marvel at it, although they do not know the motive behind the three-cent breakfast.

That's right—Webb once offered a breakfast of egg, bacon, toast and coffee for three cents. He had to do something to correct what everybody thought was a fatal error on his part. Floridians want to eat in the sunshine—whoever heard of eating in a basement in that part of the country? And you had to walk all through the Webb store to reach the stair to the cafeteria. It was daft—like Webb, himself. Well, finally Webb offered the three-cent breakfast. It cost him $20,000 in six months, but the publicity from the venture finally worked. After a while, the cafeteria paid for itself. Then well-wishers suggested that Doc build an entrance direct from the street to the cafeteria.

"I always agree," says Doc, "but I never do. I am just a pore country boy and I built that cafeteria in the first place because I wanted folks to walk all through the store to get to the basement." Naïve lad, Doc.

In 1933, Doc was in Cuba, buying sugar, when a wire informed him that the bank holiday had hit the United States. Now Webb is the kind of fellow who cashes checks free for customers—he cashed $16,000,000 worth in 1946 with a loss of less than $300—and this news affected him.

It seems that he had cashed about $75,000 worth of checks, and the bank which had shut down had only about a third of that amount on hand. Despite this body blow, Doc, upon his return, passed out $500—all of the available cash he had—to several stranded Northern tourists who were standing forlornly in front of the bank. Furthermore, when scrip was being used in place of money to pay St. Petersburg municipal employees, Webb gladly accepted it instead of cash.

This strategy paid off eventually. Doc needed $200,000 in cash in 1939, but the brokers would not float a loan for less than 15 per cent commission because they said that both he and his barker techniques were unsound. Doc took full-page ads in the papers, stating that he would sell the stock right over his drugstore counter. Webb disposed of aspirin, bicarbonate and $200,000 worth of stock, not more than $5,000 of which went to any one customer, in less than 48 hours.

Seven Telephones in His Home

Webb transacts a good deal of his business right from his elaborate home, where he has four outside phones and three direct to the store switchboard. It is said that he accomplishes as much business in the bathroom, while shaving, as he does in the hectic store, where he shows up in the afternoon and usually stays but a few hours.

Webb has two children. The son, Jimmy, a major, cracked up in a plane just before being mustered out of service. He was in the hospital for a long period.

Doc observed wryly after being reassured that the youth would recover, "I never went *that* far for publicity."

Even Webb's wooing of his wife, Aretta, a Tennessee girl, is in keeping with his imaginative nature. One day he invited her for a ride in his new yacht. She knew that the ardent druggist played tennis and had fast autos as hobbies, but yachts were a new high. So the young lady dressed in her summer finery. The Doc rode up in his resplendent automobile. He was clothed akin to an admiral and adorned with yards of gold braid. Aretta felt that she had really made the grade.

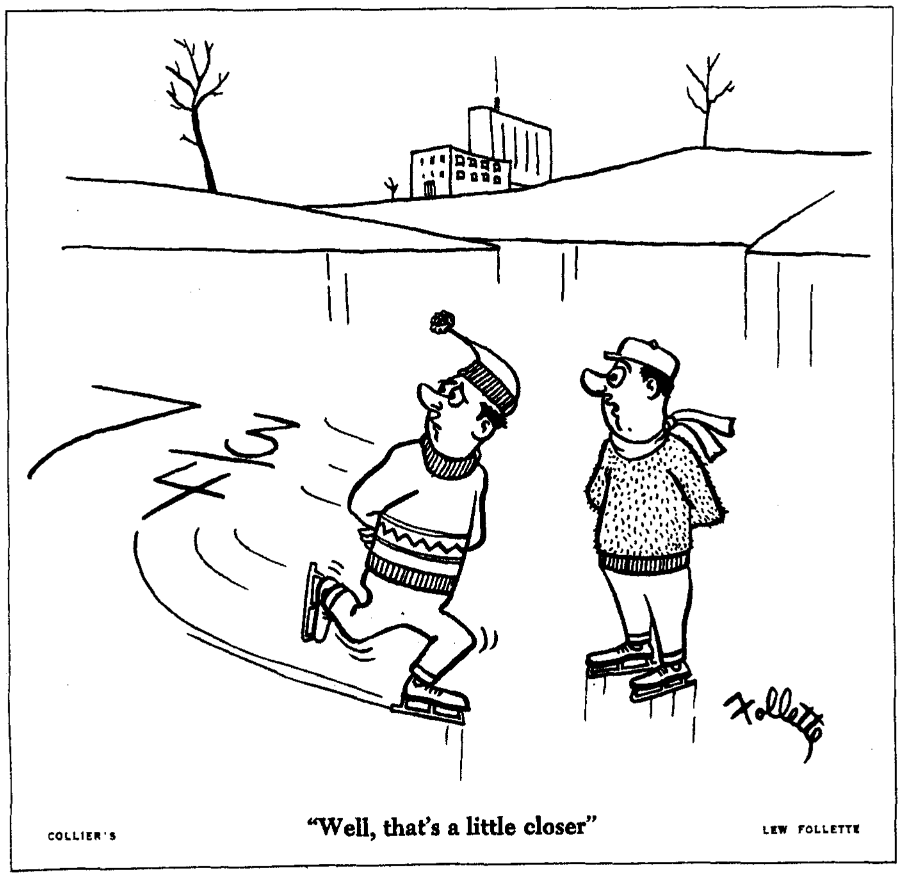
When she arrived at Tampa Bay for the sail she almost collapsed—the Webb yacht was the size of a rowboat. Her pretty dress was ruined in the spray—but, fortunately, not the romance.

Webb plans a new million-dollar building to replace the heterogeneous group that now exists. How he will operate under ideal conditions, with an office in the building and proper organization, remains to be seen. Meanwhile, he is missing no tricks. His newest pitch for the St. Petersburg citizenry has been to display a scarf Lincoln wore when he was shot in Ford's theater.

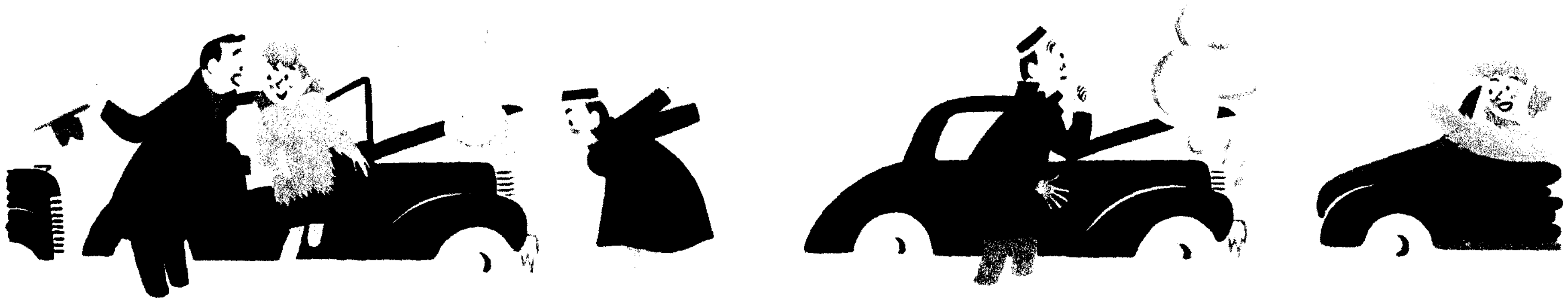
As to those who prate about his underselling methods and fast-shifting advertising techniques, Webb sums up his philosophy this way: "When you're successful in business, you're ethical. That's just about the size of it. Take it from a pore country boy."

And you can, too. As of 1946—from the world's most unusual druggist—twelve million dollars' worth.

THE END

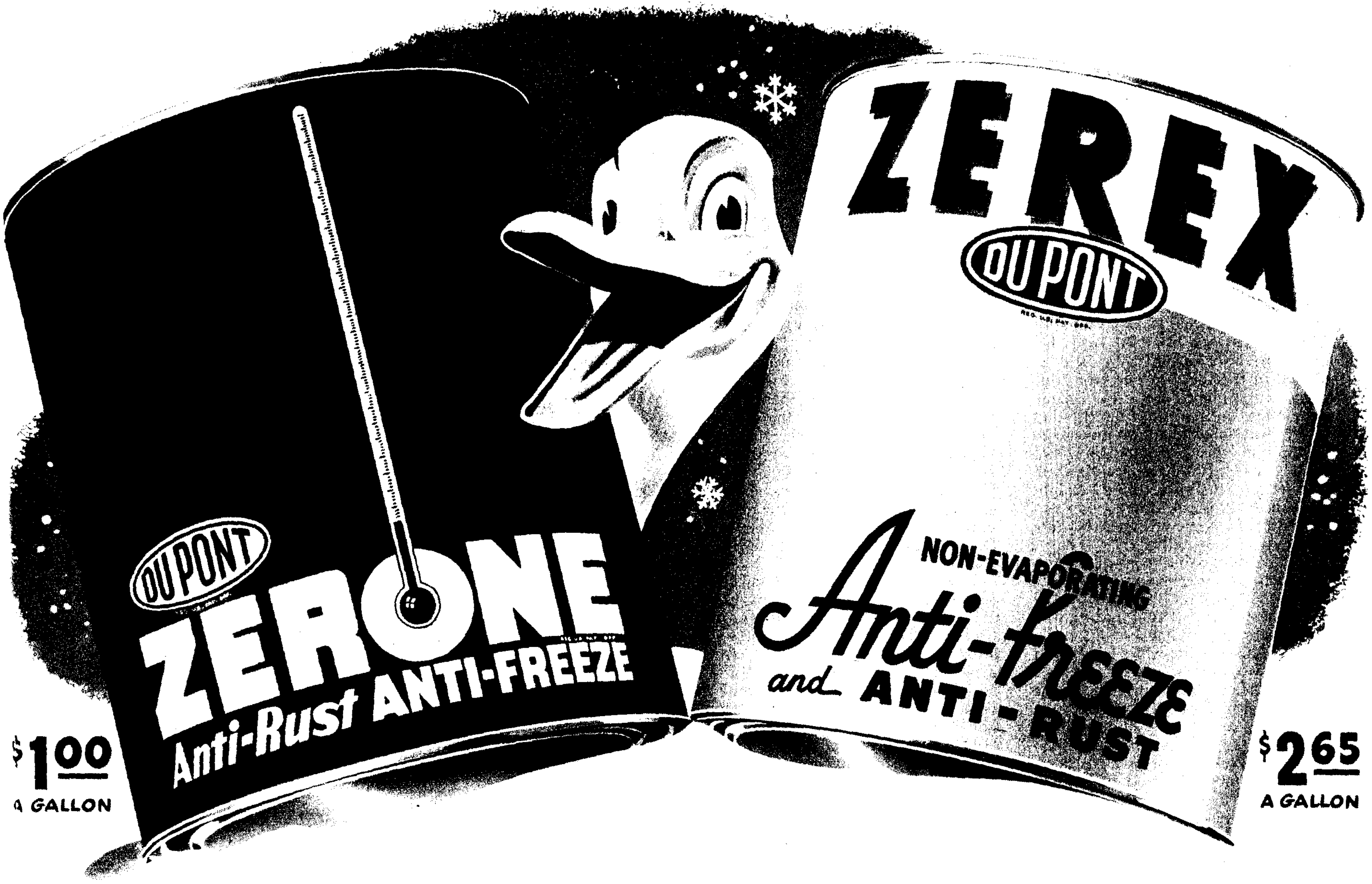


COLLIER'S "Well, that's a little closer" LEW FOLLETTE



It looks like Jack is losing Jill—
His car's froze solid—bitter pill!

The moral's plain—too sad to jest:
IN ANTI-FREEZE YOU NEED THE BEST!

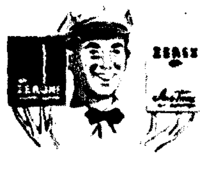


Get a DU PONT ANTI-FREEZE today

"ZERONE" GIVES YOU safe anti-freeze protec- on at *minimum cost*. It's made from the most fficient of all known safe anti-freeze materials: ree quarts of "Zerone"* will do the work of ur quarts of most other types of anti-freeze. Zerone" needs only an occasional check-up. ; improves cooling—retards rust and corrosion -keeps a clean cooling system clean. Get Zerone"—the dollar brand in most demand.

"ZEREX" GIVES YOU winter-long protection. It's non-evaporating—one filling lasts all winter in a properly operating cooling system. Like "Zerone," "Zerex"* contains a special *chemical* inhibitor with a high "alkaline reserve" that gives long-time protection against rust and corrosion. "Zerex" won't attack rubber, seep from tight cooling systems, or clog radiators. There's no better anti-freeze.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



DON'T FORGET to have the cooling system of your car checked and serviced for winter driving before you put in anti-freeze. Ask your "Zerone"-"Zerex" dealer to make sure all hose connections are tight, to seal all leaks, check the thermostat, and clean out rust and scale with Du Pont Cooling System Cleanser. But don't wait until the last minute—give him time to do the job right.

*For great entertainment by great stars, don't miss the Du Pont "*CAVALCADE OF AMERICA*"—on NBC stations every Monday evening.*

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WATERHOLE

BY HAL G. EVARTS

The stage is a desert. The water, the gun and the liquor are the only props; an Indian and a white man the only actors. As the scene opens, the white man is watching the Indian die of thirst

THE Indian lay motionless on a blistering ledge that overlooked the *tinaja* seep hole known to his people as In-ho-h'ha, or Last Water, three hundred yards below. The water itself, what little remained in the scooped-out sandstone basin, was clogged and foul, black with bugs and rotting debris—but water. Joe Nehasu had not moistened his lips in the previous forty-two hours; because of that he was trapped. Trapped by his own thirst, caught between the August noonday sun and a .30-.30 rifle in the hands of a white man named Charlie Baxter.

He spat the pebble from his mouth because he no longer had saliva to wet his parched throat. His tongue felt furry and swollen. The sun was a web of pressure on the back of his neck. Down at the seep the white man sat in the scanty shade of a mesquite, the rifle balanced across his knees; he swung his gaze back and forth over the flat, barren expanse of sand that shimmered like a protective moat between him and the base of the nearest rocks. Behind Baxter a tethered burro was switching at flies. Joe Nehasu fixed his eyes on the canteen looped over the burro's pack saddle.

"Better give up, kid," Baxter shouted.

Joe pressed his belly against the rock. Baxter rose to his feet, peering up under the brim of his hat toward the heat-blurred ridge. His gaze shifted methodically, minutely along the sky line. Stepping into the mesquite clump, he lifted the canteen and tilted back his head. Joe watched him take a generous pull, sprinkle a few drops on his face with an elaborate flourish, and wipe the back of his hand across his mouth.

A dull nausea wrenched and shook Joe. He knew, unashamedly, that he would cry if there was left in him the moisture for tears. The heat haze hung thick and tawny, obscuring the mountain range to the north. From the reservation there he had marched deep into the badlands, almost to the border, traveling by night, resting by day, as the desert-wise coyote. So Joe Nehasu had come alone to Last Water at daybreak, proudly, to observe the ancient tribal custom. Without water, without weapons, without food—to fast and meditate in solitude and purify himself for manhood.

One scared Indian boy, not yet sixteen summers. . . .

The birds had been strangely silent in the thicket, a fact which Joe failed to notice because even then he was thirsty. He loped over the last rise and down the trail in the deceptive half-light of dawn, intent on the faint sweetish scent of growth that marked the water hole. He was in a hurry and careless, heeding nothing but his own need. So he missed the man and burro bedded behind a hummock. His eyes were only for the seep.

It was a shallow pocket, possibly six feet in circumference, fed by occasional rains and by some subterranean trickle. The ground around was littered with old cigarette packs, empty cans and animal droppings. In the rocks near by one might find bits of ollas and flint arrowheads. There had been a Last Water before the gold prospectors, before the Spanish Jesuits, before the first wandering Mojave hunters. Even in the driest summers it held at least a puddle.

Joe picked up the rusty lard pail that served as a dipper. Then footsteps crunched on the gravel behind him. "Get 'em up," the voice said. "Get 'em up and turn around—slow."

CHARLIE BAXTER was a tall, blunt-featured man in sweat-stained jeans. His beard stubble was yellow with dust, and his eyes were sun-glazed and bloodshot. Across the barrel of the rifle he looked angry and a little startled. "Why, it's only a kid. What you snoopin' around here for?"

Joe swallowed. Despite the changes he recognized Charlie Baxter. He would never forget the bitter, twisted expression of the man's face, the screamed abuse and threats—although Joe had been only ten at the time. In that split instant of identification he knew with sickening clarity the meaning of Baxter's presence, and a coil of terror constricted his throat.

"Come on," Baxter said. "Who sent you?"

"Nobody sent me." Joe met his level, searching look. Stammering over the English words, he said, "I came alone—to pray."

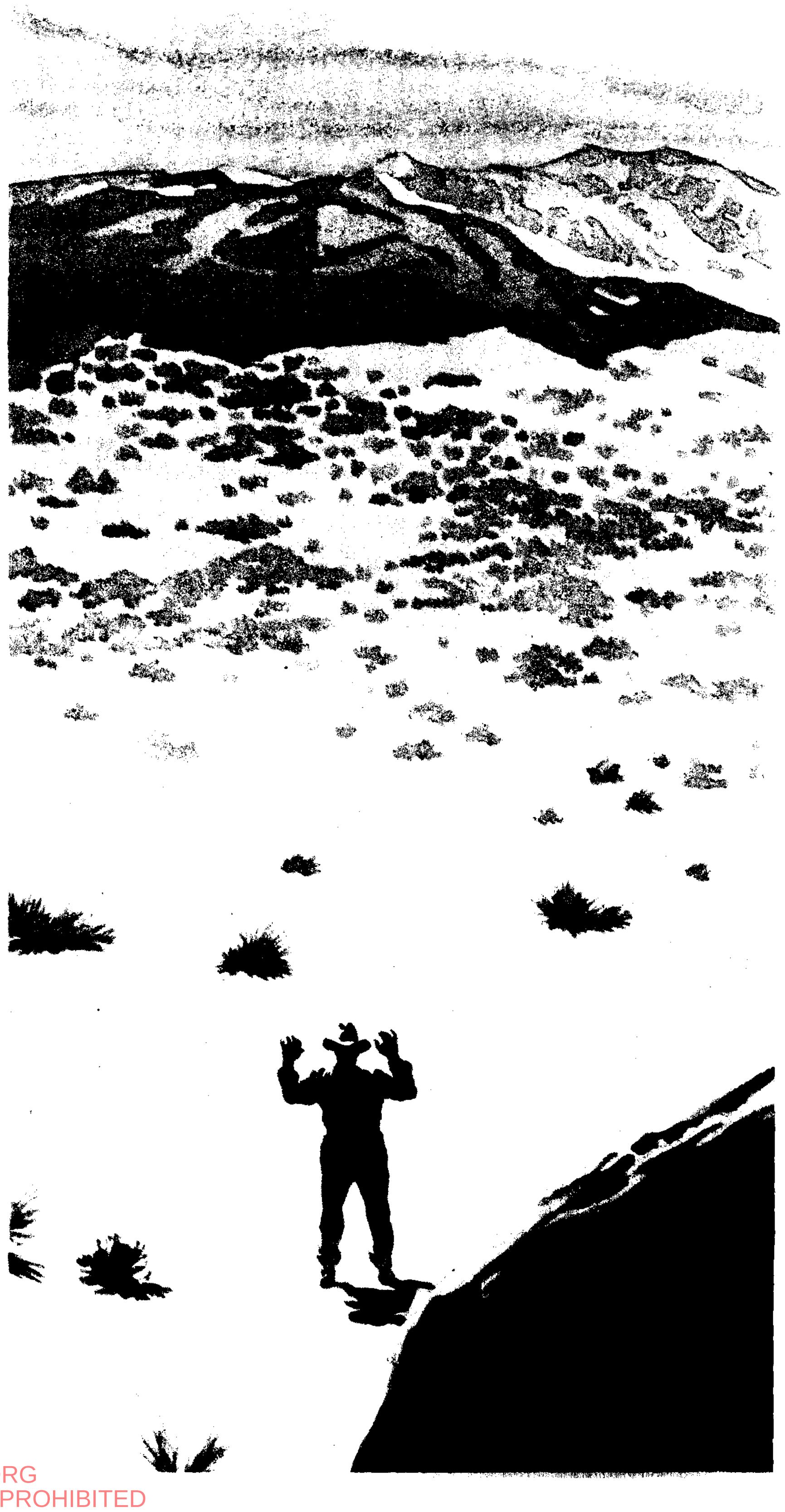
Baxter blinked. "Brave medicine, huh?" He knew Indians and their ways. "Pass anybody on the trail?"

Joe shook his head. Indians as well as whites avoided the badlands in August; only scorpions and sidewinders lived there, the legend went. Baxter knew that also. Guardedly Joe glanced at the camp. Baxter, he supposed, had arrived some time during early morning, planning to lay over until dark. A canteen and a pistol lay within reach of a spread-out blanket. The other gear had been covered with a square of dirty tarp. Through a rip in the canvas Joe saw the glint of a five-gallon fuel can, the square-cornered kind often used on ranches. There were six or eight, he couldn't be sure which.

"How the holes between here and the mountains?"

"All dry." Joe's voice was a whisper. The dry trail had been part of the self-imposed ordeal, a trial of endurance, for he had known there would be water at the end. But now his thirst was real. "No water next thirty-eight miles."

Baxter grunted and uncurled his



From his hiding place on the ridge Joe saw Baxter hold up both hands and then heard him yell, "You win, Joe. I can't hang around forever"

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

finger from the trigger guard. He seemed satisfied. And then, in his relief, Joe made a mistake. "Any water below the border?"

The white man's eyes narrowed. "Who says I come across the Line? What reservation you from?"

"Cuyiape."

"That's what I figured. What's your name, boy?"

Joe's breath caught. "Ko-la-ni-tok."

"Don't gimme that. Not your lodge name, your agency name. The one you learned to write in school."

Joe bit his lip. Baxter jabbed the muzzle at him. "Don't fool with me, boy. I seen you somewhere before. What is it?"

"My name"— Joe straightened his shoulders. "My name," he whispered, "is—Joe. Joe Nehasu."

"Nehasu! That's it! You're old Chief Nehasu's boy." Baxter's face wrinkled in a grin. "Well, that makes things different."

The scene flashed through Joe's mind in vivid detail. His father grim and stern, standing guard in the moonlight with a shotgun. Charlie Baxter, blustering mad, surprised on reservation land with a burroload of smuggled mescal. And Joe, a solemn, wide-eyed boy, fearful of both the white man and of his father's stubborn anger. "When we drink whisky," Tom Nehasu had said that night, "we'll drink it as free and honest men. We'll not break the law by trade with trouble-makers like you. Until the law is changed we'll do without. Joe—go call the marshal."

It was quite a speech for his father. Charlie Baxter had sworn and pleaded, offered money. In the end he promised to return and shoot the chief on sight. Tom Nehasu had listened impassively, the shotgun cradled in his arm. After the trial in federal court he never mentioned the incident again.

"Small world, ain't it, Joe?" Baxter said. He spread his feet comfortably. "Who'd ever thought we'd meet again like this, jest the two of us, you an' me, way out here miles from nowhere. Been a long time."

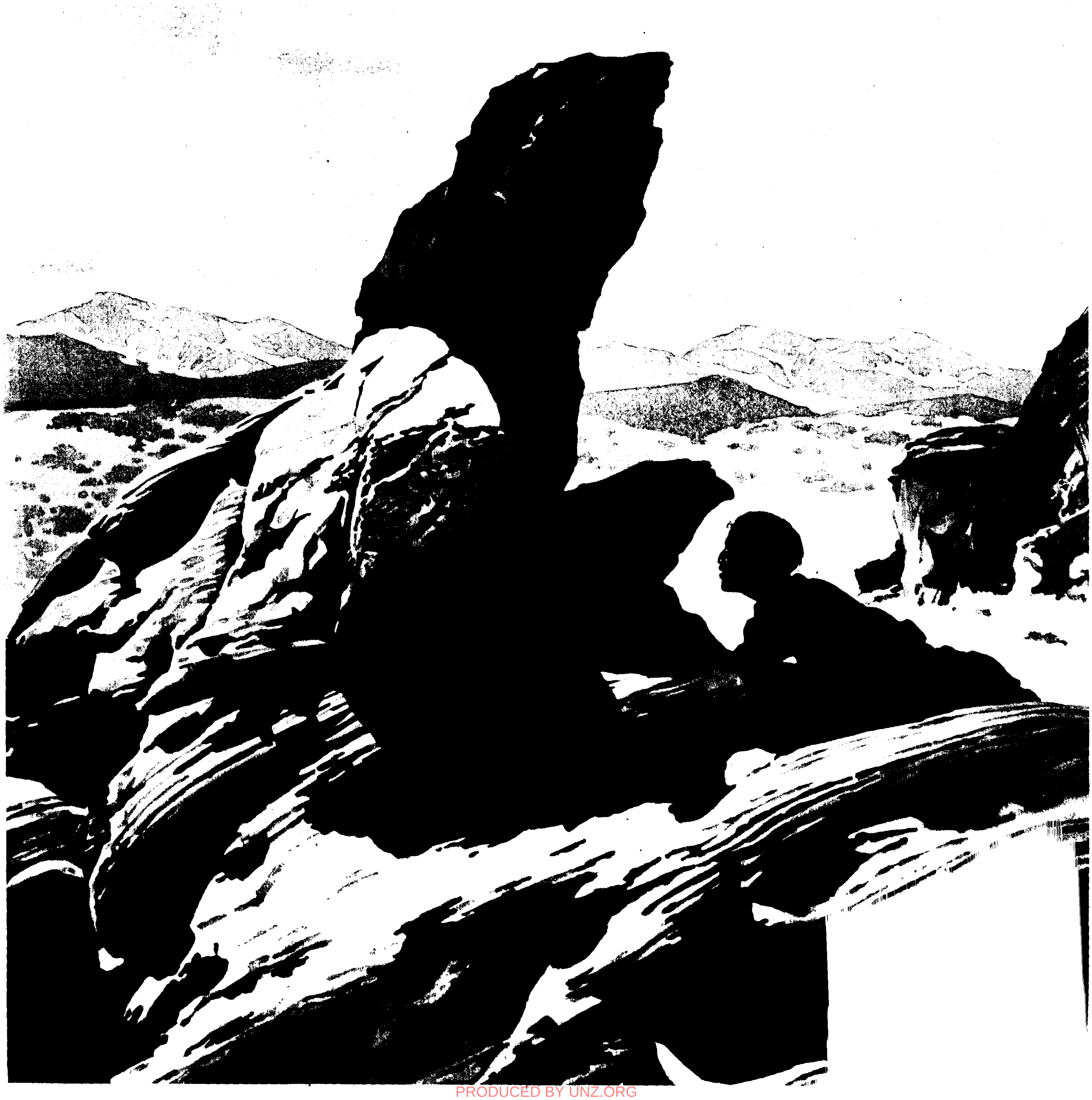
Joe studied the ground, the fear a crazy, jumping pulse inside of him.

"Not worried are you, Joe? You don't think I still hold a grudge. Not me, kid. I'm a forgivin' nature. I had two years to forgive. Two years and thirty days off for good behavior. An' here you are, so growed up I hardly know you. Your old man must be mighty proud of his boy." Baxter spat in the sand. "Why don't you say something, Joe?"

"What do you want?" Joe said thickly.

"What do I want? I want to be friends, what else?" Baxter glanced at the tarp and chuckled. "But you must be thirsty. No canteen and forty miles without water. You're a chip

(Continued on page 106)



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Golden Knight
by Speidel

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GARDEN OF ALLAH I LOVE YOU

Continued from page 19

Benchley loathed The Game—a sort of charades thing which pleased the fancy of the Garden populace for a time. He and Butterworth introduced a competing pastime, a game called Subway. This consisted of Benchley pushing Butterworth around the pool in a wheelbarrow and vice versa.

As long as he stayed at the Garden, Benchley had a feud with one of the grackle birds which used to trample the brush outside his bedroom at an early hour each morning, jump up on the window sill and leer at him and go "yak, yak." Benchley stalked this bird through the bushes, scrambling after it on all fours, and one day he caught up with it. He socked it on the jaw. "Take that," he said, "and that." The bird didn't bother him for two days.

Once in the Garden bar he inadvertently addressed a young man wearing Navy captain's stripes as lieutenant. He should have known better, for at that moment his own son, Nathaniel, was a Navy lieutenant. "I happen to be Captain So-and-So of the U.S. Navy," said the young man haughtily, "and may I ask who you are?"

"Me?" said Benchley. "Oh, just call me a destroyer."

Mr. Benchley Loved Company

Benchley loved to have lots of people around and would often augment his gatherings with strangers off the street. Like the little man who stopped him as he was coming out of Schwab's drugstore one day. "Mr. Benchley," this man said, "I have written a song I think you'd like to hear. It's called Stars Fell on Ochi Chernye."

"Well, well," said Benchley, rubbing his hands together appreciatively. "Sounds all right. Stars fell on Ochi Chernye? Vay-ry funny. We'll have to hear more about this. Come with me . . ."

He took the man home, supplied him with all the comforts of the house while he telephoned around inviting everybody over to meet the new lyric writer he'd found—a great comic—a million laughs—*Stars Fell on Ochi Chernye*—come on over.

But at the party the visitor was moody. Although gaiety flowed all around him, he declined to perform. He would not sing, play or recite his Stars Fell on Ochi Chernye. Next day, he still sat in Benchley's living room, robed in Benchley's dressing gown, sipping Benchley's liquor, reading Benchley's paper, saying nothing. Next day, the same.

Very gently Benchley suggested that while it was a pleasure, he didn't want to keep his guest away from anything important he might have to do, and could Benchley's car take him somewhere? The little man got up, sighed, said, "Okay, I'll go. I guess I shot my bolt Thursday night."

Next to Benchley, the character that means Garden to past and present residents is Ben, the bellhop, now on leave of absence. For 15 years Ben was the recognized mastermind of the Garden of Allah, the fellow who ran all parties, who determined which visitors should be admitted and which shouldn't, who acted as go-between in all business transactions with cleaning establishments, liquor stores, delicatessens and the like. Ben maintained a delicate understanding with the guests, which guaranteed that every time he came to a villa on an errand, he received a drink as well as a tip. This understanding, as Ben conceived it, held good whether or not the guest was at home.

In return, Ben gave protection of a sort, such as putting the better liquor back out of sight when he was through, and freely dispensing nuggets of knowledge from his remarkably complete store of information concerning the career, connections, income, weaknesses and marital status of everybody in Hollywood.

Ben also walked dogs, including two Scotties belonging to the Jim Andrewses. He performed this chore late in the afternoon, after a full day of errands and tippling. The dogs would act nervous when Ben came to get them. "Come, *doggie, come, doggie*," he would say, and the doggies would hide under the bed. "They are just shy," Ben would say laughingly. "It's the cars that bother them." The Scotties came to be known as Ben's Seeing Eye dogs.

It was customary, you might say compulsory, to engage Ben to serve at cocktail parties. This usually meant that Ben wound up co-host, urging the guests to have another drink, it's free, and have more cheese, it's binding.

Joe E. Lewis used to try to put Ben in his place by throwing a few discarded lines at him. "Ben, I'd put you in your place," he told him, "if there was a zoo handy." And "I act crazy for money, Ben. What's your excuse?" And "Ben, some people think you are loud and foolish but I agree with 'em." It all made Ben feel like a partner in a Joe E. Lewis act.

One afternoon the pool sitters noticed Ben wandering around talking to himself. "Ivory snow," he muttered. "Ivory snow." What's happened to poor Ben they wondered. Johnny McClain knew Johnny McClain had mixed some Ivory Snow into the remains of a bottle of Scotch and had craftily hidden it in the back of a cupboard.

But few people made any serious effor to buck Ben's tyranny; he had ways o dealing with rebels. Everybody admired the courage of the new manager, Mr Ewens, when he gave Ben leave of absence.

The Garden has had a career as ful of dizzy ups and downs as the Perils o Pauline. In its early days it was the very center of things social, the spot where all major movie functions took place Then as the movie colony grew to a poin where the Garden's party room (with th antlered deer-skin rug growing dangerously out of the floor) could not accommodate the crowds, the big function shifted to the larger hotels farther out.

The Garden's waning prestige was restored by a group of Britishers who mad it their West Coast headquarters—Hug Walpole, Gertrude Lawrence, Laurenc Olivier and Vivien Leigh, and their com patriots and friends—and the little lobb rang to hearty cheerios.

Undesirables Move In

Then several things happened, non of them the fault of management c guests. A stick-up man murdered a nigh clerk. A beautiful Garden waitress wa arrested for peddling narcotics—the said she carried the stuff in her pompadour. A jealous husband broke into h wife's villa and put all her clothes in th bathtub and set them on fire. Finally certain undesirables started gathering i the Garden bar every afternoon abou five.

The harassed management, resolvin that it would, at least, get rid of the undesirables, made a rule that no gentlema could come into the bar unless escorte by a lady. A Pinkerton detective wa stationed at the door to enforce the rul and well remembered is the day whe Benchley and Butterworth, returnin from a trip and all ignorant of the reform movement, were halted on the way to a drink. The B and B team wer

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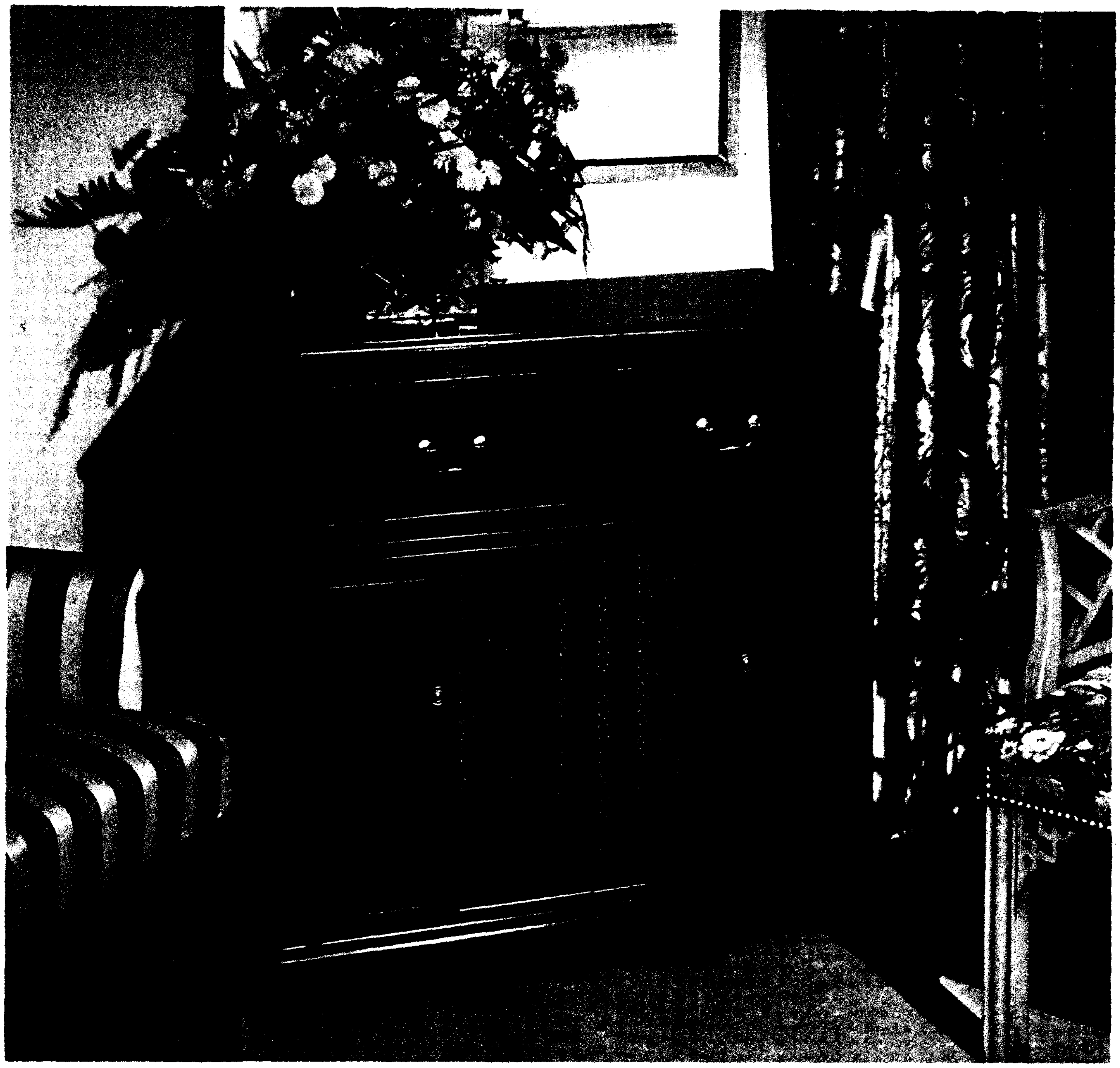

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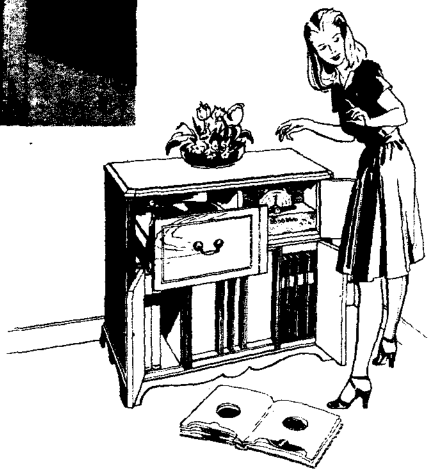

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RADIO'S RICHEST VOICE SINCE 1926

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON CO., JACKSON, MICHIGAN—SPARTON OF CANADA, LIMITED, LONDON, ONTARIO on at some length about their constitutional rights, and indeed their moral rights, for why should they be forced to go out and pick up some lady, and the detective, being outtalked, said, "Well, if someone would vouch for them—"

Just then one of the very group the rule was made for came in, saw their dilemma, and with a graceful wave of the hand, intervened. "Oh, officer, you can let *them* in. *They're* all right."

Compared to all that went on before, the Garden is just a homey little place now, where hard-working people stay between divorces and remarriages, between New York sojourns, between joblessness and a new contract, between houses, and just between. They also stay there because it is their home.

The regulars feel a loyalty to the place, a sort of clannish devotion to the old homestead. Their complaints about the service, the furnishings, the food, the noise, have a boastful note, as of a doting mama telling of the naughtiness of her spoiled darling.

They criticize each other within the family, but the entire Garden population constitutes a united fan club for the professional efforts of each member. Steve Bekassy—a great actor—you must see him in Arch of Triumph. That's Peggy LaCentra singing for Susan Hayward in Smash-Up—such depth, such warmth—don't miss her. When Jay Flippen opened his Hollywood night club, a large segment of the Garden was there, cheering.

Occasionally the Hollywood Bar Association or the Hollywood Bankers Club holds a dinner meeting at the Garden. Lawyers and bankers are apt to eye the residents in a stiff sort of way. Like strange dogs. And vice versa. But it is understood that such little irregularities as happen at the Garden now are gay rather than morbid.

The pool, for instance, is so situated as to be a menace to those who return ate and tired from parties. The residents are not much alarmed if along about 3 A.M. they hear the smack of a body against the water. They just turn over and go back to sleep.

"It is conventional to fall into the pool," says Lucius Beebe. "All the best people do it. I did. It wakes one up."

Ping-pong at 3 A.M. is, however, more annoying. Those who wish to sleep have ried hiding the balls and removing the ight that hangs over the outdoor table, but playful Gardenites are resourceful and dig up their own balls and light bulbs.

One night Benchley, trying to call New York, couldn't arouse the switchboard operator. He walked up to the lobby, turned all the furniture upside down and left a note for the still sleeping operator. "Let this be a lesson to you," the note said. "I might be having a baby."

From time to time the inmates strive to inject more decorum into the Garden's ways. Producer Jim Andrews objected to the manner in which his manservant, Johnson, always said: "There's a guy outside lookin' fer ya." He wished the fellow to say, "A gentleman to see you, sir." One day Johnson said it right: "A gentleman to see you, sir." The gentleman entered with a gun, told Andrews to stick 'em up, and took his wallet.

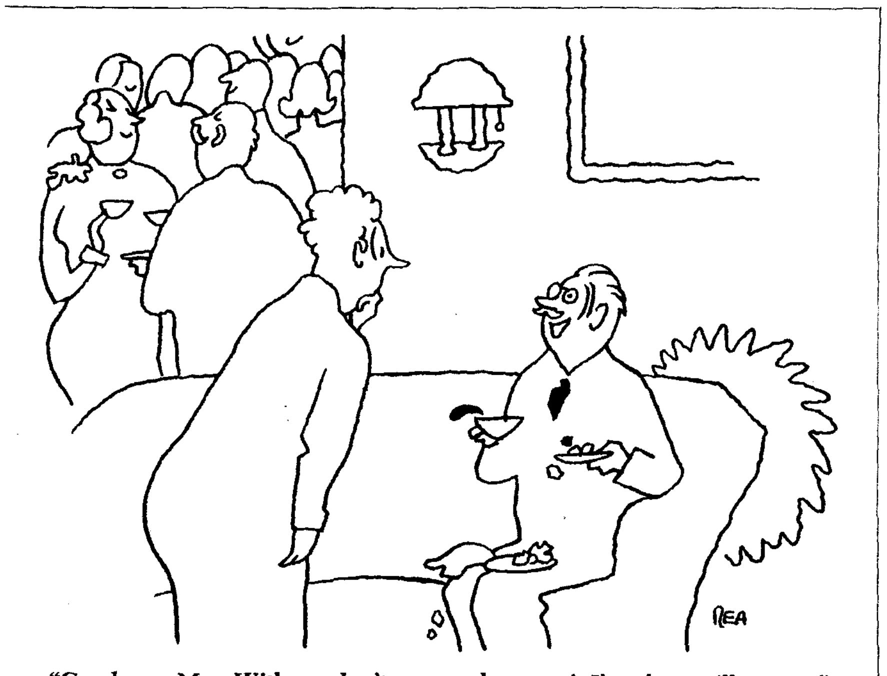
Children put a crimp in the Garden's daytime peace. "Kids," says Joe E. Lewis morosely, "kids whose parents have no children. Kids tearing around the pool, knocking over bottles. . . ."

The two bright, healthy, normal little boys in Walter O'Keefe's family are fondly known to the residents as Loeb and Leopold. They keep a tree lizard named Charlotte, and mice, and toads, and they know about harmonicas and electricity. They rigged up a telegraphic apparatus so they could operate it from any room in their villa, and they did and do operate it all the time. Dit-dit-da-da-da. Their parents scarcely hear it any more. But poor Mr. Benchley, who dropped in for a cup of coffee, heard it right under his chair. "I must be feeling worse," he said. "I never heard things before."

Junior Residents Are Active

The adult O'Keefes, hoping to stay at the Garden until their house was finished, and painfully aware of living right next door to the hotel manager, encouraged their boys to find activities outside the Garden. When Mike came home from school wearing a big badge and announced that he had joined the Hollywood Junior Firemen, his father said, "That's fine, son. Good citizenship, a fine thing."

Next day Mike borrowed his dad's typewriter, wrote a letter and was about to mail it when some guardian angel warned Mr. O'Keefe he'd better ask to see the letter. Mike had written to the fire department reporting a Garden of Allah violation of the rule that incinerators must not be burned in the afternoon, an offense, the junior fireman pointed out, which was punishable with a $500 fine. As between good citizenship and a roof over his head, O'Keefe chose the roof. "Next time you have an idea like this," he advised Mike, "remember your father can get it for you wholesale."



"Goodness, Mrs. Withers, don't worry about me! I'm always ill at ease"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

The spirit of the Garden is a contagion which has spread to the help. There is the bellhop, successor to Ben, who regards the bed where Lauren Bacall slept as a sacred shrine. There is the telephone operator who claims to read character from voices, and refuses to put through calls from characters he dislikes. There is Harry, the houseman, who studies art and designs dresses, and who with the help of Milo Anderson has sold a couple of his designs. There's Bill, the dining-room bus boy, who is taking a correspondence course in radio writing. Bill never says, "Would you like some more coffee?" He says, "May I replenish your beverage, madam?" By way of announcing that certain tenants have checked out, he says, "The residents of Villa 10 have receded, sir."

In spite of all, a Saturday afternoon around the pool can be a pleasant, peaceful time, provided the children are away on some excursion. Like a recent Saturday. Nobody was doing anything much except placing bets now and then on the outdoor telephone, and lazily continuing the perpetual speculation as to how the Garden's pool came to be built in such an odd shape. One theory is that the pool was copied from an inaccurate map of the Black Sea, another that it's the Sea of Azov beside which Madame Nazimova lived as a child, another that it is shaped to the aura of Madame as sketched by her astrologer to conform to her horoscope.

A maid, leaving for the day, stopped for a moment by the pool. "I wish you a sacred week end," she said. "I wish you a blessed week end." Then all was quiet, except for the scurrying of a couple of grackle birds who were hunting around in the grass for some brightly dyed Hollywood hair for their nests.

Jay Flippen finished the last sip in his glass and broke the silence. "And where was I?" he asked conversationally, "I was standing there on a street corner, trying to live a full life. And then . . ."

And then an alien presence appeared —two alien presences. A man and a woman, both shaped and sized and dressed like tourists, rounded the path from the street to the pool.

"There they are!" the man spoke harshly, and with a contemptuous sweep of his hand indicated the poolside population. "There are your movie stars! Take a good look!" The pool sitters squirmed, pulled in their stomachs. "Now you've seen 'em," the man snarled, "can we go home?"

In the moment of shock which followed the visitors' departure, one indignant Garden resident spoke for all: "What does the office mean, letting normal people in here?"

Just then Humphrey Bogart emerged from the shrubbery, skirted the Ping-pong table and moved toward the pool.

"Oh, Bogey, Bogey!" a girl cried. "Go chase them. Those people. They want to see a live movie star."

Bogart blinked and turned and went back whence he had come.

It was after the late W. C. Fields had visited the Garden that someone from the East asked him, "Don't you get d.t.s in Hollywood?" and Fields answered, "How would I know?"

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WATER HOLE

Continued from page 101

off the old block, Joe. I'll pour you a drink."

A step at a time he backed away, his rifle trained on Joe. He fished a tin cup from his pack and stooped to fill it with a foamy colorless liquid from one of the cans. He set the cup on a rock. "There you are. Step up, boy. Better than that stinking water."

Joe walked forward slowly and lifted the cup in both hands. It sloshed over, and he winced at the whiff of raw, undiluted spirits. He looked across the rim at Baxter who was waiting with a tight queer smile. "Go on. Bottoms up." Baxter spat again. "Drink, damn you!"

Joe closed his eyes and gulped. The mescal poured between his teeth and down his throat, burning, stinging all the way. He gagged, choked down the rest and shuddered, swaying on his feet. His stomach muscles cramped as he fought to hold it. He opened his eyes and somehow forced a grin.

Baxter eyed him without expression. "You like that firewater?"

His voice was muffled and indistinct. Joe focused on the white man's face. The blood was humming in his ears and the sand seemed to buckle under him. "Okay, Joe," Baxter said. "When you get home you didn't see me, understand. You had your powwow with the spirits, that's all. You don't know anything about me. I'm gonna make sure you get that straight."

Joe said nothing.

"Now you're bein' smart. Keep your mouth shut." Baxter kicked the lard pail at him. "Drop that cup. Then ease over to the seep and dip yourself a chaser. While you do that I'll set up the next round."

The cup slipped from Joe's fingers. He sank to his knees and crawled to the edge of the tank. He shook his head, half-conscious of movement behind him, and scraped away a patch of scum from the water. Cooling freshness touched his face and his throat worked involuntarily. His impulse was to plunge in his head and drink, drink, fill his belly, but a sudden doubt restrained him. Water was too precious; the seep held only a bucketful or two.

A LEAF fluttered down, riffling the surface. Baxter's distorted image was mirrored there, towering above him, the rifle clubbed across one shoulder. For an incredulous moment Joe stared at the reflection, paralyzed, unable to move. Then he was twisting sideways, rolling over, dodging the downward smash. The stock grazed his elbow and he staggered to his feet and ran. He ran blindly, his head lowered and his legs pumping, through the fringe of mesquite and across the sand.

Baxter shouted. Joe was dimly aware of the rifle's crack, of a whining past his ear. Baxter was ordering him to stop. The slope of the ridge rushed at him, and the rifle crashed again. Dust puffed up to his right and he swerved left, instinctively, without reason. As Baxter fired again he tripped. He fell hard on his face and Baxter ceased firing and lumbered after him. Joe pushed himself up and raced on to the cover of the rocks before Baxter could shoulder his gun and aim again.

He stumbled into a draw and scrambled along its narrow, winding bed. A ricochet whined above his head. Then it grew quiet. He ran on a while and halted and peered back around a boulder. Baxter had stopped to reload. He stood at the mouth of the draw, scowling up at the ridge. From that distance Joe could see his flushed face and heaving chest and shoulders. The white man seemed to reach a decision. After one final glance he shrugged and tramped back to the water hole.

Suspecting some trick, Joe waited a minute longer. He could hide indefinitely in the jumble of rocks. Or he could run. He was younger than Baxter, lighter, faster, wearing moccasins instead of boots. But run where? Farther into the badlands, or across into Mexico? He had never been beyond the *tinaja*. Only a fool ran from water; only one ignorant of the desert. And Baxter knew this desert well.

He climbed around the flank of the ridge and dropped into an arroyo and ran on in a kind of hysteria. The heat shine was sultry and intense and his head throbbed with every jolting footfall. His breathing became an agonized gasp. The ground whirled and swam up to meet him. He threw himself under a creosote bush and retched until he lost consciousness.

THE sun was beating down on his upturned face. He groaned and propped himself up on one elbow. His throat was rasped and cottony. He broke off a twig and sucked out its astringent flavor to neutralize the awful metallic taste that clung to the roof of his mouth. The morning was still, breathless, and unbelievably hot. He stood up unsteadily and a lizard scurried away. He stumbled over to the bank and fell into its band of shade.

Water. He could do without food, or sleep, but not without water. He recalled tales of certain *Baja* Indians who extracted moisture from barrel cactus and desert lilies, drank the blood of snakes. It sounded simple, but he was a reservation Indian who lived in a house and drove his father's truck; he drank his water from a faucet.

He speculated about the white man. Baxter had slipped past the border patrol at night. He would be in a hurry to sell his load, but he could not leave now because of Joe. Joe would report him. Therefore he would wait until Joe got thirsty enough. Nor could Joe make the long, dry march back to the reservation. His father did not expect him for severa days; his father expected him to carry out his purpose. No one else would walk this trail. There were only himself and Charlie Baxter.

Retracing his tracks, Joe returned to the ridge. He picked his way up the reverse side through a maze of boulders and crept to the crest. Identical ridges sere and bleached of color, receded into a blur of heat waves across the horizon The lifeless air felt coarse and gritty to his skin. He eased forward and raised his head. Baxter was sitting by the seep, fanning himself with his hat, the rifle slanted across his lap.

Systematically Joe inspected the ground around the camp, seeking some slight depression or possible approach. From above, it appeared everywhere flat and exposed. From time to time Baxter squinted up at the sky. This puzzled Joe until he noticed a black speck far above in the haze. He frowned and turned hi attention back to the white man. Presently Baxter stretched and leaned his gun against the pack saddle. He walked a few paces out into the sand and cupped his hands.

"Don't be a sucker, kid. I know you'r up there somewhere. You can't foo buzzards."

Joe craned his neck. Minutes ago there had been one, drawn by curiosity. Now three turkey buzzards glided and dipped above him in lazy swoops. Baxter stepped nearer and held up both hands. "You win, Joe," he yelled. "I can't hang around forever. My rifle's back yonder. Com on down and we'll make a deal."

He stood listening, his head cocked to one side. Then he climbed up among th rocks, moving carefully and pausin

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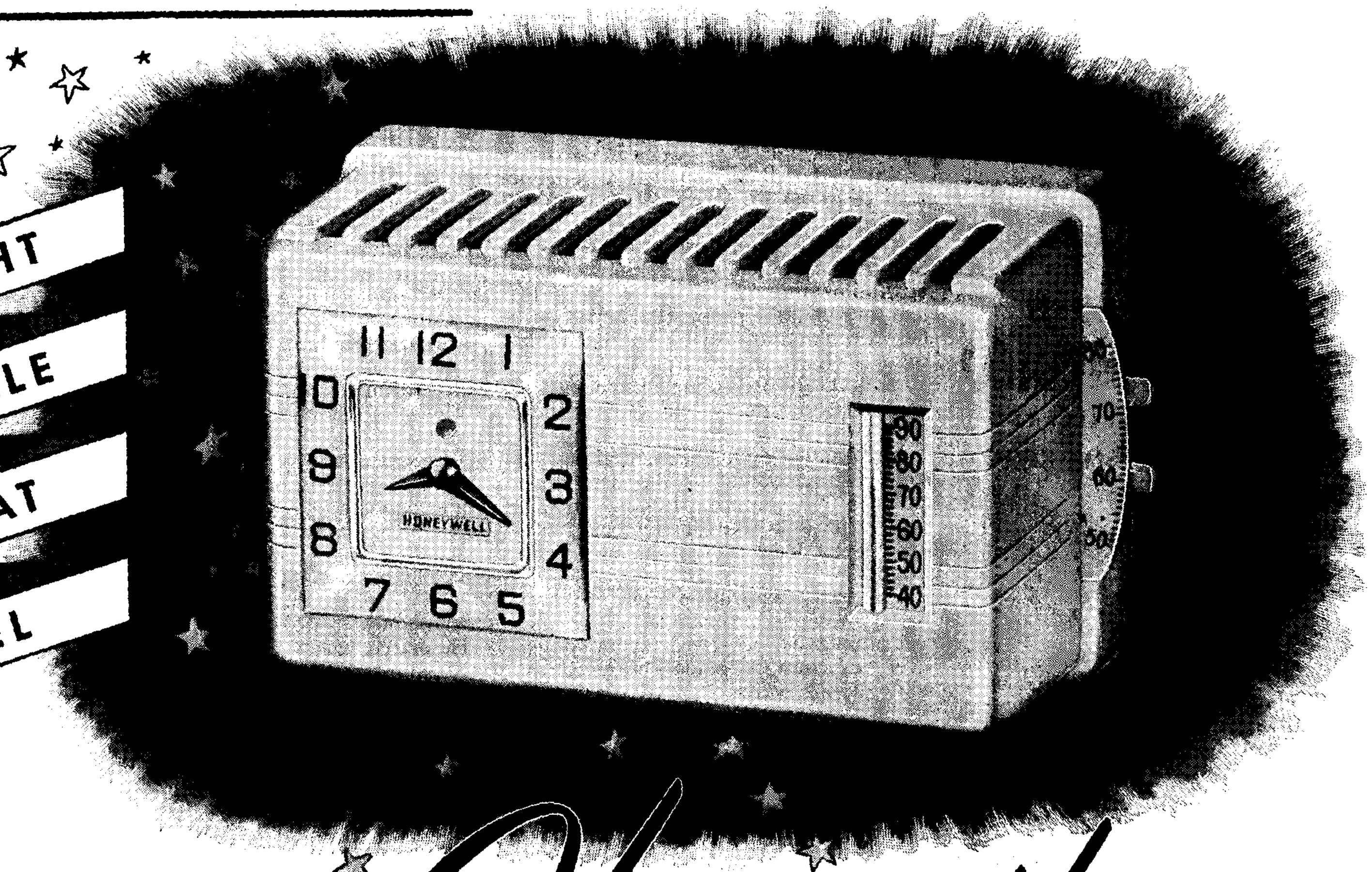

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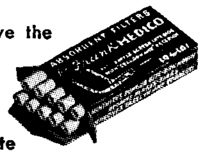

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every few feet to check the water hole with a backward glance. Joe watched his progress uneasily. "I got a proposition," Baxter called. "You keep your mouth shut and we'll split. Fifty dollars for you." He mopped his face with a bandanna. "How about it, Joe?"

Joe could hear his panting, see the darkening sweat stain across his shirt. He looked irritable and drawn. For the first time it occurred to Joe that he might outmatch the white man's patience. Baxter came on slowly in silence. Seventy-five yards, sixty—fifty. Joe calculated the distance between himself and the seep. He told himself it was too easy, too obvious, that Baxter must be baiting another trap.

But when Baxter halted again, he decided to risk his speed. He was on his feet and running. Baxter whirled, drew the pistol from his hip pocket and fired. Surprised completely, Joe flung himself down and squirmed behind a rock. He had forgotten the pistol. Baxter was still between him and water. Another bullet spanged harmlessly yards away. For a man accustomed to guns he seemed to Joe an astonishingly bad shot at close range.

Joe squatted on his heels, straining for some further sound as the dead hush closed in once more. Edging forward finally, he saw that Baxter had withdrawn. Baxter was plodding back to his camp.

The bitter realization grew on him. Baxter was playing with him, hide-and-seek among the rocks, wearing him down. Every exertion he made shortened the white man's wait. It was a game of prisoner's base in which he, the runner on the perimeter, was captive. As long as Baxter held the center of the circle, Joe could only lose.

Gradually the passage of time lost significance. The sun wheeled in a slow, murderous arc. He lay face down, ignoring Baxter and his movements. His breathing was labored, irregular, suffocating. A feverish pattern of pictures formed and dissolved in his mind—his father's cornfield in the mountains, manzanita trees and shady live oaks, a sweet, gushing spring. He ran his tongue back and forth over his cracked lips.

HOURS later a faraway drone roused him. The haze had lifted partially, and to the south silver wing tips flashed briefly in the afternoon sun. He wondered idly if it could be an Immigration Service patrol plane. It made no difference, but he saw Baxter following its flight. The thrum of the motor failed. The white man turned away and poured himself a cupful of mescal from one of the cans. He drank sparingly in sips and filled his canteen from the seep. Next he kindled a small fire, and the aroma of frying bacon drifted up the ridge. After he had eaten he stamped out the embers and watered the burro. He shook out his blanket and lay down with his head toward the ridge and the rifle and pistol beside him.

The twilight deepened into dark and a fat, full moon rose. A faint breeze sprang up, stirring the air, and the range to the north emerged in sharp relief. Somewhere a kit fox squalled and a night bird croaked in answer. Joe imagined that he could distinguish pricks of light on the distant mountainside that would be the reservation. He thought of his father. His son, Tom Nehasu had boasted once, was to be a man among men—a chief like his father.

Joe sat up stiffly. He felt spent and dizzy but the night freshness cleared his brain. Whatever he did, he must do tonight. Tomorrow would be too late; daylight gave every advantage to the white man. Now the camp was an island of shadow in the moonlight, without sound or telltale movement. He asked himself if Baxter could have fallen into exhausted sleep or a drunken stupor. Or was this merely another trick? Of one thing he could be certain: Baxter dared not leave.

He took a full hour to circle to the opposite side of the water hole, swinging in a wide loop. He studied the mesquite clump for some time, then stole out from the rocks and on his belly began to worm over the still-warm sand. Inches at a time he crept forward, lowering his head to rest and listen. The swelling rhythm of a snore reached him. He was so close he could smell water, but some doubt cautioned him. Baxter's breathing was too even, too controlled. The burro snorted in alarm and Baxter's shape heaved up from the ground. A spurt of red slashed the dark, and sand sprayed in Joe's face.

He ran in a reeling zigzag back to cover and knelt there, braced for the next shot.

THE silence lengthened. Then came the flat, unmistakable click of a rifle action as one cartridge was ejected and another pumped into the chamber.

"Can you hear me, Joe?" Baxter's voice carried to him, hoarse and strained. "You want a drink you come walkin' in with your hands up."

The echo rebounded and died. "Next time I won't miss. I'll wing you sure!"

Joe squeezed his hands against the rock. He understood. The white man would shoot him only if necessary. A bullet in his body would be proof, evidence that could be traced. A thirst-bloated body would tell nothing except that Joe Nehasu had been one foolish Cuyiape boy.

He stared vacantly at his soot-blackened palms. This crevice among the rocks had been an ancient camp site and fire pit. Other Indians, perhaps the prehistoric ancestors of his own people, had slept and cooked here within sight of the seep where they could draw water and better defend themselves against attack. Indians who fought among themselves centuries before the white man—Indians wiser and more experienced than himself. An undercurrent of excitement gripped him.

With a stick he pried at the hard-packed earth. He uncovered some blackened stones and charred bones, and a vague compulsion kept him digging. Striking softer dirt, he enlarged the hole, and excavated a fragment of pottery and a broken *metate* for grinding seeds. Then he found two crude chipped-out arrowheads. He ran his thumb over the jagged edges and struck them together. A tiny spark leaped between his fingers. Carefully, Joe slipped them in his pocket.

Once more he circled Baxter's camp, making for the arroyo behind. He selected a big creosote and dug it up by the roots. Scratched and bleeding, he dragged the bush up the back slope of the ridge to an elevation on the crest. He tore off a piece of his shirt, unraveled the threads and balled them into tinder. Using his belt buckle and one arrowhead, he struck off another spark.

It sputtered out. He tried again. He had seen the old men of his tribe light their pipes with flint and steel; it had looked so easy he never bothered to learn. Store matches had been good enough. Now he was clumsy, a helpless child with unfamiliar tools. Each time the spark eluded him. His fingers numbed and he blew on them. The cotton wadded between his cupped palms suddenly glowed and burst into flame. Soberly Joe thrust it under the creosote.

Grease hissed and popped and the flames crackled up in rings of black oily smoke. He peered off toward the distant swell of mountains. Someone might see his signal. Some ranger, prospector, even an Indian. Someone might wonder. If he fed the fire, kept it burning through the night, there was still a remote chance. If nothing else, it might scare off Baxter. For Baxter was not a man to take chances.

He started to collect some sagebrush when a shot boomed from the water hole.

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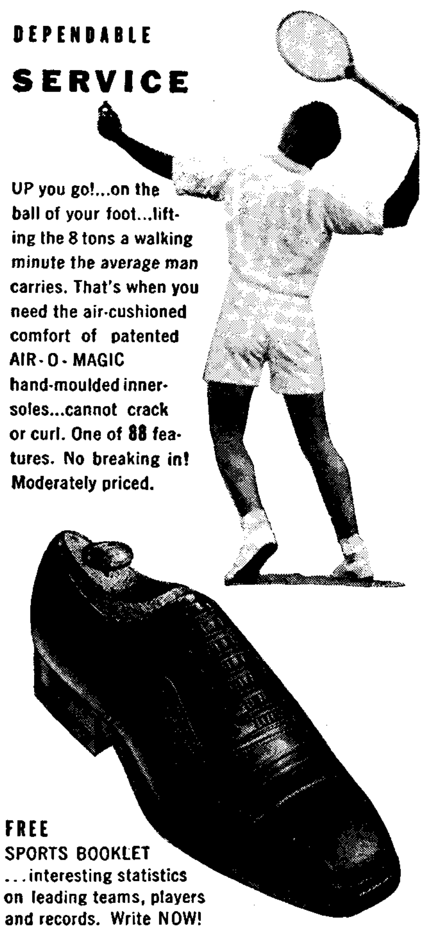

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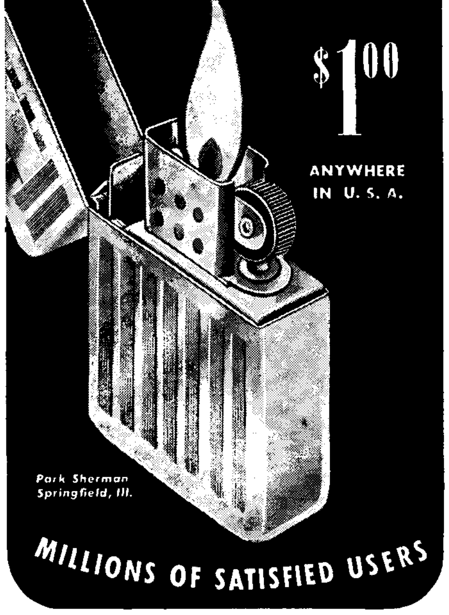

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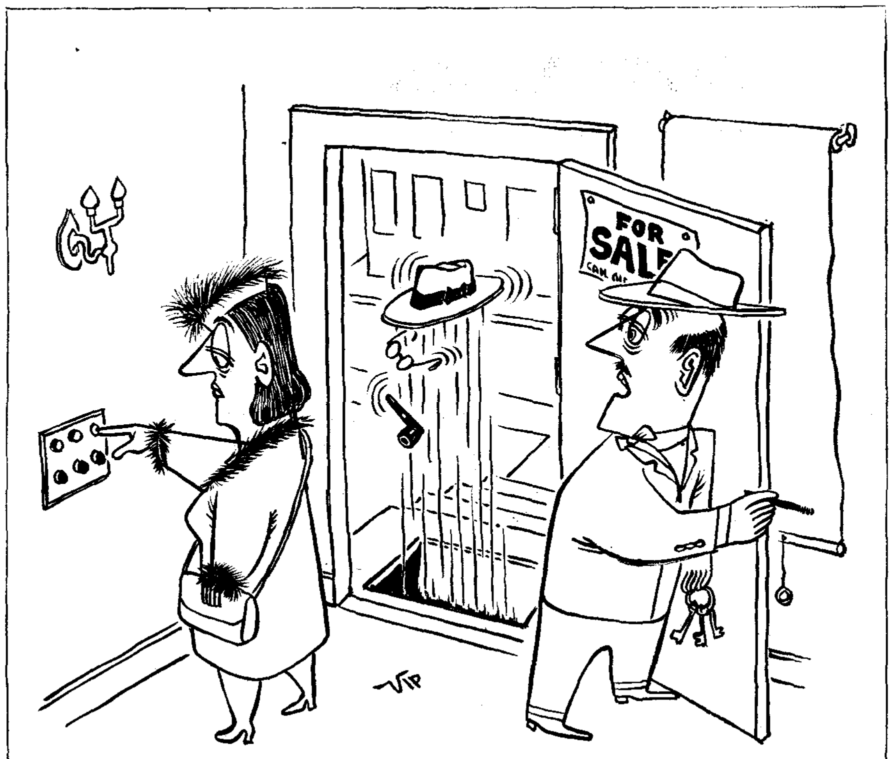

COLLIER'S "The middle one's the hall light, Mrs. Ingels" VIRGIL PARTCH

Baxter broke from the mesquite and ran toward the ridge. Joe clenched his fists. Baxter would stop. He had always stopped before. But the sound of his boots clattered nearer across the rocks. Joe looked around wildly and fell behind a boulder. Whatever happened to him, at least he would run no more.

A minute later Baxter burst into the circle of firelight. He charged at the fire, scattering branches, beating at them in a cold, deliberate fury, grinding out the coals under his feet. The last dying flicker he smothered with dirt. Muttering to himself, he wiped the sweat from his face. He hunched his shoulders and peered around the rim of moon-washed granite. The safety catch of his rifle snapped.

"It won't work, kid," he called. "If you want a drink, stand up."

Crouched a dozen yards away, Joe held his breath. Warily the white man backed off. "I'll be waitin' when you change your mind." Then he was gone, back to the safety of the flat open sands and the *tinaja*.

Joe sagged against his rock, and the exhaustion moved through him in a dark sluggish stream. He was beyond fear, beyond thirst. He supported his head in his hands, smelling the dry, acrid wood smoke. He wondered how many hours of darkness remained, how long a man could survive without water. Even these simple elemental things he did not know, because he had been too proud to learn. This was the measure of Joe Nehasu, son of a chief, grandson of a chief, now grown soft in the white men's ways. . . .

The stars dimmed and a pale flush tinted the eastern sky. Already the withering breath of another day was settling. With dawn the haze would descend again, blotting out the mountains. Down by the seep a canyon wren warbled, and the burro broke into a restless bray.

Joe finished piling up the last of the brush he had accumulated in an endless round of trips to the arroyo. He tested the long, slick rope of creosote stalks he had so tediously braided together into a sort of fuse. This had taken the better part of the night. Careful not to silhouette himself along the skyline, he uncoiled his fuse and tucked one end of it under the man-high brush heap. His hands trembled as he sparked his tinder on the second try, and puffed it into life. He lighted the near end of the fuse and for an instant watched it writhe and shrivel under the tiny licking flames.

Then he crawled down the slope toward the silent water hole, three hundred yards away. Just as he reached the lower limit of the rocks, flames cracked above him with an explosive pop. A shower of particles whirled high in the air, fanned by a fierce yellow blaze that was visible for miles across the desert.

Joe ducked down. He saw Baxter stumble out of the mesquite. The white man hesitated, an unreal, grotesque form etched against the night, staring up uncertainly. He gave his belt a hitch and pounded on across the flat at a weary, shambling run. He passed Joe, never slowing or looking back, and climbed up the ridge.

Joe drew a long breath into his lungs and ran noiselessly over the sand.

DAWN spread like a pink stain over the hills, melting away the deeper purple shadows. Flattened among the rocks high above the opposite side of the seep, Joe observed Charlie Baxter's return. The white man walked jerkily, peering from side to side with quick, puzzled looks. He stopped once and stared back at the smoldering ashes of the fire. Then, as though remembering something, he hurried on to the water hole.

Joe could see him moving among the mesquite, searching under each bush. Baxter straightened and scratched his head and looked around. His glance fell on the canvas. Savagely he ripped it aside and slammed down his rifle. He grabbed up a can, shook it against his ear, and flung it down again. On his knees he tested one can after the other. He pushed back his hat and rubbed his sleeve across his face.

Then he picked up the pail and advanced on the seep hole. He bent, scooped up a drink and lifted it to his lips. He seemed to stiffen. The pail dropped from his fingers and rolled away. His head was shaking as if in denial. Slowly the white man raised both hands to his throat.

The sun's red tip bulged above the curve of the earth. Joe lowered his head. He moistened his mouth from Baxter's canteen, soothing away the rawness in his throat, and a cool delicious sensation spread through him. Baxter had the rifle. Joe had the water, enough for his journey home. If Baxter got thirsty he could always drink mescal, forty gallons of it—now slightly diluted in the seep. If not—Joe shrugged. It was going to be a very hot day.

Perhaps Joe Nehasu might yet learn to be a man.

THE END

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Most of us "squawked" plenty during the shortage of branded products we wanted to buy but couldn't get. Why?

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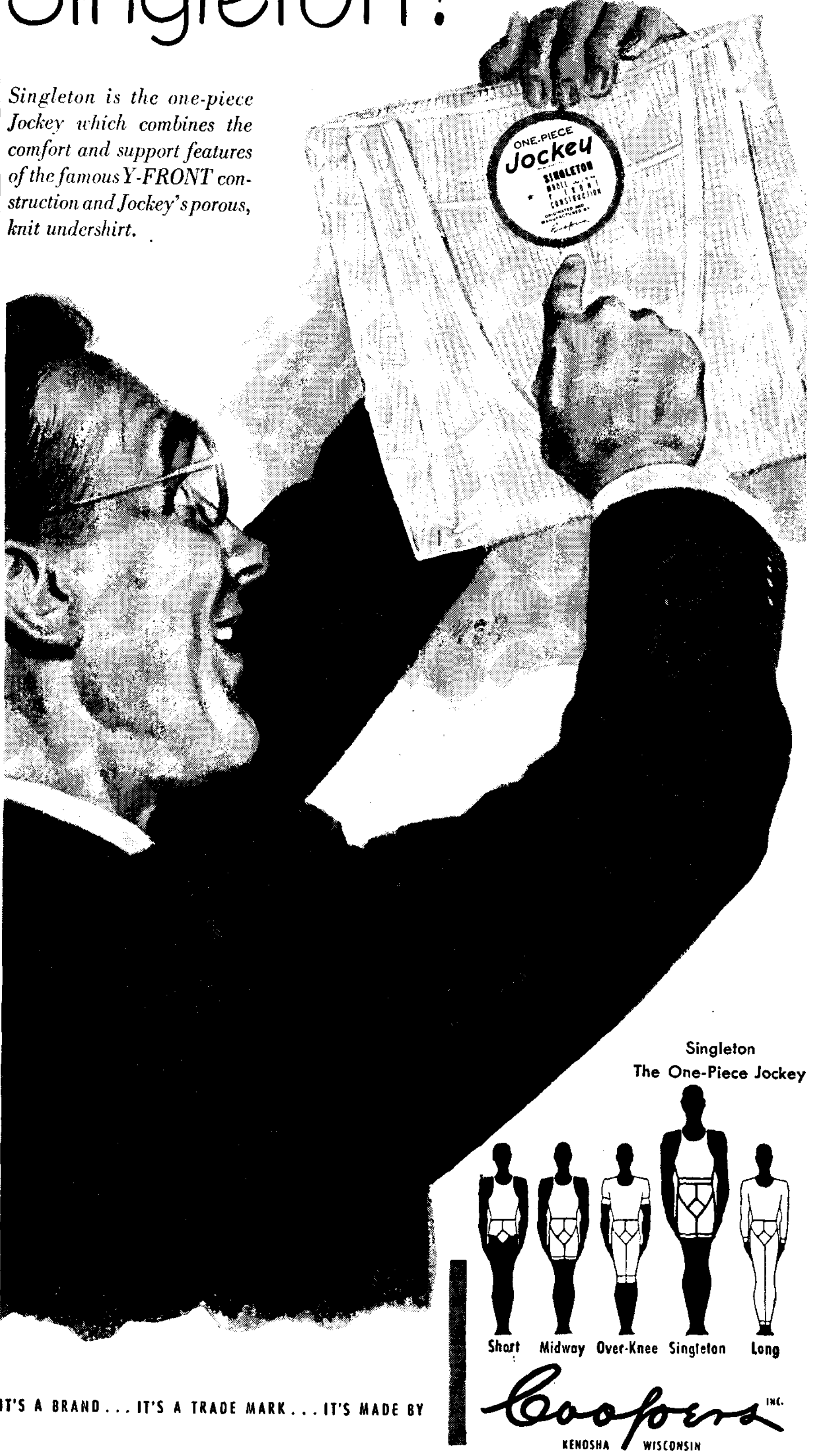

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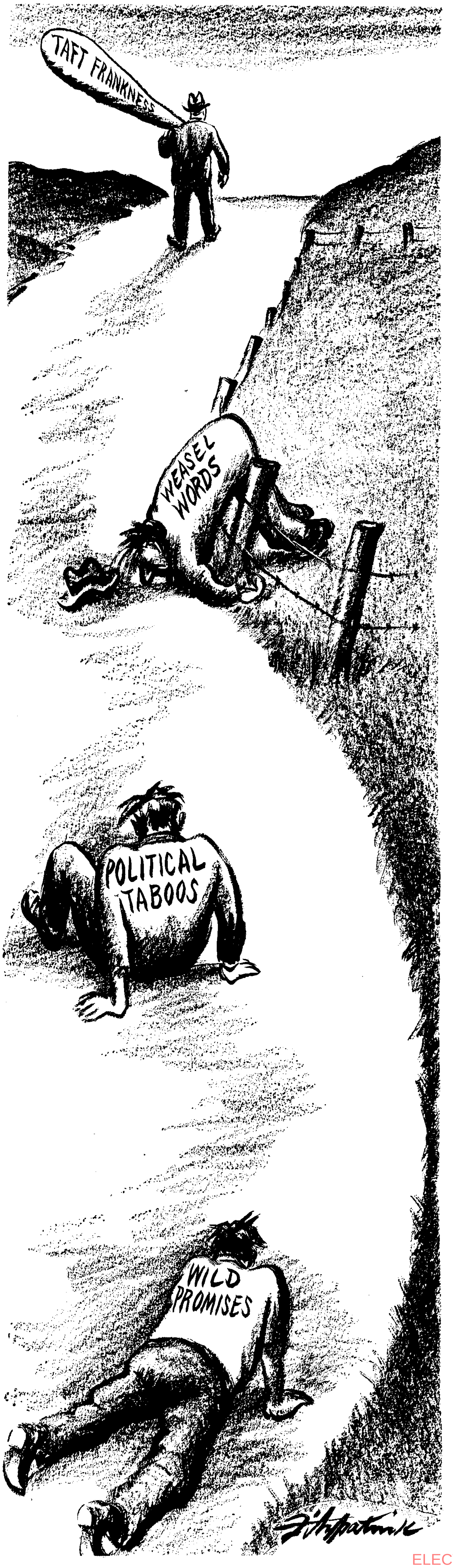

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
WALTER DAVENPORT Editor
JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

BLUNT SENATOR TAFT

ENATOR ROBERT A. TAFT (Rep., Ohio) returned from his recent Far West tour with his political stature increased.

He achieved that result by a most unusual method, which consisted in speaking his mind on any and all subjects—food, labor-capital relations, foreign policy—with a don't-give-a-hoot bluntness which took some people's breath away.

The great majority of those who heard the Taft speeches seemed to be refreshed and exhilarated by the speaker's candor, whether they agreed with him or not. Could it be that they were fed up with long years of listening to politicians who promised them the moon with a rope around it and consistently failed to keep those promises after elections?

This is not a political editorial, and not an endorsement of the possible Presidential hopes of Senator Taft or anybody else.

We're merely expressing a lively curiosity as to whether the mass of Americans, with regard to politics and politicians, are now hungry to hear from straight-shooting dealers in honest opinions and hard-jawed facts, and have tired of glamor boys, promisers of paradise-on-earth and wizards at the art of making words conceal thought.

If that is the case, then the bulk of Americans have indeed undergone a deep and fundamental change in the last few months.

THE ROYAL WEDDING

HANKS, but we're not joining in the occasional British and American beefs over the lack of rigid austerity in connection with the marriage of Her Royal Highness, Princess Elizabeth of England, and Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, R.N.

When a girl gets married, she's entitled to as big a splurge as her folks can give her. Her folks customarily do just that. We can see nothing wrong in the following of this well-nigh universal practice by King George VI and his esteemed consort.

Also, when a girl gets married she deserves the best wishes and heartfelt congratulations of all the bystanders, no matter what some people think of her relatives or what her old man does for a living.

A long life and a happy one, we say, to the royal pair.

THOSE THREATS TO GO RED

F WE were Secretary of State George Catlett Marshall, we think we'd draw up the following form letter, to be handed to every foreign politician who henceforth warns that his country may go Communist if the United States doesn't come across pronto with more and more money, food, fertilizers, machinery, etc., etc.:

Dear Sir: Your threat that your nation may go Communist noted. In reply would state:

Nobody is holding you or your people. If the majority of them feel like letting a Communist regime clamp itself on their necks, that is their affair.

Communism, of course, can offer them nothing of any value in the way of money, food or other tangible relief. All it can provide is a police state in which anyone who disagrees openly with the government is kille or enslaved; and a systematic looting of the nation fo the benefit of Russia, fountainhead of Communism.

The United States is not frightened by these threat to go Red, coming from you or from anybody else.

This country is pursuing its program of widesprea aid and relief, especially in Europe, simply because it people by and large are generous to a fault; and becaus it hopes to help get the world on an even keel so tha international trade can prosper for the good of all.

If you want to co-operate, fine. If not, go Communist.

Cordially,
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF STAT

WRITE THAT LETTER

NE of the most poignant articles Collier's has printed in a long time was W. B. Courtney's The Boys They Left Behind—about the several thousand young mascots picked up and made much of by our troops in Europe during the war, and now largely forgotten and turning into young hoodlums through no fault of their own.

You probably remember the way the piece wound up, with Courtney talking near Frankfurt, Germany, to an eleven-year-old ex-mascot who had dug out of his pocket a blotched old piece of paper carrying the name and address of a New York G.I. who had been the boy's best pal in those other days:

. . . Jake . . . had turned aside and put one arm across his face and slumped against the wall. The shoulders . . . were quivering . . .

"Aw, th' louse!" he sobbed, "th' big louse. H never oncet wrote to me!"

No need to ask Jake how the old blots came o his G.I.'s name and address. There was a big ne blot there now. Nothing that a five-cent postag stamp could not dry.

We hope that particular ex-soldier saw the articl and used a five-cent stamp as indicated; hope, indeed, that something on a big scale may be done t salvage these tragic little fellows.

And speaking of letters in general, is there on that you ought to write, perhaps to some old frien but have been putting off? It's a minor chore a worst. If you'll only get it done, you'll feel bette and you may brighten up the party of the secon part's whole day, week or even life.

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"I smoked so many different brands when cigarettes were hard to get," says Miss Arnold, "I had a chance to make comparisons. That's when I learned that Camels suit me best."

Thousands and thousands of smokers had the same experience during the wartime cigarette shortage, Miss Arnold. And, with smoker after smoker who tried and compared, Camels are the "choice of experience."

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When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!